THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dⁱ 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 29, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY

NEW YEAR'S

"U.S. Inspected and Passed

Under the Act of Congress of June 30, 1906."

THESE are the words that must be attached to every article of meat and meat food products offered for sale in interstate and foreign commerce. This is the law of the United States. Its purpose is to assure the public that only sound and wholesome meat and meat food products may be offered for sale.

It is a wise law. Its enforcement must be universal and uniform. The public is greatly interested in this law, and will closely watch its workings and its effects.

You are familiar with the metallic tap-tap of the machinist when he inspects the wheels of the railway coach; you are familiar with the methods employed in the inspection of gas meters, street lamps, street car indicators, telephones, and many other forms of commercial and public activity. We should like to make familiar to you just what "U. S. Inspected and Passed" means as applied to **Swift & Company,** who supply a large proportion of the meats and meat food products consumed in America.

Fac Simile of the Government Inspection Label on Swift's Wrapped Smoked Meats

There is only one absolutely satisfactory method by which you can obtain this familiarity, and that is by seeing the law put to the daily test.

Swift & Company cordially invite you to visit any of their modern packing plants at Chicago, Kansas City, Omaha, St. Louis, St. Joseph, St. Paul, or Fort Worth, and see the United States Government, through its inspectors, carrying out the provisions of the Act of Congress of June 30, 1906.

Any person who is unable to visit one of the Swift packing plants, where we dress and prepare for market Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal, Poultry, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Sausage, and other meat food products, will be cordially received at any of the Swift distributing houses—we have them in nearly every city in the United States and Great Britain—where U. S. Government Inspection will be explained and demonstrated. You, as a user of Meats, Lard and other food supplies, are vitally interested in the products prepared by **Swift & Company.** We believe that you will, when you see how effectively we are carrying out the regulations of the Secretary of Agriculture, always mentally associate "U.S. Inspected" and the name of "Swift" with everything that is good, wholesome and appetizing in meat and meat food products. Our packing plants are always open to the public. No passes are required and no introduction is needed to secure admission. Polite attendants, who will cheerfully answer questions and give information, will be found in every department. We sincerely wish you to know all about Government inspection—wish you to know just what it means to you as a consumer—and the best way to know is to see it in operation in one of **Swift & Company's** establishments.

SWIFT & COMPANY, U. S. A.

By LOUIS F. SWIFT, President

General View of Swift & Company's Plant, Union Stock Yards, Chicago. This Plant Covers Forty-Nine Acres of Land.

$5750.00 Cash Prizes

to Readers of

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

on January 31

IF YOU want to start the new year by earning some money, the plans of our Circulation Bureau provide a splendid opportunity for doing so. At the end of November we mailed checks amounting to $5750 just as extra prizes to those who during that month introduced THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL to some of their friends and neighbors. In a few days we shall do the same thing to those who sent us subscriptions in December, and so well pleased are we with the result that the plan will again be repeated in January. These are just *extra prizes* and are *in addition* to a large commission on each order sent.

We want a representative in every town in the country to look after our renewals and new subscriptions. You can devote all of your time to the work or only a few spare hours now and then, but every bit of work done, whether much or little, will be liberally paid for. No such opportunity for earning money has ever been offered by a magazine. There is no expense to you. By writing a postal card you can learn all the details.

Circulation Bureau

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Features to Come

The Cave-Man By John Corbin

Love and laughter, hate and tears, the plots and counter-plots of trust-makers and trust-busters, where the millions of commerce and the heart of a woman are the prizes for success, and where poverty and solitude are the penalties of failure—these are the elements out of which Mr. Corbin has built the story that is to be our next serial. Always in the past few years you have found high up among the "big sellers" the titles of those novels which first appeared as serials in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. To this rule The Cave-Man will be no exception. Love, business and humor it has woven into one piece, each thread depending upon every other and all integral parts of a whole which cannot fail to hold the reader until he learns the end.

The Art of Handling Men

By J. H. Collins

Did you know that when Charles M. Schwab went into a plant the output of that plant was immediately increased? That is the truth, and it is the truth because all success in business at last comes down to one thing: the ability of the business man to handle men. With that ability some of us are born; but a great many more acquire it, because, after all, it is an art. About this art, how it is learned, how it is put into practice, and how our greatest Master Workmen have reared their fortunes because of it, Mr. Collins will tell in this series of articles.

How Doth the Busy Spelling Bee? By Owen Wister

With the publication of Philosophy Four, Mr. Wister, already one of our foremost and most popular novelists, became also one of our best humorists. In the present story he maintains that standard and gives us, by the same token, a great white light upon the question of Spelling Reform. If you enjoyed the episode of the changed babies in The Virginian, you will be delighted with the Busy Spelling Bee.

The Siamese Cat

By Henry Milner Rideout

We have referred to our success with long serials, and now we insist that we have been quite as fortunate in our shorter ones. The Siamese Cat is a case in point. This story of mystery and adventure in the Far East has about it all the lure of the cryptic Orient and all the abiding charm that goes with climax upon climax, chaining the reader's interest to its riddles, its perils and its love affairs.

The Diary of Delia By "Delia"

The Great American Cook—what do you know of her? Daily she moves about your house—and, very often, she daily moves *out* of it. You give orders to her sphynx-like countenance and she obeys them—or doesn't obey them. You fret and fume and wonder: she remains calm, serene, dispassionate—the eternal puzzle. When, then, the puzzle at last reveals itself—when the Sphynx speaks forth the secrets of her heart—who will not eagerly listen? "Delia" is a Cook and her diary lays bare the profession's mysteries.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

When Your Subscription Expires

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Poor Man's Land

Almost from Time's beginning mankind has been in search of El Dorado, and now at last the quest is ended: the Land of Gold is a part of the United States. Rex Beach, who knows it well, is to write of it for this magazine—to tell of the land where the villages of the seekers are built on perpetual ice and flanked by glaciers; where Eskimo freighters harness reindeer to the ore-sleds; where $100,000 of gold amalgam represents but one day's clean-up for a single camp; where a prehistoric sea-beach yielded $2,000,000 in one winter—the land where hope never sets, where one day's wages will keep a man a week.

See That You Get It.

The country is filled with white floating soaps, most of them made to look like Ivory Soap, and all of them claiming to be "as good as Ivory."

They are not. Like all imitations, they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap, and see that you get it.

There is no "free" (uncombined) alkali in Ivory Soap. That is why it will not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin.

Ivory Soap - 99 44/100 Per Cent. Pure.

Raising the Boy

A large number of the readers of this magazine have of late entered the ranks of its writers. It's good writing they're doing, too—not *fine* writing, but *good* writing. They are telling what they know; that's the reason it's good writing. If you have not yet read our departments called Getting On in the World, and How I Lost My Savings, read them now and see what we mean.

There's something helpful and stimulating in every line. These departments written by SATURDAY EVENING POST readers are, in fact, so valuable that we are planning to increase their scope, and we therefore want to start a new one right away—a department called RAISING THE BOY.

You don't have to be told the importance of such discussion. Many a Captain of Industry, who can make a million dollars out of five cents, can't make a man of a boy.

What is the Reason for Failure?

After all, the one great issue of life is in this question. Politics and business have their little problems, but they are nothing to this one, and if this one were only solved for all boys, there would soon be no other problems left anywhere to vex us.

Now, what are *you* doing about it?

What is your own experience?

Are you your son's task-master, or his comrade? Are you setting up, as his aim in life, manhood, or the dollar? Do you teach him anything yourself, or do you leave it all to the school and the church? Should he play with the other boys, or should he be kept at home? His schools—should they be public or private? And what about his diet, his exercise, his sleep—his health? What sort of a room ought the boy to have—an honest share of the home-space or any corner in the garret? How about his spending-money? Does he earn it and how?

Great and small, in the answers to these and a thousand similar queries lies the boy's whole future—lies the sort of a man the boy is sure to be.

Those who have worked out the problem, or are working it out for themselves, can give answers which are better than any fine-spun theories, and persons of such experience owe to other fathers and mothers the knowledge which, in the hard school of necessity, they have acquired. It is this sort of knowledge that we want. We want helpful ideas and experiences—experiences that will help other parents.

Write us, then, about The Boy, making your suggestion in not more than five hundred words, and, if what you send us is available, we will pay for it and publish it in our new department, RAISING THE BOY.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
PHILADELPHIA

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Copyright, 1906, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1906 Number 26

MINING MADNESS

BY EDWIN LEFÈVRE

THE inevitable habit that history has of repeating itself probably arises from the fact that human nature has remained essentially unchanged through the centuries. Men may know more than they did a thousand years ago, but they do not control their desires any better. And the desires of to-day are as like the desires of the idyllic days of yore as a blade of grass this year resembles a blade of grass of the year before the Big Wind. To be sure, a cloak of glamor is sometimes thrown over the past and very seldom over the present. Contemporary events wear a different look merely because men find it difficult to get the historical perspective of anything that has just happened, and as likely as not has made them lose their earnings or their tempers or their reverence for veracity. All of which has some bearing on the mining fever now raging in our midst.

The mining fever is not unusual. Absolutely nothing about it is new, excepting the names of the latest bonanza districts. There are new mines but not new methods of coaxing the dollars out of the unwary. It is, of course, known that certain financial phenomena recur. There are dozens of theories about it—which is another story. There are even charts showing these recurrences graphically, and as for statistics there is no end of them. You will find men in Wall Street who will discourse earnestly and learnedly on the periodicity of booms and the inevitableness of crashes. As they talk, one eye on the stock-tape and the other on the barroom across the Street, they assure you that they have proven conclusively that we are on the eve of the most stupendous boom the world ever saw or, it might be, on the verge of a financial cataclysm that will jolt the solar system good and plenty. They themselves, they explain, were premature. They will then borrow carfare in order to avoid cashing a check for a million, which they will next week increase to a Rockefeller fortune, and they comfort themselves by telling you that they have taken the cotton from your ears so that you might hear Fortune's thundering knock at your front door.

But this mining madness is not a question of "periodicity," strictly speaking. It belongs in the same class, as all students of such things take pleasure in informing you, meanwhile looking as learned as the British Museum, as the South Sea Bubble or John Law's Mississippi Bubble or the Tulip Craze of Holland. To which the answer is the same: Bosh! The newspapers are reaping rich harvests—when they collect before publication—printing the philanthropic promises of noble benefactors who insist not only on making the deserving proletariat rich, but even on fixing the exact date for the transition from poverty to affluence. "Lame Duck Mining Stock is a dollar a share *now*. On April 1 next the price will be raised to $1.50. And after that," etc.

It is the same game, the same devices, the same causes and the same results. There have been many such booms. Their victims are legion. There live few men who, in the bonanza days of the Comstock Lode, or at the time of the Leadville boom, or during any one of the crazy wild-cat speculation crazes of the past thirty or forty years, have not bought mining stocks. In old trunks in innumerable garrets three generations of children have discovered beautifully-engraved stock certificates and carefully cut out the vignettes of the industrious miners who made papa rich in hopes and dreams. Parents the country over are now accumulating pieces of paper for boys with the artistic temperament to decorate old boxes with, as soon as they can handle scissors and paste. And this is not because people are fools, but because hope springs eternal in the human breast. This boom merely means that the biggest mine in the world is now being worked—a mine rich beyond the possibility of exaggeration, a very old mine but inexhaustible, the mine of human greed. It is not low-grade refractory ore, but glittering ore that assays 99 per cent. hope and 1 per cent. brains. Those miners who are finding valuable pockets are no fools. It is the owners of the pockets who make those miners prosperous. The moment the get-rich-quick microbe strikes a victim he is ripe to believe in other strikes—fabulously rich, on the 400-foot level.

That legitimate mining should be enjoying a legitimate boom at this time is perfectly natural. There has been in the past two years a great advance in the price of all the useful metals. Copper and silver have notably risen; also lead and zinc. The demand for copper, for example, has grown faster than new production has. The higher price may enable certain mines to resume profitable operations, but, in point of fact, big copper mines are very scarce. To-day the great capitalists think copper-mining as stable a business as any other, for the wonderful development of the electrical industry and others insures a huge consumption. Barring phenomenally rich discoveries there is little danger of a glut of copper bars. A sensational appreciation in the price of certain copper shares from the low point of 1903 first drew public attention to the "big money in mining." There is so remarkable a state of affairs in the silver market that Secretary Shaw, a few weeks ago, refused to buy a few million ounces of Mr. Bryan's favorite metal from the principal vendor in this country, the American Smelting and Refining Company, because the price, seventy-three cents an ounce, was exorbitant and in his opinion due to "manipulation." But his contention was only half correct. The metal magnates may have helped to boost the price, but they could not long maintain it at an exorbitant level. All lines of business and industry—including, oh, doubting poets! that of writing for a living—have lately enjoyed unprecedented prosperity. So has metal mining. So have the psychologists who understand the workings of greed, and kindly promise fortunes to the would-be rich through the advertising pages of the newspapers.

To be sure, the prevailing high prices for metals account for the genuine prosperity of the mining industry, but they are not wholly responsible for the mining madness that has afflicted all sorts and conditions of men. But all sorts and conditions of men, by reason of the general prosperity, had money to spare—that is to say, money to gamble with. And those who didn't had a certain desire to spare—the desire to get something for nothing, to get more without working than they could by plugging away at the old grind. Other people own carriages—why not I? Horace Greeley said something about the young man who, instead of thinking of promotion and gradual advancement, began to devote his time to discovering ways of making money without earning it.

How the mining madness grew differs in little wise from similar growth in the past. We are an imaginative nation. The sense of the picturesque and especially of the dramatic is strong in Americans. Suddenness has tremendous dramatic power. A man is a pauper at 1 P. M. There is a long story of hardship and privation. At 2:30 P. M. a lucky blast uncovers a bonanza. In less than two hours a new millionaire has arisen. *Why not I?* It is not so much getting rich; it's getting rich quick that is wanted; for impatience is also a national trait. It is a theory of mine that the most profitable advertisement the get-rich-quick swindlers ever had was one for which they did

not have to pay one cent. Columns by the thousand were printed by the daily press gratuitously.

The public read and wondered and envied and the trick was done—that is, the greatest mine in the world was thereby made ready for skillful "promoters" to extract the public's ducats from. I refer to the newspaper "stories" of big "killings" in the mining world, either in the way of new bonanzas in new districts or in the shape of the culmination of the historic feud between F. Augustus Heinze, of Butte, Montana, and the Amalgamated Copper Company, otherwise Henry H. Rogers. Mr. Lawson and others have made us familiar with the remarkable Butte fight. One day Heinze and Rogers agreed to let bygones be bygones and forgive each other, which was Christian-like. Incidentally, they capitalized their forgiveness at a great many millions of dollars, it being the Wall Street practice to capitalize everything—hopes, fears, mendacity, surpluses, and on occasion even deficits; so why not the Christian spirit? Then came the phenomenal Anaconda "strike," and the sensational advance in the stock, thereby bringing home vividly the richness of Butte as a copper town. The wonderful winnings of mine owners and mining stock manipulators were megaphoned throughout the world. Tonopah, Goldfield and, later, Cobalt. The trail had been blazed. The wildcat promoters seized the opportunity.

The Dazzling Success of the Guggenheims

BUT, perhaps, even more effective than the Heinze-Rogers self-appointed press-agents or Mr. Lawson's dithyrambs on "Coppers" has been the dazzling success of the Guggenheim Brothers, the sons of the late M. Guggenheim, who are often referred to in this democratic republic as the Smelter Kings. They are not so much daring plungers as they are a body of extremely able, courageous, experienced and very rich men. For twenty years they have been smelting ores and operating mines in the United States, in Mexico, in Bolivia and Chile. They put their smelters into the trust and gained control of it, and then they formed the Guggenheim Exploration Company to find, buy, develop and operate mines wherever they might be. Their staff of experts, headed by John Hays Hammond at a salary of two hundred thousand dollars a year, and possibilities of even greater profits, is beyond question the most efficient in the world. The remarkable advances in the shares of the Smelter Trust and the Exploration Company made scores of millions, and they are the largest holders. They have a habit, these Guggenheims, of making money for their friends and associates as well as for themselves.

To them mining is not a speculation but a business, and is as such conducted. The element of luck—that is to say, of chance—plays a greater part in mining than it does in other industries. The history of mining, especially of precious metal mining, is full of romance known to all. But it is the practice of the Guggenheims to buy mines and not prospects. They would rather pay two millions, or ten, for that matter, for a mine in which they can see a certain profit, than to give ten dollars for an improved prospect. They are after the human probability more than after vague possibilities. It is not potential world-beaters but reasonably sure investments that they seek, and they find them, for from all over the world people bring them mines for sale. If they ever gamble it is the gamble that the most conservative business man will take, a gamble in which the chances are at least two to one in their favor.

It is also to be borne in mind that they have great financial resources which make possible the profitable exploitation of mines disadvantageously located, as in Alaska, where they have lately secured mines for insignificant sums, relatively, but which to make valuable they and J. P. Morgan must first build a railroad. The owners of the Alaskan gold mines were not cheated. They received their price, really all the mines were worth under the existing conditions. To change those conditions millions must be spent before real work on the mines themselves can begin. In a thousand ways, in short, the Guggenheims reduce the chance of failure to a minimum, with their unusual sagacity, their vast experience and their large capital. But the public, hearing the stories of their clean-up of millions time and again, remembers not the reasons but the enviable results.

The mining madness is seen at its height in the Stock Exchanges of Boston, Philadelphia and other cities and in what is called the "curb" in New York. The stocks of hundreds of mining companies are dealt in just as though they were stocks of railroads or industrial "trusts." Alongside of the little group who may be quoting Standard Oil, the highest-priced of the industrial stocks, selling at above 500 a share, there may be a frenzied mob trying to buy or sell the latest thing in mining stocks, at a dollar and a half a share. The paper capitalization of the mining companies organized or incorporated this year aggregates some billions of dollars.

But, after all, such statistics mean nothing. A mine with a capital stock of one million shares at ten dollars each does not necessarily mean so much water. A share merely represents the one-millionth part of it. In the old Comstock days people bought a 128th of a mine, or a 64th or a quarter interest. There is no obligation to pay dividends, and the purchase of a mining stock does not represent an investment which should pay so much per cent. interest; it represents merely the ownership of a certain fraction of the mine and, as such, entitled to a proportionate share in whatever is made by the mine.

There is no such thing as a fair living profit in mining operations. A higher power than man or promoter put a certain amount of mineral in a certain place, and the transmutation of that mineral into hard cash is the operation, the profits being the excess of the price obtained for the metal over the cost of getting it out and marketing it. The danger to the community consists, therefore, of paying more for a mine or a part thereof than that mine or that part is really worth.

In the "curb" market the mining madness has attained serious proportions. That a panic will follow the return of sanity is not so certain, for the simple reason that such stocks are purchased outright—that is, they are not carried on a margin by the brokers. The brokers are too wise. Should fear seize all the holders simultaneously, each man would simply be without a market to unload on. The transformation of a nominal five-hundred-dollar stock certificate to-day into a piece of paper to-morrow worth a few cents less than the cost of engraving, would be unpleasant to the sanguine owner, but not disastrous to the community.

Moreover, in the curb dealings, the whole thing is a gamble. Many of the mining stocks now actively dealt in have Stock Exchange houses for sponsors. Manipulation of them is conducted much the same as it is in the standard stocks on the floor of the Stock Exchange. Tips are distributed, prices are jacked up, people are induced to plunge because the stocks "look like going higher." Curiously enough, the experienced stock traders have shown as much enthusiasm as the veriest lambs or the easy victims of the get-rich-quick swindlers. And the reason has been that the Street is always full of "easy money"—not low rates of interest, but people who have made money so easily that they risk it without a pang.

For a reputedly intelligent community Wall Street at times shows the same careful, cautious, analytical methods of a dead-game sport betting on the fourth race after landing a hundred-to-one shot in the third. It is no exaggeration to say that the average reasoning is as follows: "If I buy a thousand shares of Crippled Goose at three dollars I can lose only three thousand dollars, and I stand to win the Lord knows how much. If I buy a thousand shares of Union Pacific at one-eight-five I must put up at least ten thousand dollars and I'd probably not make more than five thousand dollars." And so, on the theory that by buying a low-priced stock outright there is not much room for serious loss, hundreds of wise "sports" have crammed the pockets of scores of promoters.

So easy has the money come that the vendors of mines have recently regretted their precipitancy in being content with a profit of a paltry thousand per cent.

The Cocktail that Cost $1,500,000

A WELL-KNOWN promoter was invited by a friend to have a cocktail before dinner the other night at the Waldorf.

"Cocktail?" snorted the promoter indignantly. "Did I hear you say cocktail? Don't use that word when you talk to me, if you wish to remain my friend. Cocktail? Do you think I'm Rockefeller?"

"No; but ——"

"Did you have a notion that I hold it a disgrace to die rich? Well, if you do, don't. I can't afford to pay a million and a half for a cocktail oftener than once a month, and that's what one of those devil-mixtures cost me last week. Yes, Bill, $1,500,000. Explain? Cert! The other day I was here, in this same identical café, talking business with a party of men from Canada who had a mine to float. I listened to their story, and as they had been vouched for by friends whom I trust, and besides which I wasn't separating myself from six cents, I believed them. I told them I'd turn the trick for them. They wanted only about $750,000 for it. I became quite enthusiastic as I thought of the fat and juicy curb market in our midst, and I suggested a 600,000 share company, par value of same five dollars each. Those blooming Canucks demurred at this. They said they didn't want any water in theirs, and asserted that 300,000 shares, at five bricks per, was ample in their estimation. Did you ever? I stuck out for 600,000—it was only $3,000,000—but they insisted that 300,000 shares were enough. There was a deadlock and I suggested cocktails—*I* ordered them. It was not my first drink and it made me feel so good-natured that I gave in to them. That stock went in a week. I could have sold a million shares, leave alone the 300,000 the cocktail made me consent not to issue. Cocktails? Take one with a strong dash of prussic acid, will you?"

This is not a funny story. It is the truth. That is why it isn't funny, when you come to think of it.

The Nipissing Sky-Rocket

THE crazy excitement on the New York "curb" market reached several degrees more than fever heat at the time of the Nipissing incident. It was one of those romances of mining and stock gambling, one of those bits of luck's legerdemain, that do so much good to a few fortunate mortals and so much harm to so many illogical-minded optimists. A man bought a piece of mining property in the Cobalt district for a quarter of a million and he sold a three-quarter interest in it to three other capitalists for what he had paid for the whole. They formed a company, and then another to own the stock of the first. The capitalization of the latter was fixed at 1,200,000 shares of $5 each—a paper valuation of $6,000,000 for what cost them a trifle over $250,000. When the stock was first brought out on the curb it sold below its par value, and even then the profit to the promoters was so big that many of the insiders sagaciously unloaded. The mine, however, turned out to be richer than the most sanguine had anticipated and the stock began to climb as the friends of the insiders who had been told how good the mine was began to buy. The entire Street in time was flooded with tips to buy. The astute veterans who had heard such yarns before smiled wisely and bought nothing. The inside party and the rank outsiders who knew no better than to believe wild rumors bought. Of a sudden the shares began to rise by leaps and bounds, to ten dollars, to fifteen dollars, to twenty dollars, to twenty-five dollars a share. And all the time there was a "market" for it—that is, a holder of a big block would have no trouble in selling his entire holdings without thereby smashing the price. But it was after the stock had crossed twenty-five dollars a share, or five times the par value, that the Street heard that the Guggenheims had bought 400,000 shares at twenty-five dollars each, or $10,000,000 for one-third of the stock.

The maddened mob sagely argued that, if the Guggenheims were willing to pay twenty-five dollars a share for stock that a few days before could have been bought under ten dollars, there was a profit in buying it above twenty-five, and they did, up to thirty-three.

The Street heard that John Hays Hammond had said it was the richest silver mine in the world, that there was in sight something like $400,000,000 of ore.

There was Fortune at her tricks again! A mine purchased by four men, three of whom had invested about $90,000 apiece, was now selling in the open market for nearly $40,000,000 and said to be cheap at that. This was making money with a vengeance. One member of the original syndicate, for example, was said to have made a profit of $12,000,000.

A well-known operator bought a big block of the stock under five, and as the price rose in the early stages of the deal gave an order to sell at ten. He could not sell it because the stock refused to go above seven. He canceled his order and, being called to Europe suddenly by the illness of a member of his family, heard no more about it until his return to New York a few weeks later. He then sold out his entire holdings at twenty-five and twenty-seven and cleared over a million dollars. It was a bonanza which the public had once had the opportunity to buy for a song.

The tremendous advance in Nipissing and the heavy bona-fide transactions in the stock made the rest of the promoters very active on the curb. Mine after mine was brought out. Tips were distributed and more than one "second Nipissing" was duly manipulated and hundreds of thousands of shares of utterly unknown mining companies were sold to people whose only reason for buying was that the golden lightning had struck some of their friends in Nipissing and it might be their turn to be struck next. The promoter who paid $1,500,000 for one cocktail asserts he sold $400,000 of his stock in one week and all in small amounts, the greatest being under $10,000.

The wiseacre of the Street did not hesitate to buy any mining stock that was active, for the inside market was then dull and profitless, and, if quick action was wanted, there was more of it in mining stocks than in railroad issues. Outsiders heard of the big money that was made downtown and came downtown to make some.

Many of the mining stocks so recklessly bought are worthless. But others are not. Nearly all of them are probably bringing higher prices than will ever be justified by developments at the mines, but so many of the buyers are more interested in the stocks than in the mines that, if only the price goes up enough to unload at a profit, they are content. Knowledge of this point of view is among the assets of all stock manipulators. And then look at Granby, at Cumberland-Ely, at Nevada-Utah, at Nipissing—all stocks selling at a few cents on the dollar and now 'way up on legitimate developments.

The collapse in Nipissing precipitated no panic. The Guggenheims desired an extension of time on their option on the 400,000 shares of stock, for they preferred to forfeit a couple of millions, rather than to buy a clouded title. Of itself the story of the deal would make interesting reading. The stock broke from above thirty to under fifteen, but even at the latter price a mine for which about $250,000 was paid was still selling for about $18,000,000. It is a big mine and the entire episode was characteristic. Many people took gamblers' chances and lost. But think of those who won before the break!

The Trick Satchel

SIX years ago I resided in St. Joseph, Missouri, was clerking in a clothing store, and had saved about thirteen hundred dollars. One day the proprietor handed me a circular from a "green-goods man" in Newark, New Jersey.

At the time I was a young man just off the farm a year and I had a curiosity to go into the matter. That evening I sent a night telegram as directed, saying, "Send particulars."

A week later I received a typewritten letter giving me prices on the "real money," as they called it. For one thousand dollars they would deliver fifteen hundred dollars of the manufactured money, and for fifteen hundred dollars three thousand dollars. With every letter I received the address was different and always on another slip of paper, and always I was to telegraph my reply. I kept this matter to myself except to mention it to a roommate, who had about four hundred dollars of his own savings. At last I received a letter inclosing a brand-new one-dollar bill with two very small needle-point holes at one end. This, they explained, was the only difference between their money and that manufactured at the mint.

I took the one-dollar bill along with other bills to our bank, and while the cashier counted each bill closely he accepted the dollar bill sent me with the rest.

I wired this fact to my correspondents, using keywords as instructed, and after two weeks came a carefully-worded letter that they had "investigated" me and I was "O. K." They were for "immediate business." If I did not accept their offer by telegram within twelve hours of receipt of their letter it would be withdrawn and further mail or telegrams remain undelivered. This last letter briefly stated that I was to start at once for New York City, bringing fifteen hundred dollars or three thousand dollars with me, say nothing to any one, and go by the way of St. Louis, Philadelphia and over a certain route to New York City. I was to have a narrow, yellow ribbon through one of the buttonholes of the lapel of my coat. My roommate and myself made up our minds to invest fifteen hundred dollars. I was to have two-thirds of the profit, as I put in one thousand dollars, and my roommate one-third, as he put in five hundred dollars. I got a week's leave of absence and started for New York with the fifteen hundred dollars pinned inside my undershirt.

I left Philadelphia in the evening, and while on the way to New York City the train stopped at a small town. Here the car was entered by a couple of men—one of them must have been in the car from Philadelphia—who came to me at once, called me by name, referred to the business in hand, and asked me to get off at once with them. I followed, and was driven to a house which we entered.

No time was lost in getting down to business. They had a small new satchel in which they stated the money was secured, and this was sealed with black ribbons and wax. They asked me how much money I had brought along. At first thought I said none, but, noticing the lie in my eye, both began to laugh. I then told them I had fifteen hundred dollars, and drew out a "42" bulldog revolver that in all probability was twelve inches long and weighed about six pounds. "Put it back" was all they said.

Both of my "friends"—as they termed themselves—were middle-aged men, well-groomed, neat and pleasant, and seemingly well educated. One of them proposed opening the satchel and showing me the money, but the other interfered. They had "first to see the color of my money," he said. I asked them to step to one end of the room, and I soon had my money unpinned.

One of them wished to count it, but the other accepted my statement of the amount as final, and I was then invited to inspect their three thousand dollars. They broke the seals to the satchel and took out one package, leaving another intact. The amount of three thousand dollars was counted out to me. I examined the same, holding each bill to the light to discern the two needle-point holes which I accepted as a guarantee of the bills' genuineness. The money was put back into the satchel, I paid them the fifteen hundred dollars, and together we returned to the buggy. I deposited the satchel at my feet; but, as one of the horses remained tied, I stepped out to untie him.

When I had got in again we drove about ten miles, and they put me aboard a train with instructions to take a certain railroad out of Philadelphia to St. Louis, thence to St. Joseph. I followed directions and in due time arrived at St. Joseph, and my roommate and myself drove to my father's farm, went into the hay-mow of the old barn, and there, at the hour of midnight, we opened the satchel.

After that I think we spent fifteen minutes simply looking at each other. Not a word was spoken. Then we laughed, and laughed the more, and silently drove back to town. I was at the store as usual the next morning, and the proprietor said, "Well, Heine, you don't seem to be looking any the better for your week's rest." —*J. J. A.*

Letters to Unsuccessful Men

Being Certain Letters Selected from the Private Correspondence of the Spurlock Family

Copyright, 1906, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

THE CORRESPONDENTS

WILLIAM ("Bill") SPURLOCK, aged 48, the youngest of the brothers, editor of the Cañon Echo and joint owner, with a mortgage, of the Zero Ranch.

JONAS ("Con") SPURLOCK, aged 57, president of the Consolidated Groceries Company, and stockholder and director in a dozen other trusts.

CASSIUS SPURLOCK, aged 61, multi-millionaire and Senator from a Middle Western State.

JACK SPURLOCK, the prodigal son of Jonas Spurlock.

I am Through with Jack

I—In Which Jonas Wants to Know and Bill Tells Him

From Jonas to Bill.

NEW YORK, February 10, 19—.

My dear Brother William:

I confess that your last letter both pained and grieved me. But, so long as my own conscience approves my course toward my willful and undutiful son, I can well afford to pass over your strictures in silence. Nor do I propose to answer your intemperate attack on my business associates and myself. God has intrusted the stewardship of this country to a body of men who, with rare business skill and sagacity, are developing its resources and bringing about an era of unexampled prosperity. The humblest workman who is contributing his labor, the widow and the thrifty clerk who are intrusting their one talent to those gifted and capable men who are best fitted to administer it wisely, are sharing in this prosperity with the highest.

These chosen leaders at whom you sneer are subduing the earth; they are bearing the heat and burden of the day; and their rewards are not out of proportion to the arduousness of their labors. For they are doing a greater constructive work than the statesmen of past ages. The agitation against them is being systematically fomented by the idle, the incompetent and the discontented—men who, contributing nothing, yet clamor for the reward of the good and faithful servant. They are being aided and abetted by dreamers and theorists, false prophets who preach strange doctrines. And these self-seeking charlatans, rogues, agitators, blatherskites and demagogues, who appeal to the lowest instincts of the mob and play on its basest passions, are simply exploiting the people for their own selfish ends.

No one, no matter what his station, not even a Senator of the United States, is safe from the vile abuse of Socialistic penny-a-liners. In one magazine I am scurrilously attacked because I have removed Race—an antiquated dodderer, utterly out of sympathy with modern ideas and methods—from the presidency of the Short Line. In another, your brother Cassius is foully attacked because he threw his influence and his vote against a measure that would have cut in two the price of stocks which are now largely in the hands of innocent purchasers, and have destroyed millions of dollars' worth of values. Municipal ownership, Federal ownership, National control of corporations, legislative interference—Socialism—all the old isms and a hundred new ones, every form of popular madness—is stalking unchecked through the land, throwing its bombs right and left, careless of what it destroys. The accepted commonplaces of business, the necessities of civilization, are being "discovered" by hare-brained megalomaniacs and "exposed" as crimes. I am indicted in one State for giving rebates, fined in another for accepting them, as if the man who ships by trainloads should have no advantage over the one who ships an occasional carload. I am threatened with adverse legislation in the South because I have taken children who were running wild in the streets and learning every sort of depravity, and have given them a chance to become industrious citizens. The integrity of Consolidated Groceries itself is threatened by an action against it as a trust in restraint of trade, when every one knows how the beneficent association of our plants has cheapened costs to consumers and increased profits to stockholders. And now my own son has allied himself with my ungrateful workmen and led them into the paths of discontent; while my own brother has become tainted with Socialism and is preaching it insidiously, whenever and wherever he gets an opportunity.

But this is all beside the point. I am through with Jack. I wash my hands of him. I have forgiven him for the last time. The Chicago trial simply resulted in a further abuse

"Let Well Enough Alone"

of my confidence and the culminating disgrace of a son heading a strike against his own father. Jack is still in New York, and, though practically penniless, after running through his Aunt Julia Spurlock's legacy in a few days, he declines to accept my lawyer's offer of a suitable allowance contingent on his going to the Far West. He absolutely refuses to listen to reason. In fact, when Carver saw him a second time yesterday, the wretched boy told him to go to hell and attend to his regular practice. But it is impossible for him to stay here without creating a public scandal. After this last piece of madness, I fear that he is capable of any extreme of folly. He seems to have no sense of what is due to me and my position. So far there has been no unpleasant publicity, but any day may bring an explosion.

Now, I want to ask, as a last favor, that you use your influence to get him to leave New York and to join you on your ranch. I will allow him one hundred dollars a month, provided he agrees not to leave the State of Colorado without permission. I will further allow you one hundred dollars a month so long as he remains on your ranch. You ought to get along well together.

Yours very truly, JONAS SPURLOCK.

From Bill to Jonas

CANON, February 14, 19—.

Dear Jonas:

Take Jack as a remittance man? Not on your life. I'm not running a private burying-ground for your mistakes out here. If Jack ever happens along and strikes me for a job I'll probably give him one on my own terms; but he can't come to me on yours. This is no place for quitters, pikers and four-flushers. There are plenty of them out here, but they're not doing very well—not nearly so well as they could do back East, where you watch a man's cards and not his face during the draw.

If it's only the possibility of a public scandal over your split-up with Jack that's worrying you—and I judge from your letter that this is the case—you might as well have that tooth out now. Jack is going to stay right in New York, unless for some reason of his own—not yours or mine—he prefers Colorado. And I shouldn't be surprised if, after he's had time to work up the first wholesome appetite of his life—the appetite that a fellow gets when he doesn't know where his next meal is coming from—he'd develop into something of a pup. He won't succeed in your way, though I'm sure he will in his own; but whatever he does you may rest easy on one score—he'll never *give you away*. There's a streak of yellow in you, Jonas, and there's one in Jack, too, but his happens to be pure gold. His vices, like your virtues, are all on the surface.

So long as the man who carries the biggest Bible and offers up the loudest prayer is the most religious; so long as the one who wears the best-cut tail-coat and the slickest silk hat is the most respectable; so long as the one who has the stickiest palm for money and the least respect for law is the most admired, you are safe in your shell of pomposity and pretense. But that time is pretty well over.

History is still in the making, and the questions which look so dark and portentous to us now are but a fly-speck on its pages. They will be solved, they are being solved to-day, by the gradual education of the nation. Neither the tomtoms of the demagogue, beating the people to battle against the money devil, nor the frantic appeals of the "Captain" for the business interests to rally to his standard, because if he falls the innocent and the honest must fall with him, are befogging the issue or deflecting the nation from the path which leads to a right decision.

Why not do a little thinking yourself, Jonas, and see if some of your ideas won't stand revision? Given the sense to know when to use it, the most valuable thing about a plant is the scrap-heap. Believe me, it's just as useful to have one at home as at the office, just as important to dump antiquated ideas and methods on it as machinery.

I don't overlook the necessity of testing a new idea before accepting it; but you have only one answer for everything: "Let well enough alone." That attitude simply means that you are doing "well enough," not, necessarily, that others are; but we believe that one man may do too well for the good of a million men. We have no objection to any one's making as much money as he can honestly, but we'd like to have a few of these hundred-million-dollar fortunes prove their pedigrees.

The fact of the matter is, Jonas, that the time has come when a lot of you big fellows who profess to hold your commissions as Captains direct from the Almighty have got to show us. For we little fellows are beginning to believe that your claims to divine inspiration for the coal business, and the steel business, and the railroad business are humbug.

Of course, all this is what you call socialistic talk, calculated "to stir up class hatred." And you are quite sincere in this attitude, for once a man has lost the ability to deal honestly with others, he quickly loses the power to think honestly for himself. I confess to a good deal of impatience with the social cads who talk about "caste," and the business bounders who talk about "class." What place have "castes" or "classes" in the scheme of this country? There should be room for but one caste here—the American caste; but one class—the working-class. If there are others, you and your kind have made them. Incidentally, you have made many Socialists, though not so many as your fears, because just now Socialists are "news," and command a disproportionate amount of publicity. It depends entirely on you and your friends whether they remain "news."

I cannot consent, however, to being called a Socialist, because I happen to know what Socialism is, and you do not. For you, it has been a handy bogy with which to frighten the children, and "socialistic talk" has meant any kind of insistence on the just enforcement of existing law and the abolishment of your special privileges. Myself, I am simply the average American, and, like him, trying to raise my own average. Now, we want a little less scripture and a little more coal for our money. We want not only the hope of a good time in the hereafter, but the certainty of a good time on earth. We want the opportunity to succeed in any honest way that we can, or to fail in any honest way that we damn please. We are willing to accept the natural and inevitable chances and hazards of this game of life, but we don't want to play against a crooked wheel, or to have the house spring a wildcat on us in place of the regular kitty of commerce. We don't envy any man his legitimate winnings, but we don't want any holding out on ours; or ringing in of lallapaloosas; or welshing. We want a square deal in every game going, from marbles to railroading. We want our chance, according to our abilities, as they are great or small, without arbitrary restrictions imposed by any little group of "Captains"; we want our dues, whether much or little, without paying tithes to any self-appointed stewards of the country's resources. In short, we want the full, free individualism that you fellows who shout loudest for it are rapidly making impossible.

We don't want any Isms, but we want some Y's—honesty, decency and opportunity. We don't want Socialism, because we don't see any advantage in exchanging a set of illegal masters who can say what we sha'n't do, for a set of legal ones who can say what we shall. If all men were or could be born equal, Socialism might be possible. If all men ever are born free, the theory will no longer be attractive. As it is to-day, Socialism is apt to be the refuge of those who can't make money, or of those who didn't earn their money. Give wealth to the first, or propose to take away wealth from the second, and you make individualists. Socialism, in short, is like those flawless-on-paper systems with which, every now and then, some one goes up against the bank at Monte Carlo. It's a pleasant pastime, but it doesn't hurt the bank. We'd like to have ideal conditions obtain, of course, but we don't expect perfection in this particular world; we'll be satisfied with a little more common honesty in your dealings with us for a starter.

Yet so long as you fellows go through the country like the gipsy moth, stripping everything clean as you fly, people will continue to look for the bug that will fight you, and naturally there are many who will advocate remedies which are worse than the original pest. But the average American still believes in wealth and in property rights, and wants to conserve them. He has, or hopes to have, a bank account; he wants to have a larger one. But we are against stealing and homicide, whether by the methods of the sneak-thief, the second-story man or the footpad; or by those of the railroad that gives rebates, the trust that puts out poisonous products, or the individual that robs little children of their health in his mills. This is the gospel of our discontent as I see it, and I believe that it is a healthy discontent. It does not demand confiscation of the millions of the rich, but a guaranty against further confiscation of the pennies of the poor; not discrimination against wealth, but a stoppage of discrimination against poverty; not a curtailment of the legitimate opportunities of capital, but an enlargement of the opportunities of labor; not great charities for the next generation, but a little more justice for this. It demands that the Captains purify themselves from within under pain of being purified from without.

Public opinion is slow to mass around any reform, and, once crystallized, it may move with the swiftness of an avalanche or the slowness of a glacier; but, either way, something has to give. It is being crystallized now, Jonas, not by the newspapers and the magazines, for the press never creates—it only reflects—but by the campaign of education which, quite unwittingly, you have been conducting against yourself. The pay envelope, the meat bill, the coal bill and the gas bill are the people's textbooks of political economy. When the head of the house finds that the dividends on his insurance policy are vanishing into the fourth dimension, he is for insurance reform. When the wife discovers that anything on your list is loaded with adulterants or preservative poison, she is for a pure-food bill.

These magazine discoveries and exposures which excite your anger are only one manifestation, and that not the most significant one, of a widespread and ever-widening movement against your creed that "Business is business," meaning that the dollar must be got at any cost of honor, health and happiness; that it may be followed up to the very doors of the penitentiary, provided one is agile enough to jump back before they close on him. There isn't the slightest use trying to confuse the present issue with the old question of States' rights; or the new one, "Does the Constitution follow the flag?" or, "If a hen and a half lays an egg and a half in a day and a half?" or with any of these fine and befuddling uncertainties. Nor will the country accept as a satisfactory answer to its demands a grandiloquent affirmation of the persistence of hot air, as "I am a Democrat," or a passionate appeal to all that is best and flubdubbiest in our natures, as "Be true to the grand old party of Lincoln." Our protest is wholly against The Man With a Cold Deck, and all we want to know is, Do we get a Square Deal? I don't believe that any system can give us more than this; but we won't be satisfied with any system that gives us less.

Your brother, BILL.

Safe in Your Shell of Pomposity and Pretense

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

XX

THE Richmond World on the next morning published a ten-column *exposé* of the iniquities of tax-dodging corporations which waxed fat—and correspondingly wickeder—by sucking the life-blood of the helpless people. Legalized leeches, the paper said they were, who, if they were but trodden upon by the righteous foot of aroused civic pride and the relentless heel of common honesty, would exude stolen millions from their insatiable pores. There was a stirring appeal to the righteous foot of civic pride, and the theme was a single word in big black letters: DISGORGE! It might have been jaundiced rhetoric, worthy of a Metropolitan Champion of the People at a cent a copy, but it was clear that the paper's indignation would last an entire "campaign" against the tax-dodging corporations. All the railroads were accused of vampire practices on the people, but the World's "incontrovertible statistics of graft" and "mathematical measurements of the thefts, past, present and contemplated," concerned the Virginia Central alone. The others' turn, the paper darkly threatened, would come later, dishonorable precedence being given to the Virginia Central because it was the most brazen offender of the lot. Sam and Darrell read the article together.

"Say, that galoot can sling ink, all right, can't he?" said Darrell, laughing.

"The Roanoke is accused, too," pointed out Sam. There was a trace of self-defense in his tone.

"Of course. Why leave out the Roanoke? It would have been stupid, and I don't suppose ——"

"It might have been Leigh or the Judge," interrupted Sam.

"It might," said Darrell dryly.

"Why not?"

"Why not, indeed? They live here and they know the newspapers."

Sam did not answer. He did not like Darrell's insinuation that the World's virtuous campaign had been planned in a Wall Street office. But he admitted to himself rather dispassionately that Robinson was difficult to deal with by direct methods, and not everybody possessed the patience to sit down and calmly study ways and means whereby to persuade an inefficient railroad president not to continue to obstruct the march of progress. He himself felt a great desire to say to Robinson:

"Look here, Colonel, sell me your stock at a good, fair price, because you have neither the ability nor the capital to do what is needed."

But that merely would wound the Colonel's vanity; it would turn the anger engendered by the telling of such a truth to such a man into sheer asinine stubbornness. As a matter of fact, Sam's disgust at his father's business methods, even at the outset, had probably been esthetic rather than ethical; more the shudder at eating beside a man who masticated audibly or misused his knife than the protest of an aroused conscience. Yet, for all that his point of view had changed and was changing, Sam felt that the Colonel should not be financially slain by the efficient foe of inefficiency, who was even then training his long-range artillery on the unsuspecting Robinson. In deciding, as Sam did, to give the doomed man one more chance, he was conscious of a magnanimity not altogether businesslike, for some of the money that he would offer might perhaps be better employed on the improvement of the road itself than on the increasing of Robinson's bank account. He must learn from Abercrombie the precise condition of the Colonel's finances, in order the better to judge to what extent he might be magnanimous without being too great an ass. Besides which, he did not have money enough to buy the Colonel's stock outright.

The lawyer received him with much cordiality and almost immediately began to talk about the World's attack on the Virginia Central.

"It's the first shot. Wait until the real firing begins."

"Have you seen the Colonel this morning?" asked Sam. He had no desire to see the malevolent machinery actually at work. He merely wished to know if Robinson's mood was more receptive.

"Oh, yes! He deplores the obsolesence of the code duello, but talks horsewhip. To-morrow, I understand, the World will have something to say about the franchises the land-development and trolley companies are trying to obtain from the city by dishonorable methods. I think our friend will consider dynamite more adequate than rawhide." The Judge's humorously pitying smile told Sam whence the inspiration of the articles came.

"Money? Nasty Thing!"

"It doesn't seem quite a fair game, Judge," Sam said thoughtfully, "but I will admit that Colonel Robinson is a little difficult to convince by other methods." His own dealings with the Central's optimistic president had come to naught. The more than puerile tactlessness had been because he had not then had clear ideas on what he desired to do. The ideas had since been undergoing clarification.

"He is all you say, Mr. Rock."

"How can such a man have been president of a railroad?"

"Well, he was younger and more active after the War, and his social connections were of the best. He did well enough in his day. But that was before competition came and before we awoke to the value of our natural resources when scientifically developed. He is an anachronism in trousers and a goatee. He is a good talker and was once able to raise needed capital—before he had demonstrated his inability to do systematic and intelligent work. Even now, many people consider him a good railroad man because they have never seen a man like Leigh of the Roanoke; I don't mention your father, because *he* is in a class by himself. Colonel Robinson has this week lost his best lieutenant, George Witherspoon, who has been appointed superintendent of the Roanoke's seaboard division."

Sam's mind jumped to an office in Wall Street where a man with a thousand eyes and ten thousand hands was at work, his gaze fixed on the ticker-tape, reading characters that meant not dollars, more dollars, but far greater things—a man at work, in love with work—big work—doing it calmly, scientifically, relentlessly; not *thinking* of doing it as soon as certain fine points of ethics had been cleared, but *doing it*. And Robinson . . .

"Major Witherspoon was the most popular man in the Central," continued Judge Abercrombie blandly, "and, from what I hear, the men—his old operating force—are talking of striking unless wages are raised and certain conditions are changed. Since the Roanoke raised wages the Great Southern has been forced to promise an advance to begin September first. As for the Central ——"

"Oh! So that's what the raise meant?" mused Sam aloud.

"I only know what it will mean if the Central does not do likewise. Also what it will mean to its treasury if it does. An increase in its operating expenses is no laughing-matter."

"I suppose my father knows about this agitation?"

"Oh, yes. Your father knows everything that is going on in this State having any bearing, however remote, on his own or any other railroad. As a matter of fact, even if I didn't write to him every day, he would know from the New York papers. They've all been receiving long dispatches from their Richmond correspondents. You see, this railroad agitation has also a very interesting political end to it."

He smiled. The Roanoke's credit was better than that of any other big corporation in the State and its purse-strings were tied the loosest. He was its chief adviser in political matters. He was in the pleasant position of actually not being able to help the Roanoke without at the same time helping his own personal political aspirations. For how could the politicians, the big bosses and the little local leaders, feel grateful to the liberal Roanoke and not feel under personal obligations to the captivating agent who brought what caused the gratitude—No checks, cash only? If he had but known Sampson Rock earlier in life, or if Sampson Rock had only owned the Roanoke longer! But there was still time. Some of the best-known Senators were octogenarians. William Abercrombie, who was only sixty-one, smiled.

"Judge," said Sam after a pause, "you are aware that Colonel Robinson knows about our projects in Austin County?"

"Of course. I can't find out how it leaked out. But the World's article should help to offset it."

"Darrell tried to secure a pledge of low rates and better facilities."

"Oh!" The Judge shook his head sorrowfully; Darrell should have left it to the Honorable W. Abercrombie. But the Honorable W. Abercrombie was loyal to Mr. Rock and his friends; wherefore the Honorable W. Abercrombie apologized for Darrell's oversight by talking about Robinson: "It's just like him. Instead of welcoming his road's one chance of salvation, he immediately beheld instead a marvelous change in his personal fortunes and at once proceeded to talk about it. He simply couldn't help it, Mr. Rock. It is curious that all born optimists are supremely selfish, and their glowing visions of the future are those of extremely short-sighted people. Perhaps optimism is but a sublimated form of selfishness, eh?" He looked philosophical. Presently, he became mildly indignant. "Why, he has been trying, the last few days, to borrow hundreds of thousand of dollars on notes. He already looks upon his real-estate schemes as actual dividend-payers and regards his incorporation-papers as gilt-edged collateral. But the banks ——"

"What about the banks?" asked Sam.

"The banks," answered Judge Abercrombie with a touch of deprecatory villainy, as it were, "are not of the same opinion. I should not be very much surprised if some of the Colonel's loans were not renewed—especially if Virginia Central stock continues to decline."

"It probably will," said Sam with a far-away look.

"Do you really think so?" Judge Abercrombie asked this with a lively interest.

"I don't know," answered Sam. "It looks as if nothing except what is disagreeable is going to happen to Colonel Robinson." He saw that Abercrombie's judicial mind was inclining ticker-ward and that he must presently suspect what he had not yet thought of suspecting. That would not do. Abercrombie's enlightenment must come, if at all, from Sampson Rock. "I never bother much with the stock-market, Judge, but I should say, speaking seriously, that the stock is rather low to go short of it now. It's had a pretty bad break. You and I are not the only people who know the road's shortcomings."

"I suppose not," agreed Abercrombie thoughtfully.

"At all events, I shall watch the accumulating misfortunes of the Colonel with some degree of personal interest."

Judge Abercrombie smiled appreciatively at the quiet humor of the young man's phrase, thereby crediting Sam with Machiavellian subtleties. Sam perceived this, but there was no need to deny anything. Exaggerated regard for the opinion of the world was a form of vanity that Sampson Rock, for one, did not have.

"I'll wager a big, red apple that this sequence of inexplicable calamities will in due time make the banks superstitious—even those of which Colonel Robinson is a director. Indeed, I think that two such banks will this very day inform the Colonel that they should like more collateral, and if possible they would prefer to pass the privilege of holding the Colonel's paper to other banks."

The Judge himself looked Machiavellian. It made Sam rise—further conversation would have made him a full-fledged accomplice—and say: "I promised Darrell I wouldn't stay long."

"If there is anything you can suggest ——" began the lawyer with a subtle flattery.

Sam shook his head, without heat, and said, very politely: "My father might; but I could not—not to *you*, Judge. Good-day, sir."

Judge Abercrombie smiled gratefully. The young man had complimented him very nicely. He was now sure of the confidence and personal regard of Sampson Rock's only son and heir, who, Morson had informed him, was as the apple of the Old Man's eye. A very nice young man.

The conversation had turned Sam's thoughts to New York, to Wall Street, to the office of the finder of work for idle hands to do, and the distributor of prosperity for somnolent States and largess for faithful servitors and inexplicable misfortunes for dogs-in-the-manger. As he walked back to the hotel, his gaze on the ground, he saw his father with his keen eyes fixed on the tape, watching the battle—the modern battle of business, the modern struggle for life. . . . It was like watching a boa-constrictor coiled crushingly about the writhing prey. The process of swallowing—slow, but so sure!—would presently begin. . . . But the boa-constrictor lengthened itself until it was a hundred, five hundred, a thousand miles and then split in two—thin, twin snakes of metal, eighty pounds to the yard—steel rails! . . .

A hard game it was—to the victim who was swallowed because he would not listen to reason. It was youthful ignorance that had made it seem easy to play it otherwise that epic day when he entered the boa-constrictor's den on the return from the trip around the world. It was not possible to meet business people anywhere who did not think of money. And it came to Sam that this universal sordidness was not so ugly as it looked at first blush; it was natural that men should think of their own stomachs before they thought of other people's stomachs, and also that some palates were more fastidious than others and required more expensive food. Fletcher was a good little chap; yet he was for himself. He would work hard at Austin and he really hungered to see a model plant; but—Henry F. Fletcher, general manager. Judge Abercrombie, a man to be trusted with millions, a man of ability, of loyalty—yet the Roanoke's lobbyist, with political aspirations of themselves praiseworthy, and as such a man who would be an incorruptible patriot; yet doing this dirty work blithely because it meant the sinews of his political war. Colonel Robinson, a pleasant, well-meaning man, inefficient because he lacked the relentlessness of the born executive manager; utterly unfit to run a railroad, and yet one of "God's optimists." He was constitutionally a non-money-maker, and yet to make money was all he was thinking of, so that it was difficult to deal fairly with him, because the more the philanthropist offered to do the more the well-meaning would-be money-maker wanted.

To do, to accomplish, to leave the world the better for having lived, that was all that could be asked of a man. Progress was a struggle; common-sense dictated that it should proceed along the line of least resistance. A man who had a great deal to do must recognize the limitations of humanity, the brevity of life. The recognition of it explained Sampson Rock's apparent ruthlessness. It was—that ruthlessness—merely an absolutely natural impatience. There was a goal ahead, and Sampson Rock hoped to out-race death in the effort to reach it. Sam himself now hoped to do many things before he died. Life to this boy of twenty-five suddenly became exasperatingly short as he visioned to himself the things that he might yet do. . . .

A pedestrian jostled him out of his walking trance and Sam considered the problem immediately before him. Robinson's stock and the stock of other local holders he must get, because then he could say how important a share he should have in the Great Work. In Wall Street, in Virginia, the world over, everywhere, it was the same: people wanted money, and, moreover, hated to share an unexpected profit even with the man whose work, or whose prescience or whose knowledge of the march of events, alone made that profit possible. He must get that stock and pay more for it than Sampson Rock or anybody else not in the secret of the deal would dream of paying. Then there could be no bitterness, no wails, nothing worse than the whining self-reproach of the average ignoramus: "Oh, why didn't I know this stock was going higher!"

He and Rogers would work together in the regeneration of the mismanaged Virginia Central. The sooner the control was secured the sooner the work would begin.

That very day a battle royal raged on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange. The press dispatches from Richmond, anticipating matters slightly, had it that the stern authorities of Virginia had decided to bring suits to compel the full and speedy payment of back taxes by railroads and other corporations doing business in the State. The amounts were not specified, but "it was said" that "millions" were involved. The news reached Gilmartin and he rewrote the items. His style may have lacked distinction, but the intimations of disaster were literary masterpieces in their way. They even conveyed the impression that the writer knew the worst, but could not bring himself to tell it in all its naked hideousness, out of pity—the philanthropy of a man who was short of Virginia Central stock and understood the psychology of fear!

Then Sampson Rock did his best—and his worst. He distributed scores of selling orders among scores of brokers.

"But Talks Horsewhip"

Some of them were given directly, others circuitously, several reaching brokers from Richmond correspondents—no detail was too insignificant to overlook. The entire capital stock of the Virginia Central Railroad, it seemed, was offered for sale, urgently, without regard for price—the action of panic-stricken holders the country over who not only feared but must actually *know* the worst. Other stocks were similarly pressed for sale. It was not a selling movement; it was an avalanche. Shortly before noon the news reached the Board Room that a receivership for the Virginia Central had been applied for—which indeed it had, by an obscure firm of Richmond lawyers, who had received instructions to do so, accompanied by a telegraph money-order from New York for $1000 and the promise of more to come if they made enough noise. The instructions did not come from Sampson Rock, but from a professional gambler who was short of the market and used crude methods. But it helped Sampson Rock, for on the receipt of the news, orders to sell Virginia Central poured in from other people than Sampson Rock, people who understood now why Virginia Central had been so ominously weak for so many weeks: the rats had been leaving the sinking ship—that is to say, the insiders had been selling. Therefore the outsiders sold now—with the exception of Sampson Rock, who began to buy as soon as everybody else began to sell.

The market staggered, reeled crazily as though about to collapse utterly, for there was other bad news, other rumors, insistent, sinister—this man was in trouble, that firm was about to go under, another corporation would have to give up a hopeless struggle against insolvency—until the black shadow of panic brooded over the Street and in a thousand gambler-hearts the chill of suspense froze the blood.

That was Sampson Rock at his best—or his worst. A confidential clerk with long sheets of paper before him jotted down sales and purchases and names of brokers and of stocks—not only Virginia Central, but a dozen others which the Old Man was using as projectiles to batter down what stood between him and the control of a discredited road. On these sheets he could see at a glance where his troops were and what they were doing, and when there were too many at one point and must prudently retreat, and where he could venture to throw a few thousands more. A hundred times in an hour he made the fifteen-foot trip between the ticker and the tally-sheets, and listened to fifty telephone messages and heard reports from Valentine and from Dunlap, and gave more orders.

His own pet, Roanoke, had, of course, suffered with the rest, but while he sold it quietly with his left hand he bought it ostentatiously with the right, so that men who watched perceived unmistakably that Roanoke, though weak, had friends and must not be attacked too recklessly. This enabled Rock to reduce his home garrison without over-great risks. Gilt-edged investment stocks were as weak as the worthless, even weaker at times—those times that Sampson Rock himself sold them for effect. But in Virginia Central his attacks were fiercest—savage onslaught after onslaught, whenever it looked as if it might rally, using to the utmost the great human factor of fear. Tirelessly he hammered the doomed stock, and under the impact of his blows the price went down to thirty-three, to thirty-two, to thirty-one, to thirty, to twenty-nine. Then it was that everybody else sold. And then it was that, while he commanded six brokers to keep on selling, he instructed ten to buy it, and to the last one of the ten he told, by word of mouth, in the private office—a tall, smooth-faced, delicately-built young man, almost a boy, whose mind was as a machine made of polished steel and smoothly oiled:

"Eddie, go over to the Board and buy Virginia Central for me. Don't wait for bargains. Buy it steadily. Follow it. Don't bid it up at any time, but don't let up. Keep close to the sellers and take all that comes. Don't draw attention on yourself, but let as little get away from you as you can."

The stock closed at thirty-one that night, the entire market somewhat above the lowest prices of the day, but very feverish and unsettled. The slaughter had been "appalling," according to the commission-houses, whose customers had been duly slaughtered to enable one man to give a hundred thousand men the chance to sweat in coal mines yet unopened and blast-furnaces yet unbuilt. But that one man had recovered from the battlefield most of the solid gold bullets he had fired, buying back at little or no loss the blocks of various guiltless stocks he had sold to depress one particular guilty stock. Also, after Dunlap's clerks had worked late into the night, he found he had sold and repurchased 230,000 shares of various stocks and was "long" only of Roanoke and Virginia Central. Of the first he had perhaps 9000 shares more than he had owned in the morning. But of Virginia Central he now had 87,000 shares. He needed 75,000 shares more. He had done not quite as well as he had expected. Evidently the floating supply was smaller than he had supposed. All had been forced on the market that a decline could force. The rest he must get by paying more for the stock than the foolish holders would think it was worth. They would think this because they would know only what the road could earn under such a management as Robinson's.

The upward campaign would begin in earnest as soon as he had bought at private sale whatever stock could be picked up in Richmond—the bull campaign that was to make people sell because they would fondly imagine they were selling half-dollars at sixty cents. They would think that in another month.

XXI

THE letter that Sam received that evening from his father was not long, because Sampson Rock wrote it with his own hand and he was too busy to spend much time in autograph missives. He wished to know what Sam was doing, and ended with:

I hope you are having a nice time and are learning something. If you've found something good I'll help you, but don't be too reckless with your own educational expenses. Don't write, but come back and tell me.

Your loving Father.

Sam himself had no desire to answer by mail, but neither did he wish to return to New York just yet. He felt certain the Old Man had not secured enough Virginia Central stock, and it was only a question of a few days before he would send Morson to Richmond to gather up what certificates could be bought there. Then the price would begin to advance on the Stock Exchange on the final clean-up. All of which would render Sam's task the more difficult.

Darrell reported that they had sixty-eight per cent. of the Austin Iron Company safe in hand and that people were beginning to talk suspiciously.

"We'll have to form a syndicate, I suppose, to reorganize the company." Sam looked at Darrell for confirmation.

"Of course. And nobody can help you in that like your father, Sam."

"Nobody can," assented Sam. He thought a moment. "It's part of the general development scheme."

Darrell nodded. The Virginia Central deal interested him only indirectly in that it would help the profit on the Austin Iron enterprise. He told Sam:

"We'll sell the stock to the new company at par, taking first mortgage bonds in payment and a bonus in new stock. More bonds will be issued for working capital and enlargement of the plant, and, as your father said, the Virginia Central might guarantee the bonds. We'll be on velvet then, and ——"

"Jack," said Sam, "I am more interested in seeing the plant enlarged and modernized and in watching Rogers perform his wonders on the road while we leave the financial end to the old gentleman. I want to see for myself how a railroad is changed from a tin-pot into a dividend-payer. This is a matter of years, and so the velvet does not appeal to me just now."

"It does to me, very much, seeing that I am old and feeble-minded. Kindly consider *my* feelings in the matter, kid."

"Oh, you be hanged!"

"Maybe I will. But I have a duty to perform toward the future Mrs. Darrell. I'm sure she'll be extravagant, and I am one of the kind that can't deny them anything. You are about to graduate from the kindergarten. Very soon it will dawn on your startled understanding that you'll have use for the filthy lucre, microbes and all. I repeat dispassionately that your game is to squat beside your poor father and soak up sense while your back molars grow. Of course, having been at it nearly a month now you know a heap. Your picnic is nearly over and now comes the ennobling sweat—now that you'll have to raise money. If you are a labor-saver, you'll just let your father write a half-dozen letters to his particular friends. Do you know why that's all he'll have to do? Because those particular friends have always made money whenever they've answered his previous letters and inclosed their little checks. *You* may be satisfied with one per cent. cash and ninety-nine per cent. glory; but not so the friends. One per cent. and no risk is good, but forty per cent. and no risk is better. The forty for mine. I'll even take my chances on making it fifty, to show there's no hard feeling."

"Supposing *you* tried to float the new company?"

"I guess I could do it. But you'd get better terms from your father, who will probably waive his commission so that you may learn business by playing at it with the calcium-light beating on your lovely, upturned face. *My* friends wouldn't waive anything, except the chance to make your share as little as possible, being despicable creatures who want to get the dust quick and plenty. *Sabe?* I lean toward Sampson Rock, Esquire."

"I want you to make a good thing here, of course, Jack; you know that. But why can't I be satisfied if we make a big plant of the Austin Iron Company?"

"In the name of the Prophet, figs! If I were Sampson Rock's only son, every time I felt like making money I'd look in Bradstreet's and then I'd fill with scorn at the sordid world. Money? Nasty thing! What's it good for? Yachts? Game preserves? Country houses? Automobiles? Fifth Avenue shacks? What are such things to me? I might, of course, want to run a gentleman's farm and raise things on it, and, if the money held out, I might incorporate a society of one for the encouragement of the histrionic art."

Sam smiled perfunctorily. He said, thinking of Robinson's obstinacy: "Jack, did it ever strike you that it is a hard job to make people believe you're not an ass when you tell them you want to do something else besides making money?"

"Not an ass, exactly, Sam—do not be hard on yourself; just a lunatic." Darrell smiled. Then he went on seriously: "Sam, you are a nice chap, but you are young. The only foolish thing your father has ever done, that I can find out, is to have let you wear short dresses too long. He might better have made less money and wasted a quarter on a barber to cut your curls when you were twenty-one. Let me tell you right here that it's nothing especially creditable to you that you don't care about making money. You've never had to make it; you've had it made for you and it's meant nothing. It suddenly bursts upon you that playing marbles is not exciting. You decide on adult games. What happens? Money-making is vulgar. The real stake is not the plated loving-cup, but the glory of the victory. Everybody else wants both, but you are better than the others; so you'll donate the cup to some thin-blooded, flat-chested teetotaler. Everybody is selfish, but that doesn't mean that everybody will spike the other runners to keep them from having a fair show at the cup. You've been pottering around for a week doing something else besides playing polo, and one moment you think one thing and the next another. You are full of the excitement of the game, but I shouldn't wonder if you are a little Ethical Society all by yourself. In the mean time, while your father is getting there, you're having what you call a soul-crisis. You remind me of a 'lunger' I knew in Colorado Springs once. That's what he had while he was thinking of the righteousness of working in a gambling-house, that being the only job he could get that he was strong enough to fill. He was in doubt whether it was not nobler to return penniless to the bleak East and die painfully, but with an immaculate soul. It took three coughing-spells and the sight of a blank certificate all ready to fill out by an impatient doctor before he 'seen his duty and done it.' He owns the joint now and is almost fat. Do you want my serious and disinterested advice?"

"Let's hear it," said Sam cautiously.

"All right, Scotchy. Well, then, return to New York, tell the Old Man what you've done—casually observing that yours truly is in this deal with you, as an evidence of good faith—and suggest that you want to form a new company to take in his coal lands and our iron company. He'll do anything you ask when you further assure him that you are resolved to make your headquarters in Richmond and learn practical railroading as well. Then, get the best men you can hire and tell them to go ahead and do their best. They will understand what you mean—to wit, dividends; and don't get a soul-spasm. Let them alone. After two or three years you will hike back to New York, your desk alongside of the old gentleman's, and just absorb. By that time you will be married. You will let your children go to public school. It doesn't make any difference if they go in an automobile as long as Micky Reilly can show your oldest that money doesn't always prevent black eyes. When they grow up, don't let them be mining engineers. Far better to go into poetry. You can publish their sonnets at your expense and suppress the edition, thus doing your duty as a fond father and as a public-spirited citizen. At the age of seventy-five you will expire to slow music, much lamented by the men who helped you to become beastly rich so that they themselves might not be beset by the temptation of great wealth; and you will join poor old Jack in the happy hunting-grounds where we can swap long yarns and never go near the stock-tickers in the basement."

"Good shot," laughed Sam. Darrell was a better and more level-headed fellow than his manner of speech indicated. He went on, falling into the same manner of speech: "Then, first we will increase our holdings of Virginia Central in Sydney's office, and then we will give our genial friend Robinson and his friends a last farewell chance. Then back home to fall on the paternal neck to inform him that we have the deciding vote—and won't he please be nice to the mob, also to Darrell!"

"Get a gait on! Let's tackle Robinson at the club to-night," said Darrell, "and have it out."

They were smoking placidly when Colonel Robinson sauntered in. His manner was a trifle constrained. But Darrell was as jovial as usual and Sam smiled pleasantly.

"What's the news, Colonel?" asked Darrell.

"I understand," answered Robinson with a rather cold politeness, "that you have been getting options on Austin Iron Company stock?"

"Yes; options, instead of buying the stock outright," answered Darrell amiably. "You see, I still have hopes of coming to some agreement on rates. What do you say, Colonel; am I too optimistic?"

Robinson looked suspiciously at Darrell, who looked particularly conciliatory, then at Sam. Darrell was the man to do business with. His New York correspondents had written that Darrell was a well-known mining expert and mine-owner, with ample resources of his own and excellent financial connections in New York and London. Mostly he had gone in for copper and silver mines. As for stock-market affiliations, he had none so far as they could learn. But many of his friends were big operators, and he, like most of the Westerners with money, probably plunged in stocks with wild and woolly recklessness. They all did.

The important thing to Robinson was that Darrell had money and connections. That point became doubly important since the banks so suddenly began to display deafness to oratorical appeals for renewals of notes. Some of the verbal promises to join the Colonel in the Capital Park enterprise had been canceled, the unstable friends having become evasive in their explanations, but obviously determined not to contribute the cash. The decline in Virginia Central stock had come at a most inopportune time, for lifelong banking friends, strangely enough, now insisted on the margins being kept up. Still these New Yorkers did not know his tribulations. Therefore, he answered Darrell with a sort of humorous inflexibility:

"I say what I said before. We'll do the best we can. But on rebates we are immutable as the Rock of Gibraltar."

"I left my dynamite and drills home," laughed Darrell. "We'll drop the matter and leave Austin and its coal and iron in undisturbed repose for another century or two."

The Colonel knew the rhetoric was for effect; in American, "bluff." He said calmly:

"That is for Mr. Darrell to decide. But my advice is to carry out your plans. It's to our interest to help you."

"That's what I think," interjected Sam. "In fact, I've been thinking that, perhaps, you would like to have a share in our syndicate."

"I shall be glad to consider that when your plans are sufficiently perfected to enable me to judge. Not that I am not obliged to you for the opportunity," he finished graciously. He had troubles of his own and was willing to receive help. Give help he couldn't, but he was willing to say he might do so. It didn't cost anything.

"Well," said Darrell slowly, "since we came here conditions in New York have become less favorable for a big industrial promotion. The stock-market has been weak, and until the present liquidation is over and forgotten, capitalists will sit tight. I myself think that in the fall conditions will be more propitious. Colonel, if you will not take it amiss, I will say frankly that the inadequacy of the facilities given by your road is so well known that it will handicap us."

"How, sir?" frowned the Colonel.

"Everybody knows that your road needs money and that you couldn't raise it in New York ——"

"I certainly could, Mr. Darrell." The Colonel was visibly annoyed.

"Yes; on terms that are much worse than giving rebates to the Austin Coal and Iron Company. And I read in the paper that London had been a steady seller of Virginia Central stock for some days. That doesn't look as if the English were overanxious to help."

It was all true; but the Colonel put on a look of immeasurable dignity and was about to speak when Sam said to Jack, obviously to mollify the Colonel:

"The whole market has been weak. All stocks are down."

"Virginia Central broke thirty," put in Darrell controversially.

Colonel Robinson frowned. "It is the consequences of overspeculation. We've never felt called upon to do more than to operate the Central to the best of our ability, leaving the stock-ticker to direct the policies of other roads. The decline in our stock is due to attacks by professional gamblers. Some day the bears," he finished darkly, "will find out to their sorrow that they cannot sell with impunity what they do not own." He looked like the menace of an after-life of torment for the bears.

"In the mean time they are gathering up the ducats in bushel-baskets." As Darrell said this the Colonel thought he had the look of one of those Western plungers who were startling Wall Street with the magnitude of their play.

"Do you happen to be short of it, Mr. Darrell?" asked the Colonel. Then, with a smile, that the question might

(Continued on Page 51)

"You Would Get $3,250,000 Cash in a Month"

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Peter A. Porter, of Niagara Falls Who Defeated James W. Wadsworth for Congress in the Thirty-fourth New York District

Peter Porter

MRS. O'LEARY'S cow kicked over Chicago, which was quite an accomplishment for a cow. Peter Porter's cow kicked over one of the neatest, most compact and most powerful political organizations in New York State, and that was somewhat of an achievement in the way of kicking, also.

Peter Porter's cow was an ordinary cow of commerce, a calm, contemplative, inconspicuous cow when Peter Porter seized her and made her a cow militant, a bovine Jean d'Arc. She crusaded through the Thirty-fourth Congressional District of New York with tossing horns and tail rampant. She demanded justice from the farmers and they followed her in such surprising numbers that James W. Wadsworth, who had represented the district in Congress for twenty years, was defeated by more than five thousand votes. The cow militant militated.

Peter Porter's Proud Predecessor

HE WHO assails the cow shall perish by the cow. Wadsworth assailed her. He put indignity on her—not once, but often. Only last spring, when the question of meat inspection was uppermost, Wadsworth, in his capacity as chairman of the House Committee on Agriculture, refused to allow the label on the can to be dated, and otherwise tempered the bill to the satisfaction of the packers, the people thought. That date on the label was the cow insult that made the most resentment. Wadsworth stood out against it, and won. In winning, he mixed it with President Roosevelt, and two letters that are now historic came out of it. While the voters in the Thirty-fourth District are fond of the cow and raise cows in great numbers, they are fonder of the President, and they rebuked Wadsworth by putting the date on his own label, which date is March 4, 1907, when he will leave public life at high noon.

Another of Wadsworth's cow slights was his defeat of what the farmers thought was proper oleomargarine legislation some years ago. The farmers were bitter then, but they did not succeed in doing anything. They had no cow to lead them on to victory. This fall was the time. It was not only the psychological moment, but the psychological cow appeared in the offing, chaperoned by Peter Porter, and Wadsworth got the worst drubbing any man who ran for Congress this year received. The irony of it all is that Wadsworth is a cow expert himself. He has many of them on his broad acres in the Genesee Valley, and he raises beef cattle for export.

Peter Porter's Private Plans

PETER PORTER lives in Niagara Falls. His family owned the American land that ran alongside the Falls and the rapids, and owned Goat Island and the Sisters and the rest. This was the same as owning the Falls, because the tourists had to pay toll to the Porters before they could get down to the edge of the water. Twenty odd years ago the State of New York took over the Porter property and made a public park of it. That deprived the Porters of an occupation, but it enriched them considerably, and they kept on living in the village.

Peter A. Porter has had political ambitions for a long time. He served in the New York Legislature for a term or two, ran a bank, and collected books, manuscripts, pictures and everything else in that line that related to the Niagara Frontier. This gentle and somnolent occupation made a gentle and somnolent person of Peter A. Nobody took him very seriously, although his family name was potent in that region. He went along, year after year, with his prints and Jesuit Relations and History of the Voyageurs and all that, and accumulated a stock of knowledge about the early days along the Niagara that was most interesting and instructive, but that had no bearing on the politics of the district.

All these years, though, he was nursing that ambition. He kept a wary eye open. When the Wadsworth explosion came, and it was seen that Wadsworth was not only on the wrong side, from a popular viewpoint, of the meat controversy, but was politically wrong, from a Republican viewpoint, because he was at odds with the President about it all, Peter Porter walked out of his library and said he was a candidate for Congress.

Peter Porter's Peculiar Position

THE men of the Wadsworth machine laughed. Here was their candidate, who had been elected ten times by large pluralities, and who controlled the machinery in his district. Porter was a good fellow, but he had been browsing in his books too long. It really was absurd. Besides, Wadsworth was very rich and Porter had but little money. There was no danger from Porter.

In the mean time, there were demonstrations in Wyoming County. F. C. Stevens, who had been a State Senator from the Wyoming district, had incurred the enmity of Wadsworth, and when the State was reapportioned Wadsworth took Stevens' county off Stevens' old district and tacked it on a strange district. The Wadsworth fellows thought this was a good joke, too. It eliminated Stevens, and they congratulated themselves on the acumen of Wadsworth. The difficulty with this deal was that Stevens refused to be eliminated. He thought he would run for Congress, but Wadsworth had the machinery and had no difficulty in getting the nomination. The Wadsworth fellows laughed again at this. That was the second time Stevens had been eliminated.

Now, it happens that Stevens has as much money as Wadsworth. That means he has a great deal. Thus, when Peter Porter stepped out and said he was a candidate for Congress, Stevens stepped out, also, and told him to go ahead. He said he would finance the campaign. Porter was nominated by independent Republicans. The Democrats indorsed him. That put him squarely in the field.

Peter Porter Perused Public Prints

BECAUSE a man is interested in a particular branch of Americana does not argue he reads nothing but the books that pertain to his hobby. Porter had been reading the newspapers. He knew all about the beef squabble, and he knew the people in his district were mostly farmers. He had an inspiration. His nomination by the independent Republicans gave him a place on the ticket and he needed an emblem for the ticket. He selected the cow.

The campaign began with the Wadsworth people calmly confident and with Porter pointing to the cow as an institution that must and shall be preserved. Stevens stood by loyally. He paid out whatever money was necessary, and Porter went from one end of the district to the other, championing the cause of the downtrodden cow. Porter promised the farmers he would put the date on the label on the can. He promised the cow would always get the best of it when he was in Congress. He spoke every day, always for the cow. Wadsworth was defeated.

The cow did it. That is the poetical way of putting it, for there is poetry about a cow, as we have been assured by some of our leading poets. Still, there was another side to it that had its effect. Wadsworth was running, not only against the cow and Porter, but against the President. The people in the district did not like the row Wadsworth had with Colonel Roosevelt and they mostly sided with the President. Porter and his cow were the beneficiaries of the President's tremendous popularity.

Peter Porter's Promised Program

PORTER was not surprised. He expected the cow to win. He says he intends to go all through his district and find out what the people want and then come down to Washington and get it. Further than that, he intends to put the date on the label on the canned goods, so all who eat may read. This is a fairly ambitious program. What Porter will get when he comes to Washington, as successor to and the Republican who defeated Wadsworth, a very popular member and one of the oldest in point of service, will be an appointment on the tail-end of the Committee on Ventilation and Acoustics; for the leaders of the House do not like to have their friends beaten by men who organize bolts against them, and the same leaders, almost, who are in power now will be in power when Porter takes his seat. Porter will be given opportunity to put the date on the acoustics, but he will not come within hailing distance of any legislation about the cans or about the cows.

Any man can make a campaign with a cow, on a cow and about a cow, but there are very few people, very few, who can legislate for the cow. Still, Porter's cow is an extraordinary cow. She did wonders in the Thirty-fourth New York District. Perhaps if Porter rides her down the centre aisle of the House and charges full-tilt against the rules he will be able to do something. Still, they are very strict about having cows in the House.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Elbert Hubbard, the lecturer and writer and thinker and all that, used to be in the soap business in Buffalo. He was the man who invented the plan of giving away furniture with soap.

¶ Senator Penrose, of Pennsylvania, is taller and weighs more than any other Senator.

¶ Champ Clark, the Missouri Representative and orator, says he wanted to be a prize-fighter when he was younger.

¶ George Harvey, the Washington restaurant keeper who invented the steamed oyster, has retired from business with a fortune made out of his invention.

¶ James Rudolph Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations and soon to be Secretary of the Interior, is trying to develop himself into an after-dinner speaker.

¶ John F. Lacey, of Iowa, one of the veterans who was defeated for Congress this year, is the father of the Lacey Song-Bird Law, which protects the song-birds from slaughter by feather-hunters.

¶ Justice Harlan, of the United States Supreme Court, seventy, gigantic and healthy as a country boy, doesn't believe in cold baths. "I never put cold water on my warm skin in my life," he says.

¶ Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal and discoverer of the "gray wolves of the Senate," always eats a hearty meal before he goes to bed, which may be the reason he made the discovery.

"PEPPINO"

A Voice from the Sweat-Shop

By ERNEST POOLE

I AM a singer. I was brought while a baby from Italy to New York. And in this place so immense, so deep and swift, so dramatic, I remember many pictures.

My young mother was looking out of our tenement window in the dark. She had waked me from a frightful dream in which little purple goblins had me on a ship, and out of the sea a tremendous gray hand, all dripping, kept coming up to seize me! Then mightily I howled! And I was awake in her arms—my teeth chattering.

"*Tesoro mio!*" she murmured tenderly, and laughed very low. "*Tesoro—mio!*" She rocked me and hummed an old ballad about the good fairies that live deep inside the Italian mountains. At last she put me again in the bed and sang—so softly, till she thought me all asleep. And now she sat by the window, close to my pillow, for our one room was very small. She sat staring up through the airshaft, which sank five floors—like a well. Close above was a piece of vivid blue sky; the big, silent half-moon hung between two black chimneys. And up through the shaft came a deep throbbing whir, whir, whir from the big sweat-shop below.

She was so beautiful that I shivered. Her great, dark face was in her hands; her hair, black and rich, flowed down into the dark; her bare elbows were on the sill, her strong arms curving up. Her thick, red lips were a little parted, and her bosom moved as she breathed, and her eyes were deep and shining.

How intensely she was thinking! The muscles of her face grew stiff and her breathing came faster. But then she laughed a sudden, low laugh, her lips twitching.

"How fearfully ugly he is! And what a tremendous nose!"

She stopped short. Her lips set hard, her face settled deeper in her hands, and she frowned up at that moon. I sat up—excited! Quickly I turned a fine, long, swift somersault—alas! Too far! Bang went my head on the foot of the bed. And she sprang up. And we had a fine time for nearly an hour—till my eyes grew drowsy and rough inside. But still she held me tight, and so I fell asleep.

My mother was twenty-two. I had been born in her little old town near Naples. My father, she said, was the handsomest man in all the mountains there. He had come to New York, and had sent for us, but soon after we came he was killed on the docks. So the priest had found her work in this sweat-shop—finishing coats and pants. At six in the morning she brought up on her back a huge pile, and here she sewed till these were done; then other piles—in the rush season, till midnight. In the morning she would sing gay old songs and tell me thrilling tales of war and love, and stare at my face—her big eyes seeing pictures far away. Till I pulled her dress and looked up very solemn—waiting. And at this she would laugh and roll me. But toward night she would sew faster, with her head bobbing down and her hair over her eyes.

I had an old red ball, big and light as air. Once it rolled out on the dark, narrow landing. I ran out, I dived and clutched—but too late! It dropped—and now, with my ear close to the rail, I could hear it softly bump the railings below—bump, bump, bump!

Now I might lose that ball! I started downstairs, on my first trip from home—one step at a time. I heard another boy going down one flight below me. Perhaps he, too, was after that ball! In vain I strove for more speed; my legs were short and chubby and each stair was a little hill. My mother called. And then I cried to the boy:

"Come back! Don't you hear your mother calling?" He stopped till I could almost clutch him. Then on we raced to the bottom, and here was a gaslight and I could see the ball. I took a big jump and my head hit his back and down we fell on our noses. And while I howled I crawled to the ball and grabbed it! For it was the only toy I had.

Our mothers spanked us so hard that we became fine friends. He was seven years old and I was six.

"You are nothing but a baby!" he would cry. "You don't know how to work!"

This made me so angry that we had a hard fight in the dark, and he beat me. Then he took me into his mother's two rooms, where his five brothers and sisters of all sizes sat on the floor round the chair of their stout, good-natured mother; the mother and the older ones sewed, while the three smallest were pulling out threads. My chum sat down, crossed his legs, grabbed a coat, and began jerking out the loose threads—smiling happily to himself. Only once he glanced up at me. I stood very uneasy, slowly rubbing my back where he hit me. No one spoke; only the little girls giggled; till he chuckled and whispered:

"This boy is only a baby. He cannot work." And at this the whole family laughed and rolled on the floor. Now my soul was black as night!

"Come out here!" I shouted. Out he came. "I am no baby!" I cried, my chest heaving. "I can work as good as you!" He laughed. I gave him a swift cuff. "Let me work!" I sobbed. "I will show you!"

"All right," he said, delighted; "I will let you help me." So I went in. And in an hour my back was aching. But when I stopped to rest he grinned and the little girls giggled. So on I worked, till the big mother began cooking a pot of spaghetti. I went upstairs and told my mother all.

"So now I am no baby!" I cried. "Come down and tell him I am not!" She laughed and seized me in her arms.

"Yes," she cried, "now you are a man—because someone is letting you work and is paying you nothing! It will be like that—coats and pants—all your life!" Her laughing grew lower and stopped. She bent her head till her face pressed on my shoulder.

"But *you* shall not work that way!" she whispered. "Not the sweat-shop!" Again she was silent.

"But I can never do it!" she said at last. "He is *too* ugly! And what a voice!"

One afternoon I was alone in our room, pulling out threads. My mother had gone down for more pants.

I heard a voice coming up the stairs—singing. It was harsh and deep and false; it stumbled and rose to a loud, gay shout! I jumped up and stamped! Such music!

Then in came a huge pile of pants; and bending under this—a red-headed Italian. His hands and legs, his back and stomach, neck and face—all were fat. Three little bunches of red hair stood on his double chin. His little eyes were proudly sparkling! He was just ending his song in a roar, with his head thrown back and his huge throat swelling. I stamped and stamped, till my mother came in from behind him and caught me. Her lips were twitching with fun, but she thanked him and said:

"Now, please let me work, or your coats and pants will never be done."

"Never mind my coats and pants," he said, grinning. "My shop is not all my life. I can laugh and sing. I can spend money, too. I am getting rich and soon I shall marry, and what a good time my wife shall have!"

He looked at her hard and laughed. Then he drew a deep, inspired breath—and sang! In our little room this was frightful! The shivers rushed through me, my jaw dropped open. This voice was worse than the ugliest whistle on the river. Tears came in my eyes.

"Stop! Oh, stop!" I cried. "This is very bad singing!"

He turned slowly and frowned. Then he smiled at my mother.

"Nice little boy," he said. "But how can he know? He was never in Naples. Ha!—ha! Those songs at night!" He started my mother's favorite—our love song. I glared. She seized her sewing.

"Your coats and pants!" she cried. "How now can I finish on time?"

"Coats and pants!" he growled. But as he looked at that huge pile his face changed. No longer foolish; it was hard and strong and worried. "Yes," he said. "We are behind. The big store rushes me. No rest—or other contractors will get my job. So to-day we must all work hard! Please hurry all you can!" He went quickly out.

But after that he came often.

To These Faces I Sang. And I Loved to Watch Their Eyes Kindle

When I was seven, one Easter, at daybreak, she took me to mass in the great cathedral. And there at once a lump swelled in my throat. For the ceiling way up by the clouds, the long vaulted aisles, the darkness, the twinkling tapers and curling incense and thousands of kneeling people—all seemed to be speaking in music. Music that came rumbling down from the clouds, music that rolled and echoed in aisles, music that swept into the soul, shook the mind and let loose the deep, wild feelings!

On my mother's wrist I squeezed and trembled.

All at once, from the dark distance burst hundreds of voices! Melodies rushing together, deep feelings rushing together—in one rich, thrilling song! I forgot our room, the pants and coats, the airshaft. All the people round me—all the world—was singing! I threw back my head, shut tight my eyes, and sang with all my might! Far up I soared in the radiant clouds, my voice leaping and shaking!

The music died away, and I opened my eyes—very dazed. My mother was staring down, her beautiful face all flushed, her eyes glad and shining! I looked quickly away, I saw many people looking at me, I hid my face in my hands—icy cold, and trembled and cried softly. Then she hurried me out. And just outside she kissed me again and again—so hard! And in a shaking voice she cried:

"Oh, little *Peppino*—you shall sing all the greatest songs in the world! You shall be so great—so rich—so famous! All your life shall be glad. From the sweat-shop you are free!"

But I clutched her skirts and whispered:

"Take me home—*tesoro mio!*—take me quickly home—or I will die!"

And after that, how hard she sewed—so eager, but so afraid!

"Let no one hear you sing," she said, "or some big man will steal you away. Soon I will save some money, and then you shall learn to sing."

I could think of nothing else. I told my little chum below that I had in me a great, great secret. I sat for hours alone on the dark stairs, for in the dark the voices came rushing back—and I listened. Often I came running in and cried:

"I must sing! *Tesoro mio!*—how soon can I sing—how soon?"

Low and unsteadily she laughed.

"Soon I shall have the money," she said "money to get a fine teacher, and then you shall sing."

But the summer came very hot, and up from the street came music that made me dance.

"How soon? Oh, how soon?"

"Not very soon!" she whispered. Her face lost the rich color and grew white, and heavy blue rings came under her eyes. Sometimes, when I saw how her arm ached and how her eyes pained, I would beg her to stop. And at one of these times she cried:

"Sing to me! Peppino—sing!"

And I sang, standing before her, my hands tight clasped behind. I sang that glad love song my father had sung. And how her eyes sparkled! How she laughed at my stiff, solemn gestures! The same night she borrowed an old guitar, and played soft, rich chords while I sang.

And between times she sewed faster than before—her face strained and thin and twitching.

One day the big man heard my voice, and at once he came up singing. In he marched with head thrown back.

"It makes me think of Naples!" he cried. "Now the boy and I will sing together!"

"I will never sing with you!" I shouted, stamping. But my mother seized my arm.

"Now I try to save money," she said. "I shall get a good singing teacher, and Peppino shall be famous! That is why I asked you for more work to-day. I am so strong! If you will only give me enough to do!"

His face suddenly brightened.

"So that is it," he said. "Well, you can never save enough by working. You must marry."

He went away smiling, and half-way down the stairs he sang again—a happy, ear-splitting roar. My mother sat silent, trying to work, but she could not see, for in her eyes were angry tears.

Late that night I woke up and watched her sew. And I was deeply troubled—so tired and strained was her face. At last, very softly, I began to sing her favorite song—the little gay one my father had sung to her best. And now she raised her head and gazed at me as I sat up in the bed. Her lip quivered, the coat dropped from her hands, and her head went down and shook and shook with sobbing.

The next day I began to sell papers. My chum was now a bootblack. He loaned me ten cents and showed me how to sell. And by night I had made thirteen cents! How proud I was!

But how angry *She* was when I told her.

"You will spoil your voice!" she cried. "You must never do this again!"

But I stood up very straight, for I felt a great deal older. Solemnly I looked at her.

"The big man," I said—"he tries to make you marry him."

She grew red.

"Yes," said I, my voice shaking, "and that would be the worst thing I can think of!"

She turned quickly around. I clutched her arm.

"Don't!" I whispered. "Don't marry him! Don't marry him!" But then I saw she was laughing.

"Poor little Peppino!" she cried. "Don't be so solemn! We will never marry him! Never!"

"Then," said I, "I must get money for a teacher. And you must not work so hard. If you do, you will soon be dead."

She looked at me, and in a flash I knew she loved to have me boss her.

"Oh, Peppino," she said, "if you were only older!"

"I am older!" I cried stoutly. "I will show you."

And I did. My only school was the roaring old Street. The thundering elevated trains, the clanging trolleys, wagons and stout horses, whistling peanut roasters, hurdy-gurdies and voices of thousands of people—all this for me was music deep and exciting, the music of the Fight! Every one fighting! All day I shouted against hundreds of other boys—until I learned a fine trick.

One October evening, suddenly close behind me a big hurdy-gurdy began *Funiculi!* I turned and sang, and soon some people stopped to listen. At once, by habit, I jerked out my papers to sell, and then without thinking I sang the headlines. Instead of "*Iammo, iammo—iammo, prumo, ya!*" I sang "Extry, extry extry extry, ya! Extry extry extry, extry, ya! De train is smashed de people mashed de people yell Ha! Ha! Get de latest extry out extry!"

The crowd closed in, hundreds of men and women—laughing faces! In a minute my papers were sold. They were given back again I sang and sold them, and so again! And at ten o'clock I ran home with a dollar and fifty-two cents!

"Do You Hear? What of Me?"

All that winter I sang headlines. I made my mother work slower, and in her face the rich color came again. When I had saved thirty dollars I begged her to buy some fine clothes. And at first she refused, but at last one evening we started; we went from store to store, and grew more and more excited—until we had spent eighteen dollars! And how beautiful she was that night!

And now how proud was I! One day when I heard the big man sing I went down and said:

"We can't stand this awful noise. All the tenants are laughing at you or swearing."

At this his workmen all leaned back and laughed, while he stood there in his shirt-sleeves, his red face amazed, his mouth open. Then he made a rush at me! And I ran!

But that summer, each night my mother made me sing, and as she listened her face again grew dark and anxious. For my voice was becoming hoarse.

And now the roaring old Street taught me its craziest trick. All the "newsies" I knew played craps. One night I saw one of them make over two dollars. The next day I began, and soon all the world had changed. No shouting or running or shoving; I just sat still on the sidewalk—watching those dice. And I felt so quiet inside—only now and then a shiver. I played all the time; often I lost; but more often I won. And in two weeks I had over ten dollars! My voice grew better! And my mother—how relieved she was, as though a black fear had jumped from her soul.

I told her I was selling still. But all day I just hunted for games. I grew rich, and bought a huge blue tie with a pin in it!

But then my luck changed.

"Why don't you get your dice loaded?" my old bootblack chum kept asking. But I would not. So I lost and lost, and at home I was cross. My mother was amazed. For I would not even eat spaghetti!

Now election night was near, and all my friends were betting. I could not sleep. All night I lay beside my mother—very still, watching those two chimneys till they danced, and the moon was a blotch of red. Big aches grew in my head. And at last, at the end of one of these nights, just as the sky grew gray, I slipped out of bed and took all the money in our drawer. I bet it all. And lost.

I crawled under some iron steps and fell asleep. And there I stayed two days. When at last I went home she was just sewing—but her face looked old. And when I told her everything, she was so quiet that I fell on the bed and shook from crying.

She kept on sewing. The next day she went out and was gone many hours. She came back, and went to the window and stood staring up at the chimneys. I came behind her.

"What is wrong?" I asked. "Has the big man hurt you? Has he sent you from his shop?"

"No!" she whispered. "He—married me."

For a moment neither of us breathed. Suddenly she laughed! And I laughed, too! We laughed and laughed. And then she cried.

We went to live in his flat. And what a strange place it was! The five rooms were like five people all singing different tunes. The furniture was blue plush, the woodwork was shining with varnish. On the walls were frightful chromos of lovers, and patterns of coats and pants! And the wall-paper was just like his voice.

"Look!" he cried, rubbing his hands. "How fine we are fixed! It cost me two hundred and forty dollars!"

My mother laughed with her face in her hands harder and harder, but there was no fun in her laughing.

In the next weeks often I saw her watch me uneasy and ashamed.

But the fat man was beaming. He laughed when we laughed, and put his arm round her, and then looked amazed when she shrank from him and cried.

At first she bought many gay dresses and hats, shoes and stockings and gloves, soft shining wrappers—and things I had never dreamed of. And how proud he was to walk on Sunday with her down Second Avenue, his little eyes glancing sideways to watch if people saw.

But one day she changed. And after that she wore a black dress always. She never laughed at him now. She was kind. When he came home late she tried hard to talk about things he liked—coats and pants and sweat-shop prices, while he sat on a blue plush chair in his shirt-sleeves. Lower would sink her voice—and more soothing, like a sleep-song. And his huge head would bob forward, his little eyes would close, he would only grunt his answers——he would softly snore. And then with a deep breath of relief she would lean back, and watch him in the strangest way.

And in Two Weeks I had Over Ten Dollars!

I noticed little. For with her new money she had found a fine music teacher, and I worked hard on my voice. I learned new ways of breathing, queer ways to hold my tongue, and these I practiced at home by the mirror. I was full of dreams and hopes and fears, vivid pictures of my life ahead! Deep music swelled in my soul!

I was a funny sight before that mirror. At such times my mother roused and seemed to enjoy her life, and we became easy again with each other. I began to sing simple Neapolitan songs, and with delight she taught me the gestures. She bought a splendid guitar.

The big man was delighted when she played. One night I was singing very low, and her fingers were moving softly on the guitar, and both of us were dreaming—when suddenly his thick, false, clumsy voice came stumbling right into the song! We looked. There he sat—just waked from his sleep, singing hard in his chair with his head thrown back, little eyes sparkling, fat cheeks shaking! I jumped for my hat and ran out!

The next night at supper he sat silent and would not look at me. At last he said to my mother:

"He has had enough of this fooling! He is fourteen! I will give him a place in my shop to-morrow!"

My mother rose and went into the other room. He went on silently eating. But soon he got up and went to her, while I still sat staring at my plate. I heard her voice low and unsteady:

"He shall not go! Your shop grinds all the—music—out of the soul! If he goes—he will never sing again!"

He laughed sharply and went away. The next day he saw me alone.

"Why should I support you?" he asked. And I saw that he was right. So I went to his shop.

Here I sat at a long table. On each side were twenty-two men, with heads bobbing, elbows jerking and eyes straining down. In front of each buzzed a little electric machine. The coats came jumping from man to man. As each coat came I seized it, slid it beneath my machine, and—buzz! The seam was sewed. Then another coat—and so all day. The same pocket seam thousands of times.

The machine buzzed into my mind till by late afternoon every buzz made an ache. It buzzed, and soon the old songs in my soul were beaten 'way down.

At the end of six months I began to cough. At night I had fever. And then I left the shop.

So far in my life I had had no school; my mother had cared nothing for it. But now at fifteen I went to a night-school; quickly I felt how ignorant I was, and there I worked every night for the next two years. I could not work on singing, for my voice was changing. And so those were anxious years.

I used to read to my mother for hours. As the spring came on we would go down to the East River and out to the end of an empty dock, where all was sunshine, sparkling waves and fresh salt air; and the sounds of the thousands of streets behind sank into a restless, muffled roar.

I read to her the soul-stirring times of Italy's Past. She had never heard before; she had known only her little town in the mountains. But as I read she would lean forward, her great, dark, beautiful face in her hands. And her deep, black eyes were alive with the dreams!

"How fine it is!" she cried. "How fine! And how little we knew." Her voice grew low: "How little we—millions—ever saw or heard. Only the plow, the rent, the taxes! But all these *great* things—how shameful—we knew nothing!"

We turned around, and for a long time we were silent, looking back at the murmuring city, where the lights were beginning to flash and twinkle. She spoke swiftly and low:

"You must come up from those millions—over there—the machine people! You must—look and see and hear—all the big beauties! And—then you must sing those beauties back—to people like me! Oh, Peppino—we are

blind—all blind—we people! But—when we see—then we are hungry! We want—all this! You must sing!"

She seemed to dread the evenings. One night as the big man sat asleep she looked at his fat, tired face.

"What does he give the world?" she whispered. "Look at him Is that best -that men like him have the money? How does he spend it? Does he make the world more beautiful? No! Even with money he is poor!"

She rose quickly and went out, and we took a long walk.

"I must not speak of him so," she said. "He is kind to me; he is my husband."

So we kept on reading. And I could feel her suddenly thinking. She had lived without thinking; she saw now only in flashes, and then again she was dull. But little by little in these flashes she made me see the radiant dream that she was seeing—the dream of beauty for every man and woman and child in the world, the mass of the millions who struggle in the dark, in the black shadow of the machine. To her they came all into one vast picture of faces. Faces in the dark. A great rich light streamed forever above them, but the faces were all looking down at spades or machines.

Only now and then they saw—in flashes. Often at night I went to a little marionette theatre. It was a room long and low and dark, up over a saloon; the rough board benches rose till the rear bench was only a few feet under the ceiling. These benches were packed with Italians—from sweat-shops and tunnels, from subways and sewers. I used to go up on the little stage, and there, squeezed behind a narrow wing, I watched those rows of massive, swarthy faces, slouched hats tipped far back and eyes fixed hungrily on the play.

The play was a romance in verse, fantastic and gay, and a thousand years old; it was crowded with armor-clad knights and proud ladies, with terrible fights and gallant love speeches. These knights and ladies were only big puppets of iron and tin. They were worked by strings and rods, by men who leaned from a little loft close above me, men stripped naked to the waist. How their hairy chests and arms and faces glistened, how hard they breathed, how furiously they jerked those strings and rods, making swords and shields clatter and puppet-heads toss in defiance! And behind me the master, tall, white-haired and stooping, looked fondly at his puppets and rolled off their rich, flowing speeches. In this voice, in the feeling that made it shake, was deep, deep beauty. And from the benches the huge faces stared—watching, listening, dreaming.

But at midnight, when I went home, I would find the big man just come from the evening's work in his sweat-shop. It was the rush season; his face was white and full of tired lines; but he was happy, for in the last month he had made over a thousand dollars. He had forbidden my mother to go with me to the marionettes, so on such nights when I came home she would listen eagerly while I told her. Then sharply he would break in with his talk about coats and pants, about how he made men and women race, and how he himself had to race with other contractors. So happy he was that he sang. And my mother played her guitar for that voice. And watching her face I grew angry and ashamed—of myself, and resolved to earn money to make her free.

I found a place at last, in a little Italian barber-shop. The barber was a short, thin, middle-aged man. Most of his face was a splendid nose! Above was a narrow forehead slanting back, with black hair thick and bristling; below was a wide, smiling mouth; and his sharp, deep eyes were always bright and cheery. He cut hair for ten cents and shaved for a nickel; his rent had many times been raised; and on some days he made only a dollar. But how rich he was in songs and stories and friends! He was always singing. He, too, had a very bad voice, but this he knew, and he sang almost in whispers, smiling to himself. While he shaved he was always talking, asking for news and hunting for good stories. He taught me to cut hair and to shave. But soon I began to notice strange motions his hands made in shaving. When I spoke of this he leaned back and laughed and laughed, and took me to his home—a small attic room with one large slanting window. And here stood a rough board easel!

"I am an artist!" he cried—"with brush and with razor! With each I create great beauty!"

Here every morning he painted for hours. Once he had had deep talent, but he could never afford to take lessons; he had worked in the wrong way for so many years that now it was hopeless. This he cheerfully admitted, but still he worked just for the joy of it—his little face absorbed and eager.

We went on Sundays up to the Metropolitan Gallery, where for hours we wandered from painting to painting. And then how the old Italian songs rose up from the back places of my soul! Old music—and new music, too. For the beauty of the paintings made strange, vague songs within me, rich harmonies—rising!

Never had I so longed to sing. And now sharper grew my suspense! For the time for my voice to change was over. Would the new man's voice be rich and true? I had long silent spells. Sometimes I could feel vibrating deep within me the voice that I wanted! And that was an anxious winter.

The little barber did all he could to cheer me. Together we went on Italian nights to the opera, up into the top gallery filled with Italians. Wonderful nights of dreams! Never had I thought that voices could sound like these—so thrilling! In them you felt nothing imprisoned; all the soul's beauty poured out free! And, as I listened, again I felt my mother's big dream, the beauty buried deep in the souls of the millions—people of the machine.

(Continued on Page 30)

THE GREAT AMERICAN STEER

The Innocent Farmer of the Corn Belt

By Emerson Hough

HISTORY has it that a certain gentleman, Missouri Hines, of Wyoming, commonly called M'zoo Hines for short, once recounted to friends an experience which befell him while in camp for the night on the Western plains. "I was due to lay out for sure," said he, "and I didn't have no fuel of any kind. So I makes my fire of grass—just set my coffee-pot and fry'-pan on a bunch of it—and started in to cook supper comfortable. Fire sort of begun to edge off along the grass, me followin' with my fry'-pan. The wind come up like, and the fire started to travelin' right quick, me followin' all the time and just holdin' my fry'-pan over the edge of the blaze ——"

"Did you get the bacon cooked, M'zoo?" asked a friend.

"Yes," said Mr. Hines, "but by the time it was done I found I was fifteen miles from my coffee-pot."

If we have, perhaps, gone a good way from our starting-point in our study of the steer, we are not wholly to be blamed. A certain interest attaches to the subject of this sketch, so long as the latter is considered as charging across the short-grass plains with mad eye and tightly curled tail. Interest does not even wholly lack in him when located somewhere in the lists of figures regarding our packing industries; figures which we read with proudly swelling chest when we turn and say to mother, "Mother, we certainly are the greatest people in the whole, wide world." Somewhere between these two extremes the subject of this sketch is a hornless and placid occupant of Uncle Henry's pasture in the corn belt; and it is as such, albeit unromantic and unspectacular, that we should for a space consider him.

M'zoo Hines, of Wyoming, already spoken of, was at one stage of his career live-stock agent for a certain railroad, and, at times, like any other honest traveling man, he found it difficult to get all of his expenses into his expense account. The auditor of the road was somewhat puzzled to receive the following as the due record of his agent's monthly outgo:

"For one cow-pony, $20. Feed for same, $2. Rubber tires for same, $150."

The auditor could not understand all of these items and so expressed himself frankly to Mr. Hines.

"I don't see where those rubber tires come in," said he.

"Maybe you don't," said M'zoo, "but they're there just the same."

There are a good many mysterious phenomena in these elemental changes in the cattle industry; but they are there. The mystery lies, if we please, under a mass of figures which not even Uncle Sam understands, although he gravely puts them out as accurate—which they certainly are not. No statistics, when it comes to that, are accurate. Let us for the time especially bear in mind that we have widely departed from our coffee-pot. We have thought that the picturesque industry of raising range beef accounted for pretty much all the beef we ate. As a matter of fact, that is more than fifteen miles from the truth. In regard to the reasons for this, we may not understand all about them, but they are there.

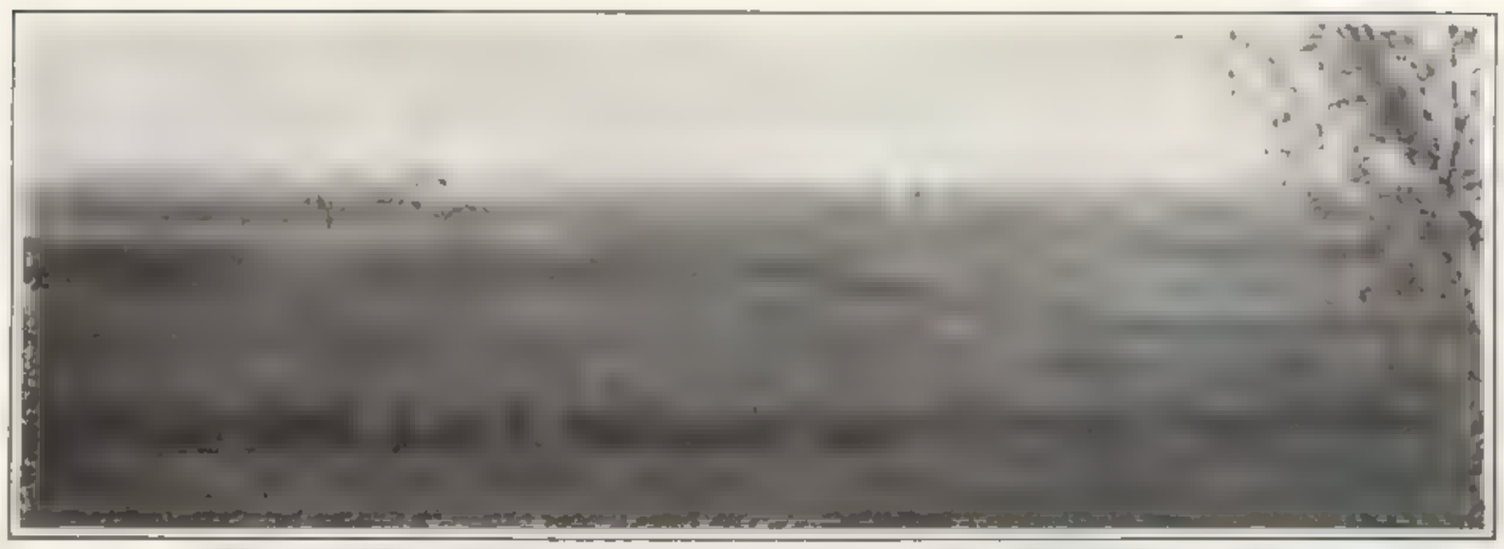
The Up-to-Date Steer. No Horns. Can't Run. So Broad in the Tread that He Makes Two Paths When He Travels

Range beef never, so to speak, cut the ice in those centres of our refined civilization, the stockyard markets, that was separated by the common or horticultural output which Uncle Henry calls the beef critter. This unspectacular beef critter of the farm could always be depended upon, whereas the range steer, he with the tightly curled tail and flashing eye, never could. A dry year kept the range steer lean from chasing waterholes; a wet one kept him lean from washed-out grass and many fly-bites. You could never put your industrial finger on the pictorial steer. His numbers and his quality were always a problem. Packers do not desire such problems, and neither do you nor I. The range steer showed up in numbers during only three months of the year, and the country cannot guess about its daily beefsteak for three-quarters of the time.

Uncle Henry of the corn belt is, besides being a deacon of the church and a producer of unspectacular beef, a man with a past. When we come to examine it, we shall find his history full of excitement, full of variety, enterprise and daring. The trouble has been that we did not know Uncle Henry. It is true we shortened the horns and curtailed the legs of the great American steer in the short-grass country north of the Arkansas River; but Uncle Henry in the corn belt went us a few better. He fabricated four different kinds of improved steers. And he did all that for the sake of you and me.

Thirty-five years ago cattle on the farms and in the stockyards of the Middle West were rangy in build, wide of horn, and in color red, dun or mottled white. Ten years later the shorthorn cross was in full evidence. Beef was shorter in horn and leg all over the corn country, and it was enormous in size, the beef of the English shorthorn tacked on to the great frame of the Western steer to a total of two thousand pounds or more. Where is that big steer to-day? He is gone with the straw hats of yesterday; for fashions exist in beef as in all else. After him came the Jersey, the Alderney, the Holstein; but these passed from all beef plans as impossible of profit. Then came the steer *de luxe*, solid in color, red or black, or, rather, white-faced or black—dehorned or hornless naturally, all beef, blocky, small-boned, with no waste before or after death, sweet, amiable, readily absorbing esculents and hay, weighing no two tons but only about 1200 pounds, and ending his placid life at no round century, as did the beef of our forefathers, but at the close of eighteen months of luxury. This new steer is eighteen carat. He is beef which dresses a large per cent. net, and does not go to waste under the knife. His tallow is not lumpy and laid on in rolls, only to be thrown away, but the fat is shot all through the texture of the flesh, so that it looks marbled or almost speckled with white. His

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of Mr Hough's articles on The Great American Steer



Why Beef is High. This Farm was Once an Ideal Cow-Range. It is Now Worth $150 an Acre, Raw

bones are light and fine, affording little waste. To-day the Texas steer of history is no more. Evolution has given him a successor. Uncle Henry *fecit!*

Uncle Henry quietly did a lot of things which never got into the magazines; did them while he was sending nine children to school at the little red schoolhouse and voting for Uncle Joe Cannon as King of Washington. He not only made over four new steers, but he altered three industrial systems of producing steers. Incidentally he changed the face of the earth.

Did you ever see the prairies of Illinois or Iowa or some State of the Middle West before the Steel Trust came? I can remember hunting for prairie grouse, or chickens, as we called them—the same bird which you now pay four dollars apiece for after they have been in cold storage for a year or two—in the days when chickens could not be given away to a neighbor unless ready dressed. The prairies were deep in green grass, which was very, very wavy, never still, and always beautiful. Here and there under the grass grew little homely flowers, and level with the grass grew the wild sweet-williams, and above the grass stood the giant rosin weeds with yellow flowers, serving as aids to mark down a scattered covey that had risen before the pointers. I remember the wet wading in this sea of grass in the dewy morning, its peacefulness at noon, its appeal in the evening; and I can still see the smoke of the far homes, there on the old prairies, and the stacks of wheat straw in the fall, far and infrequent. There was almost no corn then. A few years later we shot the fall grouse at the edges of sod cornfields where they burst out, roaring, in vast packs and gave the good dogs trouble. But the sequence was, first the prairie, and then the wheat, and then the corn. As to cows, there was perhaps one in each of yonder distant red barns. The rest were still in Texas.

These early pictures passed when the first wheat set yellow the landscape for hundreds of miles. The wheat passed north, and there came oceans of the green or tawny maize. Cows came, and changed as we have seen. The prairies passed away. Groves arose by hundreds where once the rosin weed grew. The world was old over all this rich farming West. Uncle Henry *fecit!*

Uncle Henry's children left the little red schoolhouse and went to the city, landing in Congress or in the leather-chair district of New York, where, at once, they set to work to put their own parent out of business, but could not, because—God bless Uncle Henry!—he is the stoutest stuff made in all this country, and the best and the most useful. But even Uncle Henry had a reason for his works. He refashioned this steer several times for the sake of a whim of yours and mine; but this whim was based upon stern logic. It was a whim inevitable because it arose from the length, breadth and thickness of the human pocketbook.

You and I, children of Uncle Henry, who were too tired to farm and so went into the easy occupations of clerking or newspaper work at eighteen to twenty-four hours a day, used to eat almost any sort of beef. We didn't know so much about porterhouse. Moreover, we ate it cooked better done than we do to-day. Maybe, you never thought of it in that way, but that is the truth. Now, our taste for rare meat changed the contour of the American steer, and altered irrevocably the whole status of the Western cattle industry.

We used to go and buy a big, thin steak, because the butcher had it to sell. We had only about so much money that we could afford to spend for steak, and our family would only eat about so many pounds at a meal. So we had our steak thin. But, after a time, especially after we moved to the city, we began to like our steak rare-done. Our taste had changed, but our finances had not changed so much. So we demanded our steak smaller and thicker. That meant that the butcher must have a smaller carcass to cut it from. So the butcher would only buy carcasses which cut up nicely into short, thick steaks.

These new cattle gave us short, thick steaks for the same money we formerly paid for long thin ones, and the beef was better. Some demand, especially from New York and Boston, hung on for older, fat beef, which really is of better flavor; but the ruling demand had had its way commercially and historically.

Meantime, in the corn belt, the dairy cow had arrived: the Jersey, the Holstein. These growing cities must have milk for the babies, cream for the morning coffee, the breakfast food, the succulent charlotte russe. There is money in raising dairy cattle, too, for other than beef purposes. But while beef may grow far from the cities, milk must be produced close to them. Behold, then, over a reconstructed world, a world gone from grass to corn, a war between cows. The Jersey milch cow locks horns, as it were, with the hornless steer. Who brought about this war? Uncle Henry *fecit*. Uncle Henry is playwright, historian. Under his overalls he has secretly been wearing the greaves of an industrial Ivanhoe. No bad tilter, he, with conditions as they come: changes which have been as constant and as inevitable in the land of yellow corn as they have been upon the open range.

Perhaps, when you were a boy, you went hunting wild pigeons in the feed-lots of Farmer Jones, the rich neighbor who every fall fed a few hundred cattle in his timber along the creek. Do you remember the wide troughs where the cattle ate their corn; and the rail-fence about the feed-lot, from the top rail of which you took pot-shots at the pigeons which came to eat the scattered corn? Are those days distinct in memory? Perhaps so, but they are utterly past and gone. These feed-lot cattle of Farmer Jones are as extinct as the wild pigeon itself, and so is the system of handling them.

Farmer Jones picked up his cattle here and there in the country round about. He paid his bank ten per cent. interest to carry him for six months or so while he was feeding his herd. He fed corn, cheap corn, and his business for some years was a profitable one. Why, then, did Farmer Jones ultimately fail in the business? Why did the local bank which was backing him eventually go to the wall?

"Twenty-five years ago," said L. H. Kerrick, one of the most successful and most scientific cattle breeders of Illinois to-day, "I could buy fine shorthorn cattle all over Illinois. The State was full of them at that time, and, indeed, the proportion of cattle to population was much larger than it is now. But after a while these high-grade shorthorns simply passed away. They don't exist in this State in any such numbers, and I could not afford to buy and feed them if they did. The insidious Jersey has largely taken their place, and you can't turn Jerseys into beef.

"What was the cause of this change in the Illinois cattle? Very likely it was, in part, the influence of the Western range. The range wanted high-grade cattle from us, bulls and cows, for improving the Western herds to the beef-scale which we exacted in our markets. Texas demanded so much in the way of good cattle that we improved our own supply while that market was good. But then, behold! as soon as the range got its herds graded up, it began to ship its good product back East again and to compete with our product. That's where our shorthorns went. The range led us into good cattle, and then knocked us out of our good beef cattle! Along about 1890 the local feeders who had been in the habit of buying cattle among their neighbors began to find it was mighty slim picking. No man could make a living at it.

"Next, the Northern maturing ranges—not the Southwestern breeding ranges—began to send us in two-year-olds and three-year-olds for feeding. Corn was beginning to average a great deal higher in price by this time, but beef prices were such that a man could still make a living by feeding these Northern rangers. In turn this state of affairs is doomed to pass away, and practically has passed in a good deal of the corn belt.

"Now the latest thing in our business is the impossibility of profit to the average corn-belt man in breeding his own cattle to sell for average beef; and the advent of the high-grade calf or yearling from the Southwestern ranges. Most of this has come up within the last ten years.

"A neighbor of mine down near Kankakee, in Illinois, was something of a pioneer in this. He liked the Herefords for quick beef-makers, and he could find them more easily on the Western ranges. He began to import young cattle from Texas, and to hold sales in Illinois. The idea has spread in greater or less extent pretty much over the corn belt, and to-day even Kansas and Nebraska are importing stock of this kind from Texas and feeding it, instead of exporting it to Illinois. There is a big importer of young Texas stock at Decatur, and his sales run into large figures every year. Tallula, Illinois, is another big distributing point for these young Texas feeders. Just how many are coming up from Texas next year it is difficult to tell, but the annual increase is very marked.

"We ought not to say that this has stopped all cattle breeding in the Middle West, for it has not; but it certainly has lessened it. The simple truth is that no man can afford to breed cattle to-day for the sake of raising beef alone in Illinois. He can do so for a time in Iowa, perhaps, but even there it will have become unprofitable before much time shall have passed. Iowa is just behind us chronologically. She has still a little more grazing land, and her farm lands have not gone quite so high as ours. To-day central Illinois has the highest-priced farm lands of the United States. In time they will be the highest-priced lands in the world. What will be the price of beef then? I don't know; but I know that to-day, using the utmost thought and skill and care, we could not raise a single steer here in central Illinois if we did not run hogs with our cattle. The hog is our by-product, and he represents the total profit in beef-making to-day on two-hundred-dollar land."

Now, how about that for an industrial situation? Are we to call this corn-belt farmer innocent? Taking the average farmer all through Illinois and Iowa and the rest of the corn country, would there not seem to be a margin of safety in saying he has failed to make wholly good? Who has had a better chance than he? What has reduced him to precisely the same state of industrial depression as that which assails the poor but honest packer who would starve to death were it not for his by-products? Marry, let you and I go into this farming business ourselves, and show them how it is done! Unfortunately you and I are tied up with other things. For the time, let us study the returns as they come, accepting phenomena not as they ought to be but as they are. We cannot be universally accurate, for, even in the long-settled corn-belt districts, conditions are not precisely the same. Our typical Illinois farm will continue to serve as a good example, showing a tendency, an achievement, a little ahead of the average line rather than a little back of it.

Mr. Kerrick, scientific beef producer, is a member of the board of trustees of the University of Illinois. He lectures as far east as New York City. He reads, thinks and plans widely. Like our range men in Texas and in Wyoming, he has all the brains and all the capital and all the plant he needs for producing beef. When he spoke as already quoted he stood in the centre of the largest estate of high-priced lands in this country, perhaps in the world, if intrinsic value be considered: the old Isaac Funk estate

Yearling Steers in Corn Belt. The Hogs are the By-Product and Represent the Profit

of the Champaign-Bloomington district, which is well entitled to be called the heart of the corn belt.

What changes have gone on here in the last hundred years! Isaac Funk, a shrewd-witted, old-time beef drover, came up into Illinois from Kentucky as long ago as 1825 with no assets but a debt of two thousand dollars. With this debt he bought land, and in time more, and yet more. Also he bought all the cattle of his neighbors, and drove them to Chicago before there was any Chicago to mention. Then he bought more land. The railroad came through, and he went into debt eighty thousand dollars more and bought land at figures he himself would have been scared to dream about a few years earlier. To-day all that land, divided out among grandchildren, pays interest on three hundred or three hundred and fifty dollars an acre or more, and that just in raising forty-cent corn. It is too good for raising beef. Part of its product is pedigreed seed corn which sometimes sells at five dollars a bushel; which is rather high-priced corn to feed to a steer, even if the steer be pedigreed. In Germany land is worth $800 an acre. It will be worth $1000 an acre in Illinois before long; though, of course, the man who says that now is crazy.

In conditions like these—which are not unique, but typical for the best part of the whole State of Illinois, and which are becoming typical for other States of the Middle West—the thinking farmer, here and there, is selling out all his graded cattle and going in for forty-cent corn or for show cattle, high-class specialties, such as the apple-headed, black-robed youngsters, splendid beeves at two years of age, which brought the tidy sum of $15.50 a hundred pounds on the hoof, the top of the known market for nineteen years.

We went out over the fields of deep black soil which has been cropped steadily since the days of old Isaac, and looked at some of the eighteen-carat modern steers which nobody can afford to raise.

"Hush! Whisper!" said their owner softly. "Tread lightly, and let us slip away. When they are lying down that way they are putting on beef, high up, on their backs, in the upper third which brings the big money. If we let them stand up too much and get full of water, they'll get podgy and sway-backed, and that would never do. Up in the big barn is my pet lot of prize-winners. Have to keep 'em in there so the flies won't bother 'em. We'll slip up quietly and have a look. I presume their attendant has finished currying them by this time."

We went into the barn, gently pushing aside the darkening flap which hung down over the door. Far back in the dark interior appeared a weird spectacle, some nightmare of a fire-hunter for deer brooding over his past. A double score of great green phosphorescent balls glowed, here and there, in the blackness, like the eyes of a cat, only much magnified. These were the eyes of the motionless cattle within, whose outline we could not make out, since they themselves were black as night. These were the prize-winners, gentle as dogs, as well cared for as thoroughbred horses. Something of a far call this from the land and time where a long-legged cow-puncher chased a three-dollar steer ten miles or so while he practiced roping him by alternate feet so that he could make a good showing in the Wild West contest at the county fair!

Suppose one of these gilt-edged steers would bring $15.50 a hundred pounds this fall, and had twelve hundred pounds in his blocky black carcass. Each hundred pounds would have meant a square mile of land in Texas in the days of the old cattle-drives to the north: twelve square miles of land in all. To-day that land is worth fifteen dollars an acre in Texas, or nine thousand six hundred dollars per section, or one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars for twelve sections. It is comforting to look at a steer which is worth over one hundred thousand dollars. Suppose we had invested that steer in Steel Common, margined three points, four years ago. To-day you and I would be strictly in the automobile class, could buy rare manuscripts and altar-cloths, and could call Mr. Harriman "Ed." But we have seen in an earlier story that we can't raise that steer in Texas, and now we have just seen that we can't afford to raise him in Illinois!

It seems there are continual surprises even in Uncle Henry's country. Reduce it to terms of saffron simile. If you were sitting in your cozy home out in San Francisco reading one of the latest novels, and if you *knew* the heroine was going to fall into the hero's arms, and just then the *roof* fell in instead, wouldn't it *jar* you? If you took up the morning's paper and read that Mr. Morgan had ceased to buy libraries in Rome and Glasgow, and that Mr. Carnegie had ceased to give them away in Tall Timber and Strawberry Point, wouldn't it *jar* you? What we are seeking to arrive at is the fact that, after all the corn, care and culture this great American steer had had during all these years, it is disconcerting to be told that he can't be raised by the most skilled farmers on the richest land in all the world!

Are our corn-belt farmers sufficiently thoughtful and progressive? Do they, after all, meet changing conditions with changed methods? Are they sufficiently modern and progressive and scientific? To an outsider they would seem to have had everything in their favor. What if, as a practical-minded friend suggests, you and I had a factory where the product continually increased, and where we did not have to charge off any depreciation against our

Real Cowmen on Real Cowhorses

plant? Wouldn't we get rich? Now, taking one of the rich black loam farms of the Middle-Western corn belt, there is a plant which in fifty years has never known an inch of recession, but, on the contrary, a continual advance in value. It has needed no repairs, no restoration. I saw only sixty acres of land in central Illinois which knows what phosphate is. Some farms may buy fertilizers besides what they manufacture, but these must be few. The plant has had no depreciation. Uncle Sam's census books will prove this to you laboriously, or you can learn it easily if you shall go out into the Mississippi Valley and ask the price of farms. The farmers there own automobiles and banks instead of side-bar buggies and cottage organs, and their girls go to Vassar and Wellesley.

Facts, however, are facts, and conditions are conditions; and the main thing herein is that we shall be accurate in our estimate of conditions. A certain amount of fleas, we are advised, add to the virtuous emotions of a dog. A certain amount of figures in a story produce the same result both in the writer and the reader thereof. We may therefore feel safe in producing a certain amount of figures to show that we are right in our conclusions. To the practical dictum of expert farmers we may add academic verdict.

Here is what Dean C. F. Curtiss, of the Iowa Agricultural College, has to say upon this same transitional period in the history of our American steer; and when Dean Curtiss says anything, even Washington sits up and listens:

"American agriculture is undergoing evolution. The producing period and the finishing period of beef have now become more nearly merged in the one process. The old method of growing a steer for three years and requiring an additional year for finishing has become entirely obsolete. The methods of Gillett, Meninger, the Harrises and a host of others, who made export bullocks weighing upward of a ton on grass and corn exclusively, have passed never to return. They have been superseded by the methods of Kerrick, Black, Escher and Krambeck, who, quoting the words of Mr. Kerrick, 'no longer fatten cattle, but grow beef.' This is literally true, for the modern baby-beef animal is a miniature bullock from birth to block."

Gillett's detailed estimate dealing with conditions twenty years ago, on the cost of growing a steer to thirty-six months is as follows:

Cost from Birth to Twelve Months of Age

Value of calf at birth	$ 3.00
Expenses of dam of calf, chargeable to calf for one year, as follows: eight per cent. interest on $50, value of cow	4.00
Keep of yearling and feed of cow twelve months	12.25
Insurance on cow	1.00
Risk of failure of cow to breed	1.75
Loss of calves by death, etc	1.00
No corn fed up to twelve months.	
Value of pasture and keep up to twelve months	6.00
Total	$29.00
Weight of calf at twelve months, 700 pounds at 5 cents	35.00
Profit at twelve months of age	6.00

Cost from Twelve to Twenty-four Months of Age

Value of steer at twelve months of age	$35.00
Value of shock corn, 110 bushels at 35 cents	38.50
Pasture twelve to twenty-four months	3.00
Interest and risk	2.80
Total	$79.30
Less 500 pounds of pork made on scattered corn of steer at 5 cents	25.00
Net cost twelve to twenty-four months	$54.30
Weight of steer at twenty-four months, 1600 pounds at 6½ cents	104.00
Profit at twenty-four months of age	49.70

Cost from Twenty-four to Thirty-six Months of Age

Value of steer at twenty-four months of age	$104.00
Value of shock corn consumed in entire year, 125 bushels at 35 cents	43.75
Pasture May 1 to November 1	4.00
Interest and risk	3.32
Total	$160.07
Less 500 pounds of pork at 5 cents made on scattered corn of steer	25.00
Cost at thirty-six months of age	$135.07
Weight at thirty-six months of age, 1200 pounds at 7 cents	154.00
Profit at thirty-six months of age	18.93

(Concluded on Page 59)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

421 TO 427 ARCH STREET

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 29, 1906

So Saith the National Preacher

THE message to Congress makes it more clear than ever that Roosevelt is the national preacher. A good part of it is taken up with what are essentially questions of morals as to which no specific action by Congress is possible, and most of the other questions are discussed on moral grounds. Homilies are seldom spicy reading; but on the whole we like this message a lot better than some that have dealt in an eminently practical manner with the state of trade, the magnitude of exports and our treaty relations with foreign Powers. At this writing, the President, no doubt more than any other man, incarnates the general thought of the American people. It seems worth while, even at the expense of reading sixteen solid columns, to find out that they are thinking some about their souls.

In two spots the message is notably weak-kneed. Touching the matter of a ship subsidy—at a time when "fostering infant industries" on pap that the people pay for is generally seen in a light different from that of twenty years ago—the President dutifully recommends the bill, but in a voice that is a mere feeble echo of the clarion tones in which he speaks of lynching and demagogy. And he winds up by hoping that if it is "impracticable" to pass the bill, at least we shall do something toward better transportation to South America. Again, in coming to the elastic currency scheme, he follows the lead of his Secretary of the Treasury, but the vigorous utterance dwindles to an embarrassed murmur: "I do not press any especial plan," he says; and, after describing one, he is careful to add, "I do not say this is the right system." He leaves the impression that some persons have been talking currency to him and he suspects they may be right.

The soft spots in the message are quite as significant as the hard ones. Where he feels the moral ground under his feet he speaks with vigor and courage. Where he has been merely talked into a dubious economic proposal he rather wobbles.

A New Way to Ruin Railroads

IF YOU have forgotten about it, turn to a newspaper file of a year ago and see what dire things would probably happen to the railroads of the United States if the Hepburn-Dolliver rate-bill, or one substantially like it, were put into effect. Since the bill was passed, Union Pacific has increased its dividend by four per cent., Southern Pacific by five per cent., Lake Shore by four per cent., Michigan Central by two per cent., and Pennsylvania, Atchison, Baltimore and Ohio and New York Central by one per cent.

We have overlooked some; but those mentioned above will require an increased disbursement to stockholders (counting only the stock in public hands and not that of one road that is held by another) to the amount of almost twenty million dollars a year.

Since the new law went into effect, we are told, the roads have voluntarily made reductions in freight rates more numerous and important than were ever made before in the same length of time. Also, there has been an important increase in wages, the Pennsylvania having given a flat ten per cent advance, and other trunk lines moving in the same direction. The wage increase amounts to a great many million dollars.

Of course the able gentlemen who control these properties would not be increasing dividends, they would not be voluntarily reducing freight rates, and they would not be raising wages if they thought ruin stared them in the face, or if they really perceived in the future of railroading anything but the most sunny and agreeable prosperity. It is worth while, we think, to get the facts clearly stated. The wealth and earning power of the railroads of the United States can hardly be calculated. For eight years, with only few and small interruptions, conditions have been such that by the time the figures were assembled in the annual report the roads were still richer, their earnings still greater. Now that Congress is in session we shall probably be hearing that the railroad outlook is quite gloomy. But nobody believes it.

Shaw's Financial Accordion

MR. SHAW'S last report contains the modest suggestion that "if the Secretary of the Treasury were given one hundred million dollars to be deposited with the banks or withdrawn as he might deem expedient, and if, in addition, he were clothed with authority over the reserves of the several banks, with power to contract the national bank circulation at pleasure," he could then avert any panic which might threaten either in the United States or Europe.

That is all. And one may easily imagine Mr. Shaw delightedly jiggling the Treasury's bank balances up and down with every shift and fluctuation of the New York money-market—which in turn is dependent upon the shifts and fluctuations of the New York stock-market. One can picture him harkening to the contradictory cries of Wall Street bulls and bears, and expanding and contracting the national bank circulation with all the vigorous rapidity of an expert player upon an accordion.

That seems to be about his ideal. And his administration of the Treasury, with its free advances of gold, its anticipations of bond interest, its several strained constructions of the statutes to "relieve the money-market," has gone about as close as possible to that ideal. Mr. Shaw does not believe in paternal government, nor practice it. His conduct of the Treasury Department has been nervously maternal. That he has escaped stronger criticism has been due to the great strength of the Administration as a whole and to a general belief that he meant well.

But he has not earned even the unanimous commendation of Wall Street—where some able observers clearly see that his extraordinary "facilitating" of gold imports really put a premium on the metal, and helped to disturb the whole international monetary balance.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Shaw's successor will bring in an entirely different policy, and try to keep in mind that the fluctuations of call money in Wall Street have exactly the same significance to the country at large as the fluctuations in Union Pacific and Steel Common.

Ingle-Nooks for Street Cars

THE subway, elevated and surface cars of Greater New York carried three hundred and twenty-five million passengers during July, August and September. In Manhattan Borough alone the number was nearly two hundred million. Taking the latest statistics on total population, and making due allowance for infants in arms, the very aged, citizens in hospitals and in jail, and those who ride in automobiles, we find that a large majority of the inhabitants of the island must have put in the entire time between six in the morning and two-thirty in the afternoon being conveyed with more or less rapidity from one end of the town to the other in the vehicles of the traction monopoly.

The condition is by no means peculiar to New York, although it obtains there in its fullest flower. The people of Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston and other centres spend a large—but not a good—portion of their lives on wheels. Indeed, whenever we see a traction report from one of those cities, with its amazing statement of rides per annum per inhabitant, we wonder why residents bother so much about the houses and flats that are, after all, mere halting places between cars. Why do newspapers have "House Beautiful" columns when they could do so much more for the æsthetic uplift by agitating for bright birdcages and tasty ingle-nooks in the street cars? Who can calculate the degree in which urban intellectual activity would be accelerated if the traction companies would only put little busts of Ibsen and G. Bernard Shaw over the fare registers?

Cornelius P. Shea and—Others

AROUND and very stocky little man, with a remarkably deep chest, apt to be a trifle red as to eye, stubbly as to beard, rumpled as to linen and rude as to speech, having enjoyed only rudimentary educational advantages in youth, has been on trial in Chicago. His name is Cornelius P. Shea, and he was chief of the teamsters' union.

The charges against Shea are bad. A former friend turned State's evidence and confessed that the garment workers' union, being on strike, raised fifteen hundred dollars and turned it over to the teamsters' leaders to buy a sympathetic strike—which resulted in street blockades and riots, much loss and discomfort to the city. Before that the teamsters struck in sympathy with elevator-men, and refused to settle until building owners had made satisfactory contracts with some coal dealers.

All right-thinking people hope, as a matter of course, that Shea, if guilty, will be punished as he deserves. All right-thinking people detest the Sam Parkes and like grafters who crop up in the labor world. But what we have particularly in mind is the spiritual twin-brotherhood between them and some gentlemen in other and more polite walks who ruthlessly and unscrupulously use the power which comes into their hands in trust for their own personal profit. What, for instance, is the moral difference between the president of a labor union who sells out his union for a bribe and the president of a railroad who rigs the stock-market against the body of stockholders whose trustee he is? The one is apt to be about as tender of the public weal as the other, although brickbats and clubs are not the weapons of his violence.

The outward difference, of course, is marked. Shea is ignorant and rough. With a better education and a silk hat he might have made a distinguished figure in certain business circles. Perhaps to a just mind his very ignorance makes him more excusable than the financial buccaneer—instead of more detestable.

An Advertising Testimonial

ABOUT a dozen years ago a deep-chested, long-bodied, bandy-legged man with a venerable beard used to preach in the evenings, in a very dingy little hall situated in that part of Chicago which abounds in pawnshops and saloons. He told the handful of people who drifted in to listen that he possessed the power of healing by laying on of hands, and that they were mostly works of the devil; also, that his name was John Alexander Dowie. It was fairly certain that such a preacher would sooner or later impinge upon that vast, hungry sense of humor which is so informingly a part of Western journalism. The reporters, in fact, soon discovered him and began putting him in funny little two-stick items, occasionally with a half-column cartoon. He was, so to speak, loaded for them. His rip-roaring invectives and supernatural claims gave them exactly the material for humorous exploitation. Very soon Doctor Dowie became a standing joke in the newspapers. Coincidentally, some two or three million newspaper readers became aware of Doctor Dowie—and the prophet was able to buy an extensive building on Michigan Avenue and hire the largest theatre in town for his preachings.

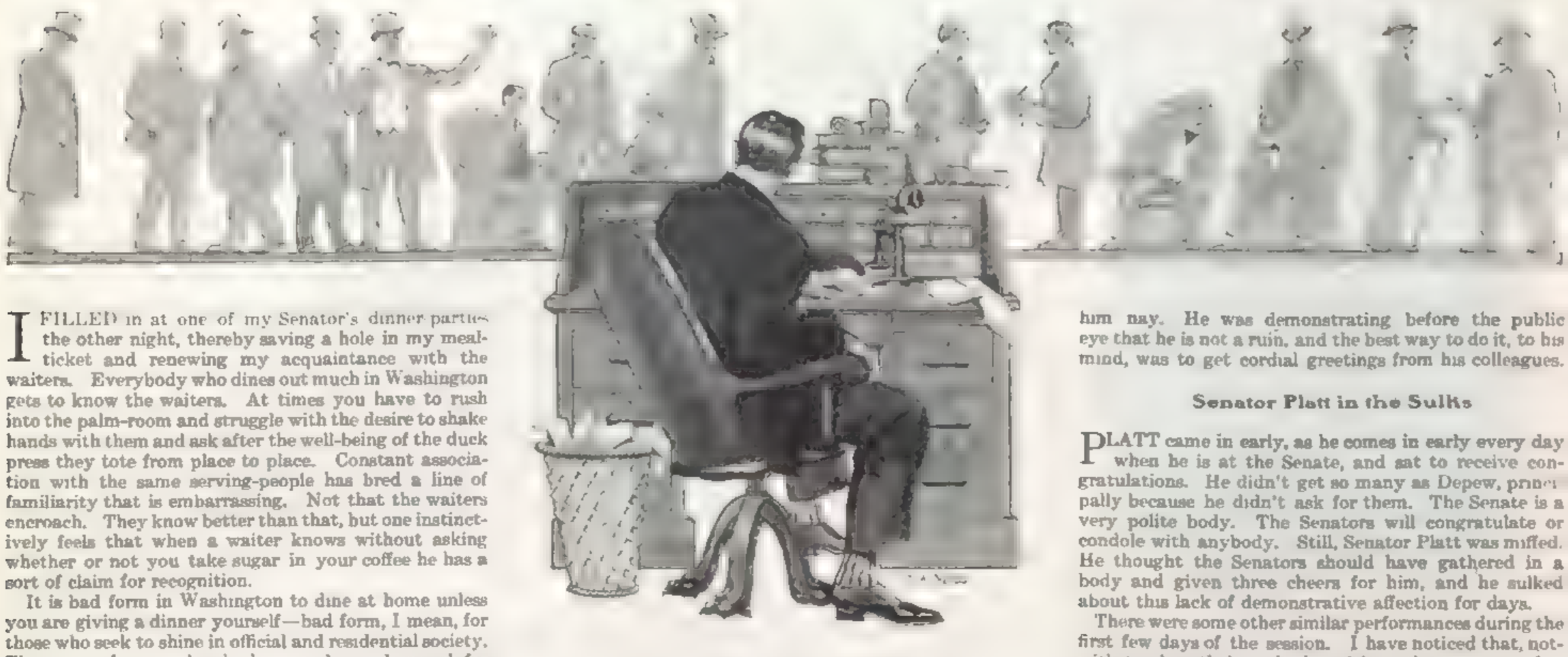
Then the press took him seriously and denounced him for an impostor in long, conspicuous news and editorial articles—so the theatre became far too small to hold the audiences, and Dowie bought a great tract of land on the lake shore and built Zion. We have no idea how many million dollars his followers have turned over to him, or how many hundred thousand he has spent for his personal delectation, or whether his expulsion from Zion and the tremendous ensuing commotion imply the fall of his cult or a firmer foundation for it. That he collected millions and built a city is a sufficient illustration of the immense power of publicity. The reporters' jokes did it. The later excoriations by the press merely buttressed the edifice.

The Great God Success

THERE is no word in the language rolled over the tongue with more savor than the word Success. Sundays and holidays men may be willing to admit in a spirit of dispassionate enlightenment that life holds more than one kind of success. But when the fat, red-faced citizen plows up the avenue in his ten-thousand-dollar car, or somebody works the "Street" for a few extra millions, or neighbor Jones emerges from a pool to build a hundred-thousand-dollar house, it means *real* Success, and the ordinary man gets off the walk and throws up his hat. For the ordinary man thinks that what he wants out of life can be got if he has the price. To get the price means Success.

Success is the end of being, all right: it is living completely the life that the organism was meant to live by the law of its creation. As there are many types of organism in this interesting world, there should be many different kinds of Success. What the world, in its big, generalizing way, calls Success is usually mixed with Accident, and is oftenest Failure judged by the law of the man who has made it. The biggest human Success is to be completely a Man or a Woman, and that is more difficult than to be a billionaire or a popular author. The farmer may have his year's profits wiped out by a brief hailstorm, but if he is a Man he is still a Success, without a dollar and the homestead mortgaged. But take the noisy names from the day's papers—are they Successes? They are often terrible remnants of manhood. The ordinary citizen, who lives his little life fully, with a sound body and a tranquil mind, has them beaten to a finish.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY



I FILLED in at one of my Senator's dinner parties the other night, thereby saving a hole in my meal-ticket and renewing my acquaintance with the waiters. Everybody who dines out much in Washington gets to know the waiters. At times you have to rush into the palm-room and struggle with the desire to shake hands with them and ask after the well-being of the duck press they tote from place to place. Constant association with the same serving-people has bred a line of familiarity that is embarrassing. Not that the waiters encroach. They know better than that, but one instinctively feels that when a waiter knows without asking whether or not you take sugar in your coffee he has a sort of claim for recognition.

It is bad form in Washington to dine at home unless you are giving a dinner yourself—bad form, I mean, for those who seek to shine in official and residential society. There are a few people who have cooks good enough for a dinner-party, but most of the social lights reserve the talents of their chefs for the breakfast bacon and eggs and go to a caterer when there is something special to be done. They all go to the same caterer, and the waiters he brings with him to one house he brings to the next one and the next. They have served you a dozen times or fifty, and, if you refuse the filet when you ordinarily take it, they shrug their shoulders and raise their eyebrows as if you had given them deliberate offense.

This being commandeered to dinner-parties is the trial of my business that pretty nearly overshadows all the rest. At the last minute somebody drops out, and your boss says: "Come up to dinner to-night." You have to go. No matter if you had it in mind to see a show or to get a peck of steamed oysters and wander around a bit, the order is imperative. You are needed, and it is a case of hopping into your evening clothes and getting there early. It is always a man who quits at the last minute. The women never do. They are there waiting for the caterer's butler to shove his head through the portières.

The Great Beefsteak Famine

I HAVE sat around on the leather seats in the Senate chamber along toward the end of the season and watched for some of the persistent diners-out to jump up and yell: "Honk! honk!" and begin running around in circles. I don't see how they keep out of the violent ward. They start in as soon as they get here, accepting invitations and giving about two dinners a month themselves to even up. They know exactly what they are going to have. Anybody who tried to break away from the rule and give his guests some fried chicken or beefsteak and onions would be secretly hailed as a benefactor, but also would be held up to public scorn because he disregarded the conventionalities. I often wonder what the dinner-goers of Washington eat when they are in the fastnesses of their own homes, if they ever get a chance to retire that far. When they go out to dinner they always get the same thing.

Night after night they dine, with the same people at table, mostly, and on the same food: some oysters, a clear soup, some fish, a filet, some game (generally duck), an ice and a bit of cheese. Occasionally some daring innovator will put in some terrapin—generally it's slider—or the soaring genius of the caterer is made manifest by shaping the ices as potatoes or lemons or something novel and original like that. It is a lovely diversion, and the table talk would send you gasping to a Patent Office report to get a taste of the light and frivolous.

In a small city like Washington the dinner-lists are more or less restricted. Of course, there is always the residential society, people who live here because they like the official glamor and the diplomatic savor, and because it is easier to make a show with money than it is elsewhere. Then there are the Army and Navy sets and the official society and the Congress. When you sort out of all these the people who do not mingle and those who can't mingle there is left but a comparatively small list to choose from, and you may be certain of seeing half a dozen, at least, of the same persons at every dinner. The most deadly functions of the lot were the Cabinet dinners where the President solemnly dined his advisers, and the advisers took turns in dining him, with the result that there were ten dinners with the same guests and the same food, practically. That was enough to make even an indurated dinner-goer screech, and the President, a year or two ago, vetoed the whole proposition.

I took out a twittering young thing at my Senator's dinner—I always do have to take out twittering young things—and she twittered to me for three hours. The first thing on her mind was to get all the food that was coming, although she assured me that dinners bored her terribly, and the second was to impress me with the idea that any dinner that was not honored by her presence was a mere collation, a sort of a hasty egg sandwich and mug of milk affair. I listened to some of the others talking. They were impressing one another with the same idea, varied occasionally with statements of their intimacy with all the leading families, and with hints that the social secretaries would lose their jobs if their names were not kept always at the head of the permanent lists. To hear them tell it, they were the mainstays of every event that got into the social columns of the newspapers, and to my personal knowledge every social event at which they appear does get into the newspapers, for they see to that themselves.

The Younger Diplomats' Chance

SOME of the younger diplomats were there. Some of the younger diplomats are always at every dinner. The town is full of younger diplomats who know how to play the game so they are at no expense for food, unless they desire some coffee and rolls in the morning, and, at a pinch, they can go without that refreshment and make up at a tea. All a younger diplomat needs is a frock coat, a suit of evening clothes and credit at a laundry.

When the cigars came around the three or four Senators who were there discussed the New York Senators. If there is nothing else better to do half an hour can be spent pleasantly talking about Platt and Depew. The recrudescence of Depew was watched in the Senate with no less interest than the decay of Platt. I saw Senator Depew when he was coming up in the elevator to make his first appearance in the Senate after his long absence in retirement. He was made up for the part. He was to play the blithesome and jocund young-old man who had come back to earth. He was jaunty in a frock coat cut on boyish lines, wore a flower in his buttonhole and practiced jig steps between the times when he anxiously looked himself over in the little mirror on the side of the elevator. He didn't go into the Senate chamber at once, but went to the Republican cloakroom where the Senators were gathered. Then he shook hands all around, told a few wheezes and made a few, and shook hands all around again, sometimes with both hands to emphasize his jubilant vigor. Three minutes before it was time to call the Senate to order he went out on the floor, gazed at the crowded galleries and shook hands all around again. Some of the Senators seemed to think they had shaken hands often enough, but Depew would not let them say him nay. He was demonstrating before the public eye that he is not a ruin, and the best way to do it, to his mind, was to get cordial greetings from his colleagues.

Senator Platt in the Sulks

PLATT came in early, as he comes in early every day when he is at the Senate, and sat to receive congratulations. He didn't get so many as Depew, principally because he didn't ask for them. The Senate is a very polite body. The Senators will congratulate or condole with anybody. Still, Senator Platt was miffed. He thought the Senators should have gathered in a body and given three cheers for him, and he sulked about this lack of demonstrative affection for days.

There were some other similar performances during the first few days of the session. I have noticed that, notwithstanding their exalted positions, there are very few Senators who do not do a plastic pose now and then, unconsciously of course, but generally when all the reporters are in their gallery. Even an intellectual giant likes a reading notice once in a while, and the way they blow up when the notice they get isn't to their liking, or in proper consonance with their dignity and position, would make you think of a leading lady on the morning after a first production when the critics tell her a few plain truths about herself.

The sparring over the Presidential nomination in 1908 has begun already. It showed in the Senate on the first day, when Senator Penrose got into action with a resolution about the dismissal of the negro troops by the President, and was followed by Senator Foraker with another resolution of the same kind, only more searching. Penrose had the Roosevelt end of it, and Senator Foraker, who has been "mentioned" for the nomination in 1908 by a few people here and there, put his in to get a rap at Secretary Taft. Foraker doesn't like Taft, who comes from Ohio also. Taft went out there and squashed some of Foraker's plans, and Taft has been mentioned for the Presidential nomination as well as Foraker. His mention was so much louder than Foraker's that Foraker's might as well have been done in the deaf-and-dumb alphabet. Taft held up the orders about the negroes for a few, fleeting moments, until he found the President meant what he said, and then ordered their enforcement. Foraker couldn't let an opportunity like that get past him, and his resolution was for the purpose of telling the country, officially, just what Taft's part in the whole affair was and, incidentally perhaps, spreading around some further information about the President's course in the matter.

Foraker laughs and says "Oh, no!" when he is asked if he is a candidate for the nomination in 1908, but he has lightning-rods up and traps out and bird-lime spread all around in the hopes of gathering some results. When a Senator gets the Presidential fever there is no cure for him except the quinine that can only be administered by the convention. If nine out of ten of them would stop and think it over calmly and dispassionately there would be a great decrease in the number of patriots who hanker for a latch-key to the White House. None of them will, though. That would be contrary to human nature, and the Senate is as human as any organization that can be mentioned, and much more human than some.

There is a whole covey of statesmen in the Senate who are holding secret mass meetings with themselves and mistaking their own applause for a thunderous call from the people to come out and lead them to victory. Several of them have an idea that Destiny has picked them out and will eventually reach down into the ruck and pull them to the pinnacle. It is my personal opinion that the Senate isn't on the calling-list of Destiny.

I asked my Senator how many Senators thought themselves fitted to be President and capable of doing a better job than anybody who has had the place in recent years.

"I suppose," he said, "that the only ones who do not think so are Knute Nelson, Tom Patterson and Millard. They were not born in this country, but they admit the Constitution might well be revised to let them in."

CAST AWAY IN A PARLOR CAR

Stirling Sam, the Golden Girl Jake and the Silver Sally

By E. J. RATH

This was but the Beginning, He Thought, and He Closed His Eyes and Tightened His Grip on the Chair

I

A YOUNG man sat indolently on the observation platform of the Pacific Limited, watching mile after mile of track unwind beneath him, as a web might be spun by some gigantic spider. He yawned a little, but it was better on the platform than in the stuffy interior of the car, even though his view compassed only monotonous patches of brown prairie, occasional clusters of gray and dreary hills and more infrequent clumps of half-starved shrubs and stunted trees. It was a mongrel sort of country, he thought, this stretch between plain and mountain, and he fell to musing upon the wonderful expanse of the West. The last station was some twenty-odd miles back, yet he had seen no living thing, save poor specimens of vegetable growth, since they had left the sun-baked, little shanty somewhere back of the horizon.

Now, he realized that for some time he had been conscious of a slightly ascending grade, for the web was being spun more slowly. The cadence of the clicking rail-joints was noticeably lengthened; soon it lost its rhythm and it was apparent that the train was going to stop.

"One more water tank, I suppose," remarked the young man aloud, although there was no companion on the platform to nod a perfunctory assent.

Presently, all train-motion ceased. The young man arose languidly, leaned over the side of the platform and looked ahead. Then he whistled a note of astonishment. There was no train—nothing save the car on which he stood.

He swung himself down to the ties and walked forward. Ahead lay a couple of miles of straight track, barren of even the vestige of a train. Instinctively he turned and examined the coupling, but his eye was not that of a railroad man and there did not seem to be anything the matter with it. Apparently it had just let go, for what reason he could not tell. He climbed up on the forward platform and entered the car, passing through the narrow corridor at the side to the saloon. It was empty of passengers.

"One o'clock," he muttered, glancing at his watch. "No use looking any farther. Everybody's at dinner. And I just missed it!"

Gloomily he thought of the comfortable dining-car somewhere ahead, and realized that he was hungry. There was no sign of a returning train. How long it would take them to discover they had lost a car he had not the slightest idea, but he remembered that the train was long and heavy, so that possibly a single unit, unobtrusively detached, would not make its absence felt. He sat on the edge of the platform and swung his feet.

"Ha!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I thought they'd be coming after me pretty quick."

Far up the track his eye had caught a smoky puff, and he watched it approach, piling itself slowly into a black and lofty column.

"Soft coal," he murmured. "They seem to be coming pretty fast, too. I hope they won't mash up the car. Guess I'd better walk up the track and wave something."

He started forward with a sudden show of energy, advanced a hundred yards, and then halted for better observation. The smoke was approaching more rapidly now, and he remarked it as strange that as yet he could see no train. Half a dozen steps carried him forward again. Then he stopped short and ejaculated earnestly: "Great guns!"

Saying which he wheeled and sprinted back toward the empty car. It was not a good cinder path, for it was broken at annoying intervals by ties that lay only half imbedded, yet he made a very creditable showing and was panting heavily as he swung himself aboard the platform. The cloud up the track was much nearer now. Occasionally it swayed from side to side drunkenly, yet in the main holding to a path marked out by the rails. There was a queer noise, too, which sounded, as it first fell upon his ears, like the distant and even roar of a surf.

"I had better get inside, I suppose," he said half aloud. "Though nobody knows what a cyclone'll do to a railroad car."

He stepped quickly in from the platform and closed the door, locking it as though he would bar an intruder.

The cloud had grown amazingly big in the last half-minute, spreading outward and upward in a long arm that terminated in a hand of gigantic size. A booming roar fell upon his ears with distinctness, even through the closed door. Altogether, it was not pleasant to look upon nor joyful to hear, and he hurriedly stepped back into the saloon. Mechanically, he dropped into one of the cushioned chairs, gripped its arms tightly, set his teeth and waited.

Then it arrived. It was a sturdy roar that came with it, but he had read about cyclones and was conscious of surprise at the fact that the noise was not even greater. He was also astonished to find that he was still sitting in the cushioned chair, instead of sailing, pinwheel-fashion, above the earth, and he marveled greatly at the suddenness with which the sunlight seemed to have been extinguished, like a lamp puffed out. He waited grimly for the grinding, splintering shock, or the instant flight into the air, yet neither of those things came to pass. Instead, there was a shiver, a weird creaking in the darkness, from somewhere a rattle of broken glass, and then a regular and swift vibration and slight rocking. This was but the beginning, he thought, and he closed his eyes and tightened his grip on the chair. When nothing more had happened for a space of thirty seconds, he opened his eyes again.

There was no longer inky blackness. Through the windows he could see a brown fog of dust. The noise was going away, too. He arose cautiously and thus proved that the car was still right side up. Then he went lurching against a chair, which he grasped to steady himself, and presently he was moving carefully toward the observation platform, noting as he did so that the fog outside was fading rapidly into a sickly yellow. He reached the door, and, as he threw it open, a cooling current of air struck him in the face.

The car was moving! Far off down the track, showing dimly through a haze of flying sand and dust, was the receding shape of the cyclone.

"Whew!" he exclaimed fervently.

For half a mile or more he could now see the track ahead and it appeared to be intact, although the giant suction of the whirlwind had carried off such a quantity of powdery roadbed that rails and ties were left gaunt and denuded, like a skeleton. His recent conception of a grade was now confirmed, for the car was moving quite rapidly with evident acceleration of speed.

He laid a hand on the brake-wheel and started to twist it, and then paused as a thought came to him. Maybe, if he let the car have its own way, it would find a straight road to the station twenty miles back. So he withheld his hand and allowed it to roll along smoothly, keeping a watchful eye upon the rails. As it approached a bend he applied the brake slightly, for he could not tell what lay beyond and did not want to come upon it too quickly. But the car swept safely around the curve and a new expanse of track became visible. Half a mile ahead some sort of a signal-post caught his eye.

He wondered what it was for and instinctively tightened the brake, approaching it at slackened speed.

"A switch!" he exclaimed a moment later. Then he decided to stop and investigate, throwing his weight on the brake wheel and bringing the car to a gentle stop, fifty yards from a spot where another track, half-hidden in rank grass, branched off toward the south. He set the dog, so the brake could not release itself, leaped to the ground and ran toward the switch.

"Why did they put a switch in the middle of a wilderness?" he thought. Of course, it was apparent that its purpose was to connect this rusty siding. But why the siding? And was it merely a siding, or some branch line, tapping desolation? The track that lay to the southward disappeared around a little knoll, and his eye could not follow it more than a couple of hundred yards. The rails were brown with rust; the switch looked rheumatic. There was a lock, or rather a sort of catch that seemed to require no key. He stood motionless for several minutes, as if considering.

"I suppose," he finally remarked, "that there'll be another train along some time pretty soon, and it will just smash the daylights out of that car if it stays where it is. If I was a railroad man I think I'd sidetrack it. I wonder if I can?"

He tried to throw the switch. For a few seconds it resisted his efforts stoutly, then yielded suddenly with a dismal groan, and sent him sprawling. A moment later he boarded the car, kicked the dog loose, and the brake unwound with an answering whirr. To his joy, the car moved slowly. He bent forward anxiously as it approached the switch, to see if the rails were properly set. All was well, for the car took the switch easily, slipping over to the rusty rails of the siding with a soft clicking as the trucks crossed the joint. He tightened the brake again, and, when the car had slackened speed, leaped off and ran back to the switch.

"The president of the Amalgamated Switchmen, or whoever they are, couldn't have done it better," he commented as he surveyed his work. "Now, I imagine the proper thing to do is to close the main line again."

This time the lever worked easily. Having accomplished it, he seated himself on the end of a tie.

"I certainly am hungry," he remarked, "and I hope that whatever comes along will have a dining-car on it."

Carefully and methodically he filled his pipe and felt in his pockets for a match.

"Left 'em in the car," he grumbled, after futile search, rising and turning. As he glanced down the siding his mouth opened in sheer amazement. The car was not in sight.

Things happened with uncanny strangeness in this part of the world. He started forward at a stumbling run along the ties until he reached the curve he had observed at the foot of the knoll. A new vista opened before him now, but it did not contain the car, and he stopped and stared about him in complete bewilderment. He bent and examined the rails closely and then nodded his head slowly.

"I'm the prize idiot, all right," he observed. "I forgot to set the brake again and the car kept right on traveling!"

To the southward the track lay in a waving line, gently dipping with the fall of land. A mixture of hill and prairie met his eye, and the rails seemed to wander aimlessly as they sought the smoothest path. Farther than half a mile he could not follow them.

Presently he glanced overhead anxiously.

"It's going to rain," he commented. A premonitory drop fell on his hand.

"I may as well hunt for that blamed car as stand here," he thought, and he turned about and started down the siding at a brisk walk. Other drops followed fast, and when it began to rain in earnest he knew that he was in for it. He would be soaking wet in a few minutes.

He stepped along the ties of the dead track as rapidly as the uneven pathway would permit, turning the second curve hopefully, but as far as he could see through blinding sheets of water there was no car. On and on he tramped, accelerating his pace as he approached each bend in the track and then dropping back into the old gait when disappointment met him at each new view.

The country was getting noticeably rougher, though the vagrant track seemed to have no difficulty in finding a way among the higher hills. At last the grade became less perceptible, and the rain was letting up, too. He glanced at his watch and found that it was three o'clock. He had been walking over an hour; the switch must be five miles behind him. Half an hour later the rain had ceased, the sun began to scatter the clouds, and he was still walking.

A sharp curve brought him almost to the edge of a deep ravine, so suddenly that the chasm at his feet momentarily startled him. Far below he could see a swift stream, swollen by the recent downpour. A trestle a couple of hundred feet in length spanned the gap, none too securely, he thought. He peered anxiously down, but it was evident that the car had passed the bridge safely, so he followed it. The ties were set wide apart and there was

no footpath between the rails, which caused him to step gingerly. At the other end the track disappeared between two rocky eminences, and as he set foot on solid ground again he hastened forward.

A tantalizing series of sharp curves followed. He decided to rest for a moment, and, as a matter of fact, rested for half an hour, but at last he arose wearily and set out again. Fifty steps took him to the next curve, and then before him lay a quarter of a mile of straight track—and, at its end, the car!

As he hastened, he took swift note of his new surroundings. Ahead, the hills seemed to be clustered in a semicircle, forming a rough amphitheatre, rockbound and devoid of any line of beauty. The track came to an end at the foot of these hills. As he drew nearer he observed with some surprise a number of wooden shanties at the side of the track, under the shadow of the hills.

"Queer place for a town," he muttered. Then he became aware that, although habitations these evidently were, they bore the mark of being deserted and empty. The newly-painted Pullman stood among them, luxurious and absurd. He halted for a moment as he reached its nearer end, eyed it vengefully, and then passed along the side to the observation platform. As he drew opposite the step he stopped in his tracks and his jaw dropped.

Seated on the platform, in the very chair he had occupied some hours before, was a young lady, reading a novel. For what must have been a full minute he stared at her blankly, clumsily trying to collect his thoughts. Then he removed his hat and coughed slightly. The young lady did not look up. He coughed more loudly. Still she did not seem to hear.

At last he spoke.

"It has turned out quite a nice afternoon, hasn't it?" he said.

She continued to read placidly.

"I remarked," he repeated, "that it has cleared up very nicely."

The young lady placed her finger in the book at the point where she was reading, closed the covers and looked up with a shade of annoyance on her face.

"Sir," she said coldly, "I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance. It was exceedingly rude of you to stare at me for a full minute, and it is still ruder of you to address me. And your remark was very stupid and trite."

Whereupon she reopened her book and resumed reading. For seconds he could not reply and his face became a puzzle. When he found his voice again he spoke more easily.

"It *was* a stupid remark," he said, "but I thought if I began with something commonplace it would not alarm you."

Again she closed her book and turned a look of disapproval upon him.

"I am not alarmed," she said, "but I am very much annoyed. I do not wish to make your acquaintance, and I do wish you would go away."

"Allow me to bow to the most extraordinary person upon earth," said the young man, removing his dripping straw hat, the look of astonishment on his face becoming more pronounced. "You are not only extraordinary; you are unique."

That Twenty-Mile Coast was a New Record for Hand-Cars

The young lady arose impatiently. "I see that I shall have to call one of the trammen," she observed.

"Trainmen!" he echoed. "Trainmen? Why, there aren't any!"

She gave a sigh of vexation and turned to the door that led into the car.

"Why, there isn't any conductor, or any engineer, or any train, or—or anything!" he burst out.

She stopped and looked at him curiously for a moment, which made him conscious that he presented a very ridiculous appearance.

"No train?" she repeated slowly.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "This is absolutely unbelievable!"

She leaned over the railing, impelled by curiosity, and looked ahead. Then she turned upon him a look of amazement that matched his own.

"Why, where is it?" she began. "What has happened?"

"Madam, are you joking now?" he demanded severely.

"Oh, please—please tell me what has happened?"

He saw in her face not a look of alarm, but of genuine bewilderment, and he replied:

"What has happened is that our train has lost us. Where we are I don't exactly know—except that it's a mighty mean walk."

"But I thought we were just stopping to take coal, or water, or something," she faltered. "I didn't know anything had happened."

"Did you know a cyclone had happened?" he asked, gazing at her fixedly.

"Gracious! Of course I didn't."

"Well, where in the world were you?" he asked slowly.

"In the car asleep," said the young lady.

Again he bowed ceremoniously. "I said you were unique," he declared.

"Tell me all about it," said the young lady. "I wish to have it all explained."

As briefly as he knew how he told her.

"And," he said in conclusion, "do you now solemnly tell me you slept through all that?"

"Upon my honor, I slept through it all," said the young lady. "Until fifteen minutes ago I was sound asleep in my stateroom. Then I brought my book out here to read."

"You are more amazing than all the other things rolled into one," he said fervently. "Half a mile of circus posters could not begin to describe what an astounding person you are."

"You see," she explained hastily, "everybody had gone into the diner, and I wasn't a bit hungry, so I didn't go. Then I got sleepy and I closed the door of the stateroom and laid down and went sound asleep. I didn't think it was anything unusual when I found the train had stopped."

They paused for a moment, taking mental notes of each other.

"You are soaking wet," she observed at last, as if this was a discovery.

"I am not the extraordinary person you are," he replied. "I have been walking in the rain. Therefore, I am wet. Had you taken the same walk you would be quite dry and probably dusty."

She threw back her head and burst into a peal of laughter.

"I begin to understand how odd it must seem to you," she said. "It was very absurd of me, wasn't it? And I thought you were just some young man trying to—er—trying to make a chance acquaintance."

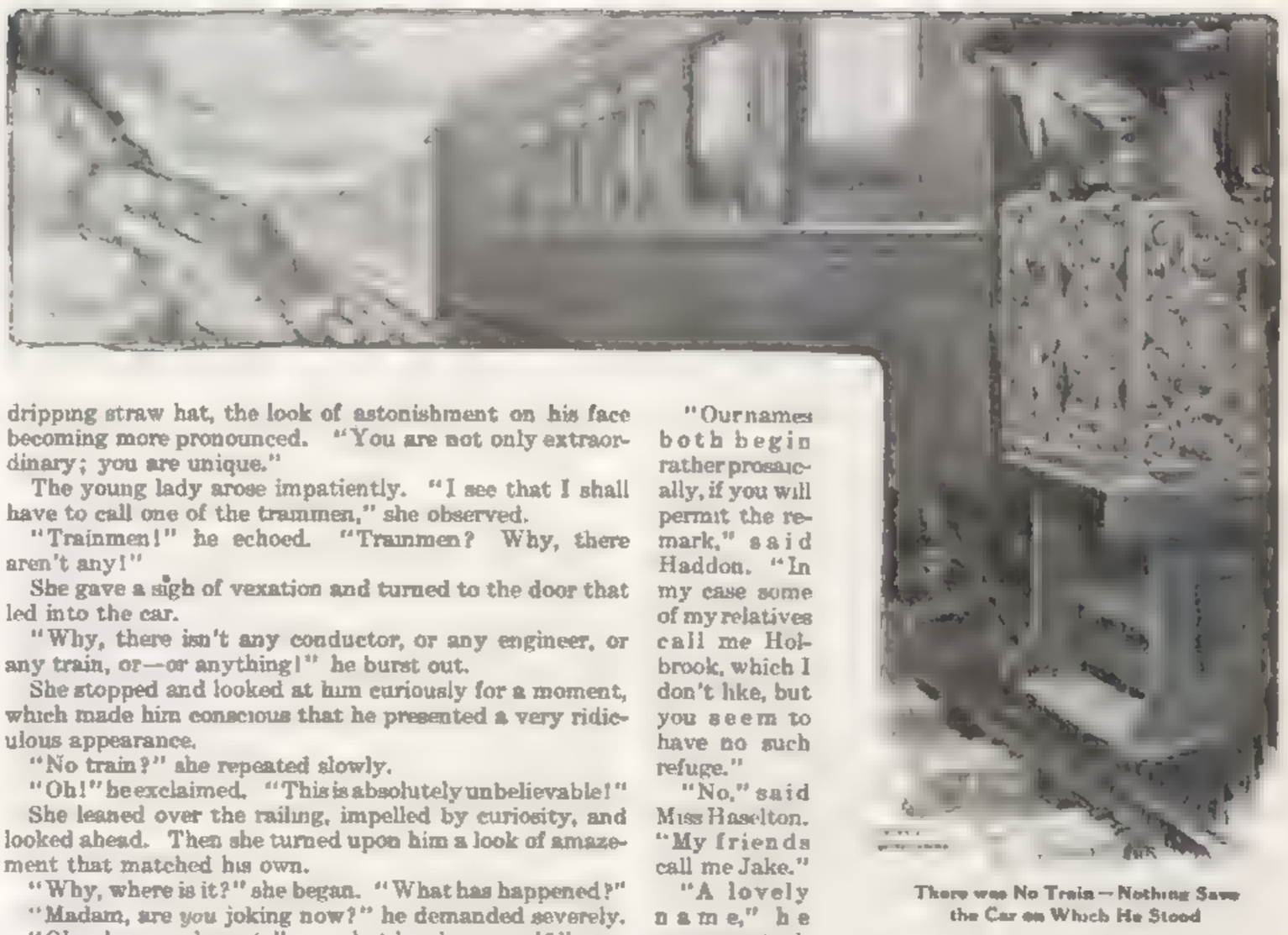
"Please consider that I am such a young man," he said. "I am still trying to make your acquaintance. My name is Haddon—Samuel Holbrook Haddon, and I come from New York City."

"And mine," she answered, "is Jane Winthrop Haselton—and I am also from New York."

"Our names both begin rather prosaically, if you will permit the remark," said Haddon. "In my case some of my relatives call me Holbrook, which I don't like, but you seem to have no such refuge."

"No," said Miss Haselton. "My friends call me Jake."

"A lovely name," he commented. "And now, if you will excuse me, Miss Haselton, I will get some dry clothing." He disappeared inside the car, and when, a few minutes later, he returned to the platform he found Miss Haselton had resumed her novel. She laid it aside as he appeared and laughed at his puzzled expression.



There was No Train—Nothing Save the Car on Which He Stood

"That must be an unusual book," he observed.

"Not at all. It is a rather foolish book," she replied. "I suppose if I did my duty I would be tearing my hair and having hysterics, but I really preferred to read."

"Hereafter I shall refuse to be astonished," was all he said.

"What sort of a place do you suppose this is?" she asked, looking up at the gray walls that locked them in on three sides.

"I should say, rather, it is a place that was, not is," returned Haddon.

"And do you think the train will come here to look for us?"

"Perhaps. They'll send out an engine to look for the car, at any rate. But I've got my doubts about their finding it."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, they must know all about the cyclone, and when they don't find the car anywhere on the main line they'll be apt to think it was picked up by the wind and carried off. In that case it would be smashed to bits, and not worth looking for."

"But they'd look for *us*, wouldn't they?"

"How do they know there was anybody aboard it?" asked Haddon. "It was dinner-time and everybody had made a grand rush for the dining-car. It's quite likely they think the car was empty."

"But, when they don't find it on the main line, won't they look down here?"

"Hardly likely, I think. You see, I closed the switch after it and left everything as I found it."

"It seems to me," said Miss Haselton judicially, "it would have been wiser to have left a signal or some kind of a message there, telling where you had gone."

"It would," said Haddon cheerfully. "But I didn't think I was going to chase ten miles after the car, you see."

"Then what is your plan?" asked Miss Haselton.

"My present plan," said Haddon, glancing at his watch, "is to get something to eat."

"That is a very excellent idea," said Miss Haselton brightly, rising from her chair. "Do you know where we can find anything?"

"We will explore," he said, leading the way into the car.

II

"HAVE you any sort of food in your baggage?" he asked, as they stood in the saloon of the Natona.

"Six oranges and a box of crackers," said Miss Haselton promptly.

"Bring them, please."

When she returned he was on his knees before an open valise, holding up triumphantly a jar of cheese. A second later he fished out a box of crackers.

"Oh," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "so you came provided, too!"

"I? These aren't mine," said Haddon reproachfully.

"Do you mean to say that is not your valise?"

"Certainly not. Mine hasn't got anything to eat in it."

"But whose is it?"

"Haven't the least idea. Maybe it belongs to the middle-aged lady in the green dress. She was sitting nearest to it the last time I saw anybody in the car."

"But," said Miss Haselton slowly, "this is something like burglary, isn't it?"

"Do you expect me to hesitate at poaching after stealing a railroad-car and kidnaping a young lady?" demanded Haddon, looking up at her.

"Well, no-o; not if you're as hungry as all that, I suppose. But it does seem a little queer to be opening other people's baggage."

Haddon was busy again in the depths of the valise and now he dragged forth a jar of pickles. Miss Haselton's face softened.

"It is the middle-aged lady's grip," she said conclusively. "I saw her eating a pickle this morning, and it made my mouth water. I suppose, if we take only one or two and put the bottle back, she won't mind."

"She'd be only too happy," said Haddon, arising from his knees and crossing the car, where another grip lay.

"Are you going to open that one, too?" asked Miss Haselton anxiously.

"I am," he said, slipping back the catch. "You may turn your back, if you wish, while the crime is committed."

But this new outrage seemed to possess a fascination for her and she watched him as he brought to light a flask.

"The red-headed man's," he announced. "We'll find nothing to eat here. I'll try the one that belongs to the bride."

"Oh, did you discover she was a bride, too?" said Miss Haselton, in a tone of delight.

Haddon did not answer directly. He was busy removing a box of fruit-crackers from a glaringly new suit-case. A moment later he found three pounds of chocolates. That was all the bride's larder contained.

They sat on opposite seats and ate hungrily, and Haddon found opportunity, without being obtrusive, to observe his companion. She was twenty-five, perhaps, he thought. In stature she might have been described as tall. Her figure was slender, but he decided that she was not thin. When he noticed her hair he was sorry for the remark he had made about the red-headed man. It was red, undeniably so. It was becoming, to be sure, and there were loose masses of it that seemed to preserve a sort of orderly disorder, yet it was red hair, and a truthful man could not call it by any other name.

"Miss Haselton," he said, "I think we had better save enough for breakfast."

"I was just thinking of the same thing," she replied calmly. "It is getting dark, isn't it?"

Haddon thrust out his hand.

"I want to shake hands with you," he said. "I can see that I won't have to worry about you for a minute, and that leaves nothing to bother us but our situation. It's getting on toward six o'clock. The chances are we won't be found to-night. The cyclone may have torn up some of the main line, for all we know. Even if it hasn't, it isn't likely they'll discover to-night that this car was run off on the siding. Suppose we take a look about the place and see what we can before it gets entirely dark."

They walked toward the little cluster of shacks just beyond the terminus of the rails. Masses of roughly-broken rock lay about them in great heaps. At one point rose the gaunt frame of a derrick.

Haddon walked to the nearest shanty and pushed open the door. He found it empty, and they visited the next. This contained half a dozen rough bunks built along the walls. There was a table in the middle of the floor. The third and fourth buildings were quite similar.

"Nobody been here for a long while, I should say," he remarked as he finished the last inspection.

"What sort of a place is it?" asked Miss Haselton.

"Looks like a quarry, or a mine," he answered, surveying the litter of broken rock. "Evidently it didn't pay."

Suddenly he raised his voice in a loud "Hello!" The cry echoed back with startling promptness and Miss Haselton uttered an exclamation.

"I wanted to see if there was anybody around," he explained.

"Don't try it any more," she admonished. "It is too noisy. The charm of this place is its quietness."

"Charm?" repeated Haddon. "Do you find any charm here?"

"Why, yes—to a certain extent. Every place has some sort of charm," she answered.

Long ago the sun had fallen behind the western rim of the amphitheatre and the bright streaks between the long shadows were filled with a deepening gray. He helped her to the platform of the car, went inside and lighted one of the overhead gas-lamps. Then he brought in one of the red signal lamps from the platform and lighted that. She watched him interestedly.

"What is that for?" she inquired, as the lantern glowed red through its corrugated bull's-eye.

"It's to hang on the front platform, just in case they should come hunting for us to-night."

"Do you really think we have been missed?"

"The car undoubtedly has," he answered, "but I doubt if I am. I had no friends aboard the train."

"Neither had I."

"Indeed? Well, that being the case, there isn't anybody to worry about either of us. That's a consolation. By the way, do you know the Fletchers in New York?

"I don't believe I do."

"The William Fletchers, I mean."

"I don't know any Fletchers. Why do you ask?"

"Or the Carmichaels?" he pursued without explanation.

"No."

"Or the Forrests, or the Hardys, or the Williamsons, or the Gormley Browns?"

"I never heard of any of them."

"Good," he exclaimed. "You see, the reason I asked is this: Most people who meet in unexpected places begin to discover mutual acquaintances right away. So far, I think we are unique as castaways. I hope we shall be able to keep out of the castaway rut. It would be awfully monotonous if we discovered that we both knew the same people, for then we wouldn't talk about anything else."

"Let us make sure first," said Miss Haselton smiling, and she asked him if he knew the Towner Smiths, the Riggbys, or the Porterfields. He denied them severally with increasing enthusiasm.

"The only thing in which we have a mutual interest," he declared, "is the town we come from. By the way, you don't happen to be going anywhere on an important engagement, do you?"

"Just to visit my aunt in California, but I did not write when I was coming, and she is not expecting me at any particular time."

"That is also good," he said. "It's another unique point. Castaways are always bound somewhere on some important mission, and all they do is to worry about it. Now, it doesn't make much difference about when I get to Oregon, because I'm just out on a vacation and I might as well spend it right here as anywhere."

"I Remarked," he Repeated, "That it has Cleared Up Very Nicely"

"I see," said Miss Haselton. "But when we are saved we shall cease to be unique. They all get saved, don't they?"

"Not all," said Haddon. "But I am sure we shall," he added hastily. "That is the only prosaic thing we shall have to endure."

"What other horribly prosaic things can we avoid, I wonder?"

"Well," said Haddon slowly, "most castaways, if they're young, get married."

Miss Haselton shot a quick glance at him and smiled enigmatically.

"I didn't mean that," she said, "and—I guess we shall succeed in being unique."

"Another thing," said Haddon suddenly. "You haven't a fortune, have you?"

"Mercy, no!"

"That's another saving point. Neither have I. In fact, I don't mind telling you a secret. I work for a living."

"We have another point of similarity," said Miss Haselton. "So do I."

Haddon forbore to pursue the topic. If she was a school-teacher or a stenographer he did not want to know it, for that would be trenching upon the hackneyed again. So, unembarrassed by the blight of a common interest in persons, they talked until long after it had become quite dark. Then Haddon lighted another lamp and the car presented a cheerful aspect. Presently they went outside to see if the platform lantern was burning properly. Every trace of the afternoon's havoc in the heavens had vanished. There was a brilliance of stars that cast a faint light impartially upon hilltops and gullies. They stood for a long time marveling at the perfect stillness.

"All it lacks is wild animals," he said at length.

"Or Indians," she suggested. "I think I should prefer Indians."

"I think," said Haddon after a pause, "that you would prefer going to sleep. You have yawned three times since you have been out here."

"I was hoping you wouldn't notice it," she replied. "But I'll have to admit I'm sleepy. Is that prosaic, too?"

"We won't discuss it," he said, leading the way back to the car.

He lighted the lamp in her stateroom, and glanced around at the luxurious surroundings.

"This beats a desert island, doesn't it?" he remarked.

"Infinitely. But I am wondering how the mechanism of that bunk works."

Without reply he stepped out and went to the porter's closet, where she heard him rummaging for a moment. When he returned she burst into a laugh. A neat white jacket was closely buttoned to his chin. He touched his finger to his forehead, asking:

"Like to have your bunk made up, ma'am?"

"If you please," she said with sudden gravity, and she sat down and watched him.

Haddon found the task not so simple as he thought. He had a certain sense of respect for porters when he finished it. Once or twice he thought he detected an amused expression in her eyes, but he played the part very solemnly and she did not smile. As he started to go she opened a little silver bag that hung at her belt and handed him a very bright and new quarter. Their eyes met and now he was sure that she was laughing at him, but he took the coin with gravity and an obsequious bow, and dropped it into his pocket.

"My own bunk," he volunteered, "will be up at the other end of the car—and this time I'll get a lower one," he added almost savagely.

As he reached the corridor he turned, touched his finger to his forehead again and said:

"If you want your shoes polished, ma'am, just leave them outside the door. Is there anything else?"

"I think not," said Miss Haselton.

"Good-night, ma'am."

"Good-night, porter."

He thought he heard a soft laugh as the stateroom door closed.

It was six o'clock and broad daylight when he awoke, and he rose hastily and dressed. There was as yet no sound from the other end of the car and he moved about softly. As he stepped past the stateroom door his feet kicked something. Then he chuckled and picked up a pair of little shoes.

He devoted much pains to the polishing of the shoes and they were radiant and speckless when he tiptoed back to the door and deposited them in front of it.

He descended to the track and walked around the car. A glance up the track revealed no sign of a rescuing party.

"Too early, I suppose," he said. "We'll have time for breakfast, anyhow. I'll take a look around."

"It must be a mine," he remarked half an hour later, as he stumbled over the piles of broken rock. "Nobody would ever quarry this sort of stuff, just for the stone there was in it."

A few minutes later he discovered the shaft. To be accurate, it was hardly a shaft, but rather a tunnel, driven horizontally into the hill that towered on the eastern rim of the semi-circle. He stepped to the entrance and peered in. A little narrow-gauge track lost itself in the blackness fifty feet beyond.

As he turned toward the car Miss Haselton, dressed all in white, appeared on the platform. She lifted her skirts a little with both hands and looked down at her shoes.

"You are an excellent porter!" she called. "Good-morning, Mr. Haddon."

"Did you sleep well?" he inquired.

"Disgracefully well, I'm afraid. Where have you been?"

"Just exploring a little. I found the entrance to the mine up there. It's a tunnel."

"Really?" she said with childish enthusiasm. "Can we get into it? I never saw a mine."

"After breakfast," said Haddon. "By the way, have we anything left for breakfast?"

"Breakfast is ready, sir," said Miss Haselton with dignity. "Did you think I was altogether idle?"

He followed her into the car wonderingly. From somewhere she had extracted a buffet table and affixed it to the side of the car between two seats. But it was not the table that made Haddon stare in amazement. It was a little copper kettle that stood in the centre of it, boiling cheerfully over an alcohol lamp.

"Where in the world——" he began.

She laughed at his blank look.

"I hope you are accustomed to taking tea with breakfast," she said. "There is no coffee."

"But where did you get it?"

"I stole it," said Miss Haselton in a tragic whisper. "I fear you have taught me to be a thief. I rummaged in the old maid's grips—she had two of them—and I found a complete outfit, even to the tea. Wasn't it nice of her?"

"I always said women were extraordinary," observed Haddon.

"You have not seen it all," she remarked as she poured the water into a little Japanese teapot. "Look here."

She pointed to a basket nearly filled with fruit that reposed on the seat opposite.

"And we still have two boxes of crackers and some oranges."

He watched her pour the tea and discovered that the aroma was appetizing. When he had finished the breakfast he asked abruptly:

"Are you a good walker?"

"Why?"

"I've just been thinking about this rescue business, and the more I think about it the less I feel confident that they'll think of looking down here. I took such pains to cover up the trail that they may not find it. And I was thinking about our supply of food."

"And are you going to suggest that we walk home?"

"Not quite that. But I was going to suggest that we walk as far as the main line and wait there for a train."

"How far is that?"

"Somewhere close to ten miles, I'm afraid," said Haddon. "But we can take some lunch, in case we get hungry on the way. We might even take the teapot."

"We will take the teapot," she said, as if the matter were settled. "But how about our baggage?"

"We can't manage all that," he replied. "But I'll tell you what we can do. We can empty my suit-case and put in the fruit and the crackers and the tea outfit, and anything else that's absolutely needed, and leave the rest of our stuff in the car. It'll be safe there."

The sun had crept over the eastern rim of the hills when he assisted her to alight from the Natona, and the day was fairly under way.

"Mr. Haddon," she said, "I suppose you know women are curious. I'm not any different. I am just dying with curiosity to know what sort of a mine that is. Couldn't we just take a little peek at it before we start?"

"I guess so," he answered, "if we don't stay too long."

He boarded the Natona again and reappeared in a moment, bearing the porter's lantern and the red platform lantern.

"We'll need a light if we're going to explore," he explained.

He gave her one to carry, then picked up the grip and they made their way over the rubble of stone to the mouth of the shaft.

"We'll leave our baggage here," he said as he lighted the lanterns.

"I just love to explore," she remarked as they stepped to the mouth of the tunnel. "May I carry a lantern?"

"Take the red one," he said. "I shall go ahead, and the porter's lamp gives the most light. If you walk on the ties between the rails you'll find the best footing."

Half a minute later the down-grade of the little railroad had carried them beyond the reach of the sunlight. He swung his lantern up to her face and found her eyes bright with excitement and her lips parted in a smile.

The tunnel began to wind now, with frequent changes in grade, and they had walked perhaps half an hour when they came upon a second chamber, larger than the first. Here there was an obstruction on the track and they found a train of queer little cars, some of them partly filled with chunks of broken rock. Haddon rested his lantern and examined a bit of the stone.

"Do you know anything about ore?" he asked.

"Not a thing in the world," said Miss Haselton.

He started across the rocky flooring, swinging his lantern from side to side to illuminate it. The girl seated herself on a convenient block and watched his endeavors with interest.

"How far have we come?" she asked.

"Counting twists and turns, I should say a mile, although we may not be more than half a mile in a direct line from the entrance. Want to go on?"

"Um-m," said Miss Haselton. "Considering we've got a long walk ahead of us I guess this is far enough. My curiosity is almost satisfied, although it's tantalizing not to know what kind of a mine this is. I thought men knew all about mines."

"We might play it's a diamond mine."

"Good; we will call it a diamond mine," she answered. "Find me a solitaire, if you please."

"If I did," said Haddon, seating himself on a block of stone opposite to her, "would you wear it?"

She looked elfishly dainty as she sat with her skirts gathered about her ankles, the red lantern resting at her feet. He wondered if there was another woman anywhere who could have made the journey in a filmy white dress and still preserve it immaculately clean. Finally she remarked carelessly:

"This is only a make-believe diamond mine, you know."

They sat for a while in desultory conversation, Haddon marveling at her childish enthusiasm.

"Half-past nine," he said at last. "Hadn't we better start back?"

"I'm ready," she answered promptly, rising and picking up her lantern.

The return journey was mostly uphill and twice they paused for rest. As they reached the top of the last rise, suddenly Miss Haselton laid a hand on his arm.

"Listen!" she commanded.

"What is it?"

"It sounds like a locomotive," she said.

Haddon dashed toward the entrance. As she reached his side he extended an arm and pointed tragically up the track.

"They've gone!" he shouted, and then he raised his voice in a wild, despairing yell.

A quarter of a mile up the track the rear platform of the Natona, its brasswork glistening, was disappearing around the shoulder of a hill. The steady chugging of a locomotive reached their ears.

III

HADDON threw both arms in the air with a gesture of despair and cried:

"Idiots! Criminals!"

He made a step forward as if to pursue the vanished car and then stopped. Miss Haselton was looking at him quizzically. Then she burst into a laugh.

"Is it funny?" he demanded.

"It's the funniest thing I ever heard of," she gasped. "To think of a pair of castaways hiding while the rescuers come and steal their little desert island away!"

"I don't see anything funny," he said savagely. "Now we *are* in for it. It was foolish ever to have left the car."

"All my fault," she answered self-accusingly.

"It wasn't your fault; it was mine," he said hastily. "I never figured on the possibility of their coming here so soon. I thought I had covered the trail. But this——"

"Well, we've still got the teakettle," remarked Miss Haselton comfortably. "And enough for two meals."

Haddon gazed at her steadily for a moment, and then the corners of his eyes began to wrinkle and his mouth twitched.

"Jake," he said, "you are a crazy, blessed optimist."

"I'm afraid so, Sam," she sighed.

"And I suppose you're just dying for that nice long walk now."

"Positively."

"Come along, then, with your seven-league boots, and we'll see what you can do."

Fifteen minutes later he asked:

"Am I walking too fast, Jane?"

Miss Haselton stopped, set down her lantern and looked him in the eye.

"See here, Mr. Haddon," she said, "you are not permitted to call me Jane. We may as well have an understanding about that right now."

"But," he stammered, looking at her blankly, "only a little while back I called you Jake."

"Jake is different," she said smiling beautifully. "I don't mind Jake. But if you ever call me Jane again I shall call you Samuel, and I shall accent every syllable distinctly, thus: Sam-u-ell."

She drawled it out comically and he grinned.

"Have mercy," he said. "Your name is Jake!"

"In that case you are Sam," she returned.

They walked more slowly now, for he did not want to tire her, so that it was nearly noon when they emerged from a narrow, rocky cut and found the gorge and its slender spanning trestle at their feet. The abruptness with which they came upon the view caused Miss Haselton to drop her lantern.

"Did we come across that?" she exclaimed.

"You did—in your sleep."

"But I didn't know there were any bridges to cross."

"This is the only one."

"I'm sorry," she remarked, shaking her head slowly; "because I can't cross it."

"What?"

"I simply never can walk across that bridge."

"Nonsense, Jake!" he laughed. "It's easy! I crossed it without any trouble."

"But I can't," she said. "No, Sam, you mustn't argue about it. It's utterly impossible for me. I know it's silly, but I am one of those persons who have that jumping-off feeling and anything like this makes me dizzy. I think I could do anything except cross that bridge."

"But we must cross it! There isn't any other way."

"Then I'll have to stay unrescued, I'm afraid," said Miss Haselton.

Here was a new despair, for he knew she meant it.

"I'll carry you across," he said suddenly.

Jake shook her head. "That would be just as bad. I'd die of fright, right in the middle of it."

"But, Jake, don't you see we've got to get up to the main line?"

"You go and I'll wait here," she suggested.

"No, I can't leave you here alone," he said. "Can't you please make up your mind to cross it—on your hands and knees, even?"

Miss Haselton shook her head disconsolately.

"Well, we'll stick together, whatever happens," said Haddon. "You don't suppose you could climb down the side of this place and shin up on the other side, do you?"

She peeped over the edge and then drew back quickly, shaking her head. He did not attempt to argue.

"Do you mind walking back a little way?" she asked. "I don't like to be so near the edge."

Haddon picked up the grip and they retraced their steps along the track. For fifteen minutes they went along in silence. At last she asked:

"Are we going all the way back?"

"We may as well," said Haddon, without turning his head. "It's better than just hanging around here, and we can get some shelter there."

For another long space the silence remained unbroken. Then a small voice said:

"Sam."

"Well?"

"I think you're angry."

"No; I'm not angry."

"But I think you are—and—well, please don't be."

"I'm not a bit angry, Jake," he said hastily. "I was just disappointed at first—and a little annoyed, maybe. But it's all right. We'll find another way."

The downhill journey to the mine took less time than the outgoing trip, and it was but little after one o'clock when Haddon dropped his burden, seated himself on the bumper at the end of the rails and mopped his forehead.

"Well, here we are again, Jake. What next?"

"Lunch," she said promptly. "That's the very first thing. You just take a walk and ease your mind. I can see you're just dying to say things."

He wandered off, leaving her busy at the task of preparing tea, the grip tipped up on one end to shelter the alcohol lamp from the breeze. She was pouring the steaming water into the teapot when she heard him shouting and saw him coming toward her in a long, striding run.

"Now what is the discovery?" she asked, as he drew near.

"I'll tell you after lunch. I'm too hungry now."

Haddon bolted his lunch, because he was in a hurry, but Miss Haselton serenely refused to be hurried and ate as leisurely as if she were taking Sunday breakfast. Then she carefully put away the remainder of the fruit, cleaned the teapot, put the kettle and lamp away and brushed the cracker-crumbs from her skirt.

"Now for the discovery," she announced.

Haddon led the way to the last of the shanties, walked around to the rear of it and pointed to an object on the ground. It was a flat platform, mounted on wheels. From the centre rose a shaft, and projecting from this on either side a handle.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Our chariot."

"That thing?"

"Don't be contemptuous," he warned. "It means home. It's a hand-car."

"And what do we do with it?"

"Put it on the track and ride home in state," he answered. "But you'll have to help work your passage."

A piece of board, one end braced in the earth and wielded as a lever, brought forth a creaking noise from the car, and it advanced half a foot.

"Splendid!" she cried. "Let me help."

She found another piece of board and went to work enthusiastically. Together, a foot at a time, they slowly worked the car around the corner of the shanty and down to the track. Installing it on the rails was more difficult, but, by dint of a half-hour of labor, during which time he sent her scurrying about for stones and wedges, they experienced the elation of seeing it triumphantly mounted on the track. He leaped aboard and tugged at the lever. It yielded slowly and the car moved ahead with an ear-splitting noise.

"Lovely!" she cried, clapping her hands delightedly. "We will call it Natona, Junior."

Haddon proceeded to oil some of its rusty parts with the contents of one of the lanterns.

"Now," he said, "having once crossed that trestle in one railroad car, you cannot refuse to recross it in another."

"If I shut my eyes and hold on tight," she said, "I think I can manage it."

"All aboard, then," he said, swinging their sole piece of luggage up on the platform.

"We mustn't forget the lanterns," she said.

A moment later Natona, Junior, at slowly accelerating speed, was moving noisily up the track, a young man and woman pumping joyfully at the handles.

As they began to climb the winding path between the hills Natona, Junior, moved sluggishly and groaned dismally, but nevertheless it moved. Haddon threw more energy into his stroke. It was hard work, but it was a little faster than walking. The girl's face flushed from the exertion, but he did not dare bid her to rest now, for even her slight strength was helping.

"We're avoiding the prosaic, anyhow," he called encouragingly.

She nodded, but saved her breath for the work. Steadily Natona, Junior, climbed, twenty pumps to the minute, as regularly as clockwork. Haddon was keeping an eye out for the approach to the trestle, and presently the lessening of the grade warned him that they were nearing it. He stopped the car before they emerged from the cut and chocked a wheel with a piece of stone. Then he took a handkerchief from his pocket.

"You're going to be blindfolded now," he explained, "so you can't see the beautiful scenery that lies beyond."

Miss Haselton seated herself obediently on the floor of the car, letting her feet hang over the edge, and submitted without a murmur.

"Tell me after we get across," she said as he adjusted the knot at the back of her head.

"You're not to peek out from underneath," he admonished, jumping on the car again. "Now we're off. Hold fast!"

It was back-breaking work to start the car, but once under way it rolled more easily along the flattening grade. The trestle was quite level and, as they swung out upon it, Natona, Junior, was moving briskly. They were traveling at lively speed when the car reached the end of the trestle and shot in between the hills again, where the grade recommenced, but less steeply. Haddon worked silently and earnestly to make the best of the spurt. Presently, the girl called to him:

"Are we across yet, Sam?"

"Not yet," he said unblushingly. "Keep your eyes shut." She wasn't going to do any more work if he could help it. His back was aching now, but he gritted his teeth and urged Natona, Junior, on.

"Sam!" The voice was imperative.

"What now?"

"Aren't we most over?"

"Not yet. You sit still!" he commanded.

Five minutes later, as his head was bent low over his work, an indignant voice smote his ears:

"Sam!"

He glanced up and saw Miss Haselton's face turned toward him, the blindfold bandage in her hand.

"How long since we passed that trestle?" she demanded sternly, swinging her feet inboard and scrambling up.

"About fifteen minutes ago," he grinned, pumping valiantly.

"And here I've been sitting with my eyes tight shut and holding my breath for fear we were going to tip over into that horrible gorge! Why didn't you tell me at once?"

"I didn't see any use of your doing any more work."

"Oh, you didn't? Well, I'm not going to be cheated out of half the fun!" she cried, seizing the handle in front of her and plunging into the work energetically.

It was with a shout of triumph that they swung around the last curve and shot ahead swiftly on the level track. A moment later Natona, Junior, was standing calmly within a few feet of the switch that connected the main line. It was nearly six o'clock.

"We can risk eating the last of the grub, I guess," said Haddon, eying the grip hungrily. "It's a downhill run from here to the next station. Oh, for a good beefsteak!"

"Beefsteak, indeed!" sniffed Miss Haselton. "You will have tea and fruit and be properly thankful."

Throwing the switch and running Natona, Junior, out was the work of a moment. It was dark now and Haddon lighted the red lantern; the other had been emptied in the lubrication of the car.

"Good-by, Adventure!" said Miss Haselton, waving a hand toward the southward as the car shot quickly ahead on the grade of the main line.

Afterward Haddon stoutly insisted that that twenty-mile coast was a new record for hand-cars. The slope was gentle, even and continuous. On the straight stretches their speed was reckless; on the curves they clung to each other and the car. Not once did they lay a hand to the flying levers; nor for an instant did they consider the possibility of meeting a train.

IV

IT WAS not much of a station and very little more of a town, but it boasted of a siding, and as Natona, Junior, slowed down and came to a dead stop, they uttered simultaneous cries of astonishment. Natona, Senior, was reposing in dignity opposite the platform.

A second later they heard a footstep and a man stepped out of the little cabin that served as a station. He stared at them and then he remarked:

"What the blazes?"

"Are you the station-agent?" asked Haddon.

"Uh-huh."

"Well, where's that car going?" pointing at the Natona.

"Goin' to hitch on to the night train fer Denver," said the agent. "Where're you from?"

"We belong in her," said Haddon. "Somebody stole her while we weren't looking."

"Why, that there car," said the agent, "was picked up down to the Silver Sally. She got busted loose from a train and somebody run her off on a sidin'."

"I know all about that," answered Haddon. "I did it."

(Continued on Page 29)

THIS NAUGHTY WORLD

As Seen by Jimbill, the Martian Astronomer

By WALLACE IRWIN

SKEPTICUS, King of Mars, leaned close to the elbow of the Royal Astronomer, who crouched with his eye glued to the peep-hole of his subliminal telescope. Out in the night the Earth might be seen by naked eye, a saucy, twinkling planet which seemed, now and then, to burst into flame and emit showers of lurid sparks, quite alarmingly. Suddenly the Astronomer stood erect and brushed back his mop of pea-green hair.

"Holy smoke!" he murmured piously.

"Speak, Jimbill!" cried the nervous King. "What on Mars is the matter with you?"

"Little Father," answered the scientist as soon as he had quieted himself by passing a magnetic current across the soles of his feet, "I have been concealing something from you. About a year ago I stumbled upon a secret which enabled me so to perfect this wonderful instrument as to give me an intimate bird's-eye view of the Earth and its inhabitants. For an evening's entertainment I could peep alike into the stockyards of Chicago and the bull-pens of Wall Street, the treasury of Russia and the custom-house of Venezuela. I was about to report the miracle to your Majesty when, upon further investigation, I learned that the conditions upon Earth were such that no self-respecting King should be allowed to see them. Thus I have kept the secret locked away within the lenses of my telescope."

Skepticus the King leaned a moment upon his radium sceptre.

"Your action," he said finally, "does credit to your kindness rather than to your discretion. Investigation, my dear Jumbill, is the spirit of the age. Have I not justly been called the Theodore Roosevelt of Mars? How then can I declare armed intervention between the warring factions of yon naughty world without first studying the conditions that obtain thereon? To-morrow, Jimbill—to-morrow at the forty-eighth hour—bring into my cabinet a full report of the things upon Earth that have most surprised you during your year of observation."

So saying the King disappeared through a pneumatic tube and left the scientist to dictate the following Message, which was duly read before the astonished King Skepticus upon the ensuing day:

"Have I Not Justly Been Called the Theodore Roosevelt of Mars?"

First remember, O King, that, though what I am about to tell you of the world may point to its imminent dissolution into the out-winds of primeval star-dust, yet such is not necessarily the case.

The Earth, as I understand it, has been inhabited for some little time, its inhabitants being made up, largely, of mental mushrooms and intellectual explosives. This planet, though alternately subject to fevers of sin and spasms of virtue, is, after all, an elastic, compressible, self-adjustable, non-discourageable world. Doubtless, were it to stop suddenly, arrested in midair, it would get used to inaction within twenty-four hours. Should you start it to spinning in the wrong direction, it would cease to be seasick within a week and rather enjoy the sensation of rolling backward.

Supposing one of its great cities—Chicago, for instance—should be blown into space by a volcano every afternoon at four, would this throw a pall over the spirits of the inhabitants? Probably not. Doubtless the airy Chicagoans would arise from their comfortable cots in the morning, as usual, yawn, dress, look out of the window and remark:

"Hello! here we are in Boston Harbor. Good! We shall have codfish-cakes for breakfast!"

It is true that the world hasn't gotten used to Theodore Roosevelt; but this is due, I imagine, to the fact that his violence comes in the form of infinite variety. His earthquakes do not occur at any given hour in the afternoon, and half the time they aren't earthquakes at all, but waterspouts, hailstorms, heat-lightnings and political Judgment Days. To be a Cabinet Member under Mr. Roosevelt has the fascination of uncertainty. Whenever the President stops talking he begins thinking and some tired Secretary immediately prepares to go packing off to annex the Magnetic Pole, proclaim joint-statehood between Cuba and the Philippine Islands, or report on the growth of Socialism at Newport.

America has been shaken by a period of alarming tranquillity, due partly to the President's frenzied craving for Peace, partly to the sound business principles of the United States Senate. The business principles of this dignified body are its misfortune rather than its fault. A few socialistic malcontents have accused the members of the Senate of snobbish self-interest; but I, for my part, know that no citizen possessing over $500,000 need go away from the United States Senate without a hearing. Others accuse the Senate of being lazy and self-indulgent; but strenuously I maintain that no legislative body can kill a Philippine Tariff Bill, block a Joint-Statehood Bill, smother a Pure Food Bill and put a hangman's knot around Railroad Rate Legislation—no body of men, I repeat, can perform these feats successfully for twelve anxious months without wiping the dews (not dues) of honest thought from their multiple forehead.

According to Secretary Wilson's annual report, something like twelve months have passed between the present date and the same time last year. I learn by the same exciting document that the manufacture of hoes, pitch-forks, shovels and hatchets has greatly decreased, but the enormous growth in the production of muckrakes has caused the abandonment of thousands of erstwhile happy farms, the farmers having emigrated to the great cities, where they have gone into the magazine business.

Here entereth the Poet Laureate, who speaketh fair to the King: "Know, O Majesty, that I have here a Timely Poem."

"Say on!" saith the King, albeit peevishly. Whereat the Poet readeth:

Art Nouveau Riche

While Mrs. Wharton labors to unravel
The more exclusive problems of the Earth,
She makes it plain a maiden shouldn't travel
Unchaperoned around the House of Mirth.
Jack London thinks a man should be like Adam,
A cross between an Angel and a Bear,
Nor hesitate to discipline his madam
By means of primal finger-nails and hair.

Oh, the people of the world, of the round, round world,
Are a-traveling by autos and by trains,
A-smoking and a-nibbling,
While the Scribblers sit a-scribbling—
You can tell it by the clicking of their brains!

Herr Professor Brander Matthews has a mission
To muckrake superficial Q's and P's;
He says we ought to spell by intuition,
By pure imagination, "Az U Pleez."
And since the tainted dollar is a topic
That's driving Leading Citizens to jail,
Pray, what's the use of being philanthropic
When a Literary Feller's on your trail?

Oh, the people of the world, of the round, round world,
Are a-running willy-nilly here and there,
While the Scribes, in thought's dominions,
Are inventing new Opinions—
You can tell it by the creaking of their hair.

Theodore Roosevelt has already become an historical character [went on the Report], his biography having been translated into Art Nouveau spelling and distributed among the school-children of the Philippine Islands. In this work he is designated as Roosevelt the Restless, and the restlessness of their ruler has been imparted to the people of the United States, exciting them to many wantonly destructive deeds. During the past year they have been instrumental in the destruction of three noble Sanitariums or Insurance Hospitals. These institutions, I may explain, were noble public charities, Homes for Indigent and Helpless Millionaires. For a generation they have been maintained by the Common People of America at but slight expense per capita, and their existence has been of vast benefit to retired captains of industry who, without this bounty, might have been forced to beg or go into State politics.

It is Courtesy to Inquire "Bomb or Cigarette?"

However, due to the machinations of these same Common People, the inmates of the Insurance Home were marked for persecution. Chief Inquisitor Hughes, with no higher authority than his legal right, dragged the aged, suffering and mentally-unbalanced officers, directors and office-boys of these corporations before his harsh tribunal and plied them with questions too impertinent to repeat. James Hazen Hyde, a young man, but far from strong, was seized on Fifth Avenue, in the very act of gathering violets, and forced to talk on crude financial subjects with which he was obviously unfamiliar. Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, the Grandfather of the American Pun, was also hauled into court, where, suddenly overcome by modesty, he obliterated his distinguished past in a torrent of forgetfulness. E. H. Harriman, who was suffering from bronchitis, went like a bulldog, while H. H. Rogers, rearing proudly his fine, white head, raised the stirring slogan of modern finance: "I refuse to answer!"

Never has there been a greater clean-up of Philanthropists. Finally, the affairs of the Equitable were given into the hands of the co-reformers, the Honorable Paul Morton and the Honorable Thomas F. Ryan; Mr. Hughes closed the Inquisition and got himself elected for Governor of New York, and the Home for Indigent and Helpless Millionaires was moved, temporarily, to Paris.

While this act was being performed, a socialistic young person, named Sinclair, went to Chicago to write a pastoral poem to be called The Woodland. He chose a simple but across from the stockyards, and the noise of the ought-to-be-canned beef disturbed him so that he changed his pastoral into a muckrake novel and called it The Jungle. This novel nearly spoiled the restaurant business of the world, and materially increased the sale of vegetarian literature.

Mr. Roosevelt read The Jungle and asked Mr. Loeb to open a window.

"Something is rotten," he said, "in the State of Illinois."

And the saying was immediately added to the budget of Presidential Epigrams soon to appear in book-form.

In Chicago Mayor Dunne has been running the street railways, theoretically, and the street railways have been running Chicago, practically. This convenient state of affairs has won Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson and many of the other young capitalists over to the cause of Socialism.

Probably the most sensational recruit to the ranks of Plutocratic Socialism since the enlistment of Mr. Phelps-Stokes is Mr. Thomas Fortune Ryan, who has come out strong for Municipal Ownership. Few suspected Mr. Ryan's Socialistic leanings until, waking suddenly from sleep, New York discovered that Comrade Ryan had been busy forming a merger of all the subway, elevated and surface traffic of Manhattan. In a week he had hung from his office the following sign:

NEW YORK CITY
THOS. F. RYAN, PROP'R
American and European Plan
Special Rates for Tourists

Municipal Ownership, in Mr. Ryan's eyes, depends largely on who owns it. Every man to his lights.

I Suspect it of Being Mr. Lawson

Here entereth the Poet Laureate, who speaketh roundly to the King:

"Indulgence, Sire! My typist hath delivered me a Random Rhyme on Timely Topics."

"Be brief!" growleth the King, sore put.

Wherefore the Laureate declaimeth:

A Slump in Statesmen

We used to think Our Senator a monument of Reason;
We never thought of charging him with subsidy or Treason;
He had a brow like Henry Clay, a mind like Mr. Solon,
He summoned smiles and tears between a comma and a colon
In brief, he was a credit to an uncorrupted nation,
And, being great, he had a band to meet him at the station.

"Ain't—he—grand!" cried the town with gestures frantical;
"Zah, zah, zah!" cried the mob around the train;
"Oh—ah—oh!" cried the pretty girls romantical,
When fine old Senator Kerosene came strutting home again.

But now, alas! we think of him with sentiments unpleasant,
Since David Graham Phillips has revealed his past—and present.
No more he seems like Henry Clay, deep-browed and broadly vested—
He has a rather hang-dog look—by George, he's narrow-chested!
A guardian of the Money Power, the menace of the Nation—
D'ye think *he'll* get our local band to meet him at the station?

"Bow-wow-wow!" says the yellow dog that growls at him;
"Yah, yah, yah!" yells the crowd around the train;
"Fetch a rope!" shrieks the seething mob that howls at him,
When poor old Senator Kerosene comes sneaking home again.

And so it is in Heathendom when gods begin to tumble,
Their heads lie lower than the weeds—and just a bit more humble.
Our statesman hasn't changed so much through treason and exposure;
He's still a rogue (just as he was before the Great Disclosure).
My friends, I think he's rather glad to miss his home-ovation,
And call a quiet hansom-cab to take him from the station.

"Boo, boo, boo!" cry the children of obscurity;
"Fraud, fraud, fraud!" as they hiss him from the train.
"Fudge, fudge, fudge!" smiles the statesman in security,
As sleek old Senator Kerosene goes rolling home again.

But what was William Jennings Bryan doing all this time? [resumed the Astronomer]. He was off getting an education. Did he get it? Let us see.

During his travels Mr. Bryan talked a ring around the globe 365 times. He visited six Kings, twenty-eight Dukes and three Presidents. He shook hands with the entire male population of India, China and Arabia, and was entertained by the following potentates:

1. KING EDWARD: Who invited the Peerless Orator to "say that jolly piece, you know, about the cross of gold." His Majesty stayed awake quite a while and said: "Quite ripping!"—thereby showing himself to be a statesman as well as a good sport.

2. SULTAN OF SULU: Who received the Great Commoner in his harem and enthusiastically expressed his approval of matrimony on a basis of 16 to 1.

3. EMPEROR WILLIAM: Who appeared so often in public with Mr. Bryan during the Commoner's visit to Berlin that the German newspapers referred to the pair affectionately as "The Two Gas Bills."

4. THE AKUND OF SWAT: Who sent to the President, through Mr. Bryan, a big stick engraved in golden letters, "From Swat to a Swatter."

5. THE MIKADO: Who listened with delight to Mr. Bryan's address entitled, The Government Ownership of Dynamite.

6. And next to the Bey of Algiers
He remarked, on the verge of glad tears:
"I agree with the Turk—
To abolish all work
Would satisfy Labor." (*Loud Cheers!*)

In his junketing around the world Mr. Bryan became, as it were, a Continual Ovation. He shared his plug-tobacco with the brains and culture of Europe, and slept in his dress-suit, in order to be prepared for emergency calls from Kings. Undoubtedly, had his nomination to the Presidency of the United States depended upon the people of South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia and the Oceanic Islands, he would have been elected by acclamation. But he reckoned without his votes. No sooner had his foot touched American soil than he made a speech on Government Railways that scared the party out of ten years' growth and palsied such simple, old-fashioned Democrats as Perry Belmont and Charles F. Murphy.

Mr. Bryan is now in Nebraska, engaged in the invention of a Socialistic platform that will be acceptable to the Solid Interests. And Nebraska, my astronomical observation tells me, is many weary furlongs from the National Capital.

Were your Majesty not cast in so magnanimous a mould, you would doubtless feel some pique at my continual reference to your rival monarch, Theodore Roosevelt. But scientific candor compels me to return to that almost hackneyed subject. Most Kings, even upon the turbulent Earth, are satisfied with from one to four wars. But Theodore is not only the most belligerent of monarchs, but the most peacethirsty of tyrants. With a rate-war, a Philippine insurrection, a Senatorial conspiracy and a Congressional rebellion on his hands, with Poultney Bigelow trying to dig the Panama Canal with a muckrake, and a reformed spelling bee buzzing angrily in his bonnet, with disbanded negro troopers looking for justice, Roosevelt the Rash sits in the White House, whittling the Big Stick with the bowie-knife presented him by the wildcat-hunters of Colorado.

"Mr. Root," he said, not long ago, "put on your hat and run down to South America. The South Americans, I find, are entirely too quarrelsome and turbulent a people. Go down there and point out to them the great calm that has settled over North America, and tell them how much we owe to our views on Peace. Take half a dozen battleships and half a dozen admirals with you, and shoot off a broadside before and after speeches. Peace be with you! Twenty-three!"

In compliance with orders, Elihu Root, the man of peace, got him aboard a man-o'-war, and delivered his message to the poor, benighted Christians to the south of the Equator. Brazil greeted him as a second Bryan, Paraguay and Uruguay met him with fireworks, and Chile with an earthquake. In Venezuela and Santo Domingo the insurgents suspended hostilities long enough to send congratulations to The Hague—then resumed skirmishing.

Slept in His Dress Suit, in Order to be Prepared for Emergency Calls

The world has never seen a finer demonstration for Universal Peace since Caesar's triumphal march through Gaul. Garlanded with lilies and forget-me-nots Mr Root finally returned to Washington and reported to Mr. Roosevelt at the Sign of the Dove and Stork.

Meanwhile, the President had decorated William H. Taft and changed his title from Secretary of War to

that of Secretary of Peace. Insurrection obligingly broke out in Cuba, and Mr. Roosevelt dispatched the balance of the navy, not already engaged in poking peace at South America, to Havana, bearing Mr. Taft, who had instructions to lay an ice-bag on the hotbed of rebellion. In a few weeks, Mr. Taft's magnificent proportions had occupied the seat of war, Señor Palma had resigned from office, and Havana went back to its ancient and honorable occupation of rolling high-tariff perfectos for the benefit of the Tobacco Trust.

Soon afterward the President, inflamed by a lust for travel, hired a battleship and a brass band, and himself went a-tripping to the tropics to see how his canal was getting on. His trip, they say, was a great success, and he was able to bring back the report: "A canal is an imaginary line drawn between two continents."

And, while we are dwelling on the subject of Peace, we should not neglect the expedition of General Leonard Wood, M. D., against six hundred bellicose Moros. Flowers and speechmaking were not understood by these savages, so their complaints were attended to promptly—with mountain artillery.

Thereat the Poet Laureate showeth signs of nervous agitation.

"Have mercy, your Majesty!" he saith. "I have here ——"

"Subside!" snappeth the King, turning again to the report of the Astronomer.

As I understand it, too, there has been some trouble in Russia [the report continued]. Utterly unaided by Mr. Hearst, the Common People have begun to realize that something is wrong with the Government—though, doubtless due to the lack of Brisbane editorials, they have not been able to say just what. Nicholas (please don't understand me as referring to Mr. Longworth) has ceased trembling on his throne for fear of shaking up quantities of high explosives, which lie littered about his palace. When he positively can't help trembling, he gets aboard his yacht and abdicates for a few days. Mr. Romanoff is a very busy man, because he has to issue a great many manifestos, all of which must be retracted within twenty-four hours. This requires an increased office-force in the Winter Palace.

The revolutionary condition of St. Petersburg has somewhat altered the customs of the people. When a stranger approaches you and says, in purest Muscovite: "Pardon me, but will you oblige me with a light?" it is courtesy to inquire: "Bomb or cigarette?"

When the police arrest a labor-agitator, they no longer handle him roughly—they are afraid he will blow up.

Meanwhile, the Government agents are doing their best to reconcile the peasantry. In pleasant weather, free Sunday excursions have been running to Siberia with extra-liberal rates for members of the Douma.

During this interesting period, Emperor William has almost completely crawled behind his armorial pretzel. He complains to his intimate admirers that he cannot find anything original to do. When he poses as an International Butt-In, he is accused of imitating Theodore Roosevelt. When he preaches the Right Divine he is charged with aping Uncle John Rockefeller. So he is obliged to content himself with kissing kings and marrying off the little Hohenzollerns.

The remainder of my observations, your Majesty, are of a more or less fragmentary nature. This has been a great year on Earth for Autocrats, Anarchists, Advertisements, Automobiles, Assassinations, Airships, Art, Accidents, Astronomy, Ambulances, Ambition and Asininity. Whenever I see a Bostonian boosting the stock-market with a muckrake, I suspect it of being Mr. Lawson. Whenever I behold a scientific kite-frame start for Mars and land in the Delaware River, I suspect that Professor Langley has solved the problem of aërial navigation again.

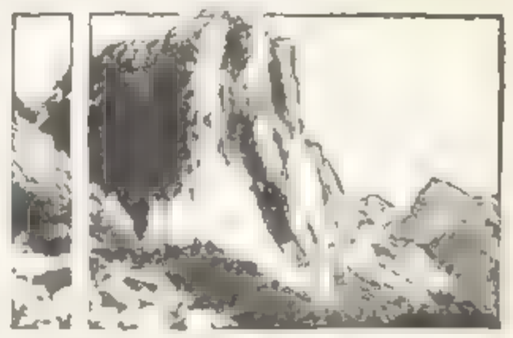
The trouble with the Earth is that the people who would be of use at home go off to discover the North Pole; and those who ought to be at the North Pole stick loyally to home.

. . . . . .

So ended the report of Professor Jimbill, of the Royal Astronomical Observatory of Mars.

"The world," said King Skepticus, "is apparently a very crude and foolish planet. I should not care to be the Emperor of America and bear the weight of a hundred Trusts upon my shoulders. Neither should I like to be the Czar with his public troubles, or the Sultan of Sulu with his domestic woes. Upon consideration, I think that we had better send a Peace Commission to Washington ——"

"Too late!" murmured the weary Astronomer. "Even yesterday I observed President Roosevelt ordering Senator Tillman on a Peace Commission to Mars!"



Going to California?

How about the question of train and route? If your only object is to get there somehow it matters little which line you select.

If you want the highest degree of luxury, the climatic advantages of the most southerly route and the lowest altitudes, you will choose the

Golden State Limited ooo

Daily from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco.

Entirely new throughout, this season. Drawing-room and Compartment Pullmans, Mission-style Diner and unique Mission-style Buffet-Library-Observation Car.

All the comforts of a club. Welfare of ladies and children carefully provided for.

Send for beautifully illustrated descriptive booklet.

JOHN SEBASTIAN
Passenger Traffic Manager
CHICAGO

Rock Island

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

STEPS AND MISSTEPS ON THE ROAD TO FORTUNE

The Pull and the Job

A PULL may put you in the way of getting a job, but after that results count. Many business men are pestered by those who are seeking to get something by favoritism ——

But does it pay?

Not long since a young man in the Middle West needed work and needed it bad. He bethought himself of a rich and influential friend and he lost no time in applying for something to do. As it happened, the rich friend had no vacancy at that moment, so he gave the young man several letters of recommendation, in the form of a personal request, to business men of his acquaintance.

The seeker after work took the letters with a glad heart and went away. The manager at the first place visited read the letter carefully and handed it back, politely sorry that he had nothing to offer at present. This was a shock to the young fellow, but he swallowed his disappointment and trudged on to the next place. Luck was no better here, and it did not seem likely to improve further on.

The young man did not get far from the second office when he pulled his four letters of recommendation from his pocket and looked them over. After a moment's hesitation he tore them into pieces and flung these into the gutter. Turning sharply, he reëntered the office he had just quitted, and the manager, noting him, frowned.

"What do you want now?" the manager asked in an annoyed tone.

"Pardon me," said the young man; "but I've just torn up those letters from Mr. S——. Could you give me a job on my own hook?"

The manager looked amused and said: "We need a young fellow to chip castings in the machine shop at six dollars a week; if you like, you can have that until something better turns up."

"Yes, sir," replied the job hunter. "I'm ready now." —*H. J. K.*

A Sentiment in Common

IN ONE of the largest wholesale houses in Chicago, where I was employed for a time after leaving school, it had long been the custom of the firm to start their younger employees at a salary of five dollars per week and raise their pay a small amount each year, until their services became more valuable. At the time the advance was made, the employee was requested not to mention the matter to anybody in the house, partly to convey the idea that it was a special favor and partly to keep all his associates from making similar demands.

There was a young man working at the desk with me who had not been with the firm a great length of time and was not familiar with its method of advancing salaries. Thinking that it was about time he received an increase in his pay, he presented himself at the manager's desk and stated the case from his point of view. After hearing him out, the manager said:

"Well, your work has been very satisfactory and you may consider your salary raised one dollar per week, from to-day. I must ask you, however, not to say anything about this to any of the boys."

Surprised and disappointed at the small amount of his "raise," the young man replied:

"No, sir, I won't say a word about it. I'm just as much ashamed of it as you are." —*E. H. P.*

The Money in the Fad

SAM keeps a grocery store in St. Louis, and is a graduate of one of those old-time stores we see caricatured so often in the comic papers. We old fellows all knew the kind: doors and windows screenless in fly-time; sticky dirt an inch thick around the molasses and sugar barrels; flies in the butter, accepted as a matter of course; the cat making a nursery of the chest of tea.

But Sam must have had lots of adaptability in his make-up, for he has gone to the other extreme now, and is pushing the pure food and anti-germ fad to the limit. "Pure Food Emporium" and "The Store of Purity and Cleanliness," he calls it in his advertising—and he does lots of advertising. No food at all is exposed in his place—everywhere are glass display cases with polished oak frames. Even his breakfast-foods are under glass with the label pasted on the outside: "This case is absolutely moth-proof." His vegetable display, in the window, is completely inclosed in glass and a spray is kept going all the time. There is a label here too, saying: "The water used here has been thoroughly sterilized."

I asked Sam how he managed it—that he must have lots of sterilized water on hand. He said the same water was used again, filtered back some way through a coil packed in ice. I did not quite understand it.

Sam handles fresh meat, which, a sign says, "has been subjected to four Government inspections," and is shown in a glass-fronted refrigerator built into the wall. Two experienced men do the cutting, and they have to wear rubber gloves, and change them often during the day. A row of these gloves hangs near the meat-counter with the ubiquitous label: "These gloves are treated to an antiseptic bath every night."

One of the greatest "grand-stand" plays of all in the place is the white-aproned, white-capped negro who is about the store all day with a cloth, sponge or duster constantly in hand doing nothing but scrub, polish and dust. Of course, this could be done just as well, or better, after business hours, but Sam tells me that to have the darky do his cleaning in plain sight of the public is effective advertising. The plate-glass mirrors, fancy display-cases, up-to-date scales and cash-registers must have cost some money, and to me, who thought I knew Sam's finances almost as well as he did himself, there was a suspicious smell of borrowed capital and mortages about, and I put him down as somewhat of a plunger; but he assured me he was making good, was easily getting a much larger profit on his goods, and that his trade was increasing in leaps and bounds. —*H. H.*

How Two Thousand Dollars Grew

I STARTED in 1900 with two thousand dollars in cash savings.

I bought low for cash, small tracts of unimproved and near the business centres.

I laid out streets, divided the land into house-lots, planted trees and shrubbery.

Then I built three cottages, each to sell for fifteen hundred dollars, including lot, securing bank loans (at five per cent.) and mortgaging each cottage for sixty per cent. of its value.

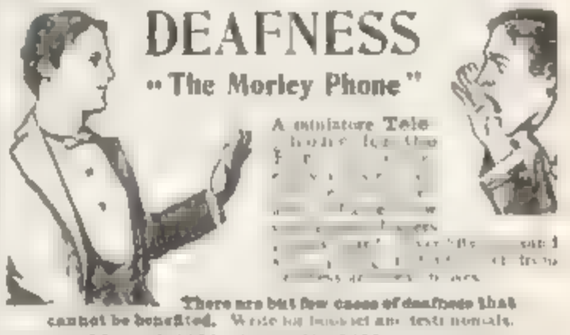
I sold these to thrifty young couples who made cash payments of one hundred dollars or less, and contracted to pay balance in monthly installments (amounting to a little more than rent), so that in a few years they could get a deed subject to a mortgage.

Money came back fast and was reinvested in more houses and land. In five years I have built twenty-one houses, deeded nine of them; six are being paid for by the above plan, and six are rented. My two thousand dollars has increased to twelve thousand dollars. —*F. H. S.*

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds [illegible] yet all are offered at a great discount. These range from new Upright FROM $125 upward. Also rights at $125 [illegible] and highly Bargain List [illegible] Piano Book Catalogs.

LYON & HEALY
World's Largest Music House
40 Adams Street Chicago



DEAFNESS
"The Morley Phone"

A miniature Tele[illegible]

There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Department T
31 South 10th Street, Philadelphia

BLEES MILITARY ACADEMY

College, scientific and business preparatory. *Absolutely fire-proof buildings.* Grounds cover 1000 acres. $600,000 plant.

Tuition $600 per year

Col. George R. Burnett, L. L. B., M. A., (West Point '80) Supt.
Box 114, Macon, Mo.

$12.75 Freight Paid East of Rockies
This 230 Egg Incubator

The Royal The world's simplest, cheapest hot water

Automatic in action, perfect results. Incubator and supply catalog free. Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10c. 50-cent poultry paper 1 year 10c.

FREE TRIAL

ROYAL INCUBATOR CO., Drawer 28, Des Moines, Iowa

The Long Arm of Business

An Attorney for the Man with Anything to Sell

BY JAS. H. COLLINS

ADVERTISING space is the raw material of advertising. It may be space in a newspaper or magazine, on a billboard or dead wall, in a street car or theatre program. Compared with other raw materials, advertising space is altogether curious, and not a little wonderful, considering what has been done with it as a commercial staple. For a staple it is, ranking among the prime necessities of business nowadays. Millions of dollars are spent for it every year. Yet it is also a most elusive abstraction.

No raw material is more intangible. Pig-iron and No. 2 hard winter wheat have mass and weight. Prussian blue and yellow ochre have color. The fragrance of French roses is a solid enough article in commerce, sold by the pound. A stock of anthracite coal constitutes an asset that can be appraised and made security for a loan. But advertising space is a raw material that has no mass or form, no specific gravity, no color, no odor.

After this raw material is sold, and filled with what the purchaser wishes to say to the public, it is almost as intangible. Bring the printed paper of a $100,000 advertising campaign together in a pile, and it has only the value of wood-pulp. The business house that invests $100,000 in advertising space has bought only the privilege of talking. It has paid as high as fifty dollars a square inch for a psychological impulse. The sole tangible value lies in the effect that what it says produces upon the reading public.

For Sale: A Chance to Talk

Now here, certainly, is a choice commodity with which to approach men who manufacture and deal in things that may be seen, felt, weighed, smelled, tasted and appraised! Yet, though even at this late day not everybody believes in banks, and though a good many sensible persons disbelieve in beef, coffee, pickles or complexion powder, everybody, nevertheless, believes in advertising—even those who do not advertise. The axiom that "advertising pays" has become a commonplace. Only occasionally a business man here and there is skeptical.

Publishers of newspapers sold you advertising space if you wanted it forty years ago. But it remained for the advertising agent to preach it as a gospel. Early advertising agents in this country established the practice of contracting for a column or more in a large number of newspapers by the year, paying the nominal price which the publishers set upon it, and then retailing this space at the much higher prices they believed it was worth, selling by the inch to business men whom they showed that advertising was something not to be got along without. In recent years, publishers who own the advertising space have set up separate propagandas of their own. Their solicitors are active in seeking to convince advertisers that this magazine, and that newspaper, furnish publicity at its highest efficiency. But they never infringe on the main propaganda of the advertising agent. When he specifies certain publications for his client publishers abide by his decision. He is the final authority, and they carry out his advertising plans as impartially as a druggist compounding a physician's prescription.

The advertising agent is an odd sort of middleman. He owns no advertising space of his own, for the practice of taking a column by the year has been superseded. So he is not a wholesaler or a jobber. His profit is a commission paid by publishers on the space he orders for clients. Yet he is not an agent of the publisher nor a broker.

The advertising agent's chief function is to accept orders for advertising space from the advertiser, and forward them to the publications the advertiser wishes to use. He is the agent of neither publisher nor advertiser. But upon this function the modern agent has built a superstructure of service. He gives his skill in preparing advertising copy, his knowledge of the character of publications and rates, his ability to supplement advertising by devices for distributing goods to retail stores, or following up inquiries from readers so that orders shall result by mail. He advises against unprofitable advertising campaigns when he is an honest agent, and often saves his client from a peril even worse—that desire immediately to spend a very large amount of money in advertising that usually comes to the man who has experimented with a small amount and suddenly learned that advertising actually pays.

In the best sense, perhaps, the advertising agent is an attorney for the advertiser. Many of the best agents to-day insist on this professional attitude, and preserve impartiality in placing advertising, selecting publications that they think will be most productive for a given purpose. This is not easy, for sometimes the least productive publication would pay the agent the largest commission, and some desirable forms of advertising media pay him no commission at all; so when he recommends them he receives nothing for his work.

Mapping Out a Campaign

The advertising agent works close to our modern manufacturing and distributing machinery. He is not a parasite, but genuinely useful. The location of the main advertising centres shows this. There are four of these—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia and Boston, in order of importance. The four States of which these cities are centres produce nearly one-half our manufactured goods—over $7,000,000,000 worth in 1905, or as much wealth as all our farms produced in 1906. These cities are also the centres of publishing. There are secondary advertising centres in St. Louis, Buffalo, Cleveland, Rochester, Pittsburg, San Francisco, Cincinnati. The South's new era has developed advertising energy, and Atlanta is becoming an important secondary centre.

From these convenient vantage-points the modern advertising agent works. He has solicitors, copy writers, illustrating artists, assistants who are skilled in details like rates, typography and merchandising. From his office in Chicago he may serve a dozen clients in the smaller manufacturing cities of Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Ohio.

A stove manufacturer in Michigan, selling direct to the public by mail, runs his plant day and night through the spring and summer, piling up ranges and base-burners like cordwood—crated ready for the fall demand. In July his advertising agent runs out and spends a day and they discuss publicity. Writers and artists follow. Stoves are taken down, photographed, described. The catalogue is prepared. Soldest reasons why people should buy this manufacturer's stoves are reduced to bare selling principles, stripped of all fanciful or academic considerations, and then brought out in high lights by descriptive and pictorial skill. Page and half-page advertisements are prepared for the magazines, with form-letters for following up inquiries. A list of publications is selected according to cost per sale in last year's advertising, or based on results secured by the agent's other clients if this is the stove manufacturer's first campaign. Then, when the frost is on the pumpkin, and local hardware dealers everywhere hang out the sign "Stoves set up and repaired," this manufacturer's advertising is read by thousands who need a stove, and his cords of stock begin to melt away.

His very plan of selling is based on advertising. Perhaps he devised it himself, seeing the new trend of distribution. Or he may have been led into the new plan by the advertising agent, who devised methods for him as the business was shifted from the older way of selling through retailers. In this the advertising agent is seen at his best, as a creative force operating on distribution. His work necessarily means a shorter route between maker and consumer where staple goods are concerned. If there were no opportunity to lop off a profit somewhere, or to translate a needless expense into better quality for the purchaser, there would clearly be no margin for advertising.

Advertising has grown to its present remarkable volume through this creative effort. It is good for every business, the agent believes. Advertising is his remedy for the business that is sick, and the food for the business in ruddy health, and the way of rehabilitating the business that has been attacked and exposed. He has carried advertising into politics, into religion, into immigration. He has proposed it as a preventive of war. It is good for capital, and has also been prescribed for labor—during a year when the United Garment Workers' Union advertised its label generally throughout the country the number of labels put into garments by its members ran up to 35,000,000, an increase of 11,000,000 in the twelvemonth. Paid publicity is good for everything, the agent believes, because, at its best, it appeals to the best in the public.

Business is conservative. It gets into the habit of secrecy, and competes on price, and shaves its own profit down to nothing, and then begins to manœuvre for a rebate or a monopoly. The advertising agent suggests a competition in quality of goods and the use of advertising to tell the public where the quality lies, and immediately the most appreciative portion of the public begins to buy according to quality instead of price. The wooden nutmeg is replaced with a guaranteed unlimed article from Araby the Blest.

The Evolution of the Business

Growth of advertising has led to specialization among agents. There is the agent who makes a business of transportation publicity for railroad and steamship lines. His work is a big factor in that immense sum carried abroad every summer by the American tourist. There are agents who specialize in advertising that appeals to the farmer, and others with technical knowledge of dress essentials, textiles, department-store trade, foods, retail publicity and advertising of hotels and resorts.

Interesting "issues" appear in the industry from time to time. Advertising is no more an exact science than medicine. All that is known about it is based on a record of cases, and the most successful practitioner is usually one who has a large practice and watches the outcome of hundreds of campaigns for different commodities. After long study of many operations, successful and otherwise, an agent may come out with a new theory or method.

Some years ago a good deal of attention was given to advertising psychology. A college professor undertook exhaustive experiments to determine just how readers were affected by it in their likes and dislikes, memories, perceptions, senses and judgment. Then the "direct command" became an issue. Instead of passively maintaining that "Blank's is best," it was held that readers would be likely to do what you told them to do. Presently magazines were filled with direct command to buy this, and try that to-day, and do not lose any time investigating the other thing, and be sure not to go home until you have it.

Every year, paid publicity becomes a more and more definite force. The man who buys advertising space, as has been said, purchases nothing more tangible than a psychological impulse. A psychological impulse cannot be weighed or measured. But is anything created by human minds more certain or enduring in its effect? As long as men and women have heart-strings, desires, ambitions; as long as each is confronted with that absorbing little individual problem of getting the most out of the world, and making the most of what one gets; as long as Shakespeare has power to elevate, and Laura Jean Libby to thrill, so long will it be possible for the advertiser to interest people in commodities through the printed word.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of practical papers on the advertising man and his business.

Invest in 6% Bonds

Based on the Ownership of New York Real Estate

THE ideal investment combines security, stability, certain earning power and cash availability. ARTSIX'S offer you these essentials of the ideal investment. They *can* pay, *have* paid and *do* pay 6% while providing every desired element of safety, together with cash availability. The money received from their sale is invested in the actual ownership of such property as in itself is recognized as affording the best security, and assures ample and certain profit from which to pay the 6% guaranteed—selected New York real estate. These bonds are offered in two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds for income investment

pay and semi- turing in to drawal on interest payment dates after two years at the option of the owner

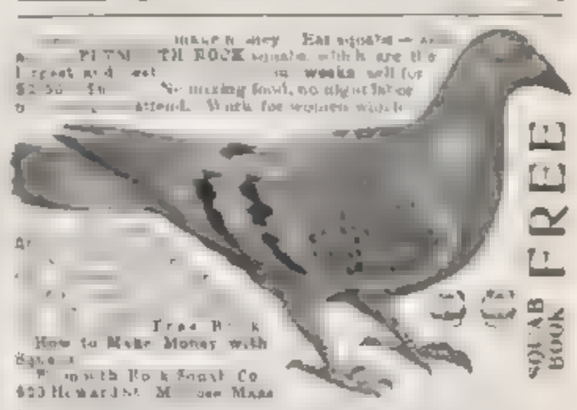
6% Accumulative Bonds for income funding purchase come investment to accumulate a in a given time by simply investing equivalent of an ordinary investment. This form also The yearly

IF YOU are not satisfied with 3% or 4% we want to send you full information concerning our proposition. There is nothing new or experimental in this offer. We have been paying 6% to thousands of investors the country over for nineteen years. There is nothing sensational in this proposition. It is merely a matter of safely *investing* your money instead of safely *loaning* it. Other institutions loan your money and share the interest with you, the American Real Estate Company does not loan your money but invests it directly in business to gain business profits and shares these profits with you to the extent of 6%. These Bonds are secured by Assets of $8,364,900.97, including a Capital and Surplus of $1,282,047.03.

If you are interested in saving money or in investing money already saved, you owe it to yourself to thoroughly investigate these Bonds and the business upon which they are based. Write for our literature giving full information regarding ARTSIX'S including map of New York City.

American Real Estate Company

721 Dun Building, 290 Broadway, New York



CASH REGISTERS FROM $60 UP

Accurate. Reliable. High in quality. Hallwood cash Registers are sold through your jobber or direct from the factory. No fancy commission charges or expenses to pay. The Hallwood LEADER at $125.00 does the same work others costing twice as much. We trust us.

The Hallwood Register, 132 Vale St., Columbus, Ohio

Money From Poultry is made by those who read POULTRY, The NATIONAL Poultry Magazine

Poultry Publishing Co., Box 2[illegible] Peoria, Ill.

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

FREE FREE FREE

SAMUEL FRENCH 28 West 22d Street NEW YORK

HOW I LOST MY SAVINGS

The Way to Safety

A PORTION of my savings were given to a new-fangled bond company which looked good, promised better, and went into the hands of a receiver. Another portion went to a coffee company which paid large dividends (out of money received from sales of stock)—results, receiver.

In ten years of active and diversified investment covering mines, oil wells, mortgages, stocks and real estate and personal loans to friends, I have never lost a dollar in real estate and mortgages. Instead, these last show a return better than ten per cent. per annum, and paid, besides, all losses on stocks and personal loans. Money that will not earn more than four per cent. is lazy money. The Middle West (Iowa and South Dakota) is full of investments, safe and secure, that will net from six to eight per cent. and more.

Mortgages on farms earn five and six per cent.; mortgages on property located in thriving towns, six to eight per cent., the mortgage being for forty per cent. of the value of the property, also secured by ample insurance on buildings. Notes of farmers worth from eight thousand upward are procurable at certain seasons of the year bearing seven and eight per cent. and secured by first mortgages on cattle. Cattle increase in value every day they are fed. Western Iowa and South Dakota farm-lands will show an increase in value during ten years of ten per cent. per annum; the rents alone pay from four to ten per cent. of the cost of land, making an investment of from fourteen to thirty per cent. every year for ten years.

Land can be bought for twenty-five dollars an acre. It can be broken, dragged and planted by a large traction engine all in one operation at a cost of three dollars an acre. The crops on this character of land for nearly ten years have averaged better than thirty-five bushels of oats and fifteen of wheat. On a basis of twelve bushels of wheat at sixty cents we get the gross income of $1152. Breaking, planting and other expense comes to $630. This leaves $522 as a return on a $4000 investment. There is also the increase in the value of land, which is a certainty, so long as the output of gold continues as it is.

The above figures are not visionary or "paper profits." Many men right in my town are receiving better profits on such land than are figured above.

We of the West read of four per cent. money: we never saw any. The West offers thousands of opportunities where money can be safely invested at from six per cent. upward. —*C. A. P.*

Experience His Profits

BY DINT of hard work, night and day, for three years, I had established a fairly prosperous business; but overwork, worry and bad air to work in had impaired my health to an extent which made it necessary to abandon the business and find outdoor work.

Unexpectedly at this time I was offered twenty thousand dollars for the plant and business, which had not cost me in money one-fourth of that sum. So I sold out.

After looking around for several months, a man whom I had known socially for several years, and in whose integrity I had implicit faith, proposed that I should go into partnership with him in a manufacturing business; he to put in the plant and stock on hand, I to contribute ten thousand dollars in cash; a corporation then to be organized, my friend Mr. B. to be president and I to be secretary-treasurer, which, he said, would give me full control of the funds.

As only three directors were required under the law of the State, Mr. B., myself and the bookkeeper, a tried and true man, Mr. B. assured me, could be the board of directors, Mr. B. to own one-half of the stock, the bookkeeper, Mr. X., to own one share and I the remainder.

I examined the plant, saw it in operation, inspected the books, and, as the work that would fall to my share would be nearly all outdoors and in the purest of air, I felt I had found just what I wanted. The only objection was that the plant was located a hundred miles from my home.

The deal was made, the corporation organized, and I was at work at last. After the first six months we had agreed that the president and I should manage the business alternately, one month at a time, devoting the other months to private affairs or other business.

Many things, however, went against us. We did what appeared to be a fair business, but profits were almost nothing; the expense account was alarming, and debts accumulated.

About two years after we had begun operations, toward the end of one of my months at home, Mr. X. came to see me. He said that he had had a row with Mr. B. and had come to tell me that the whole scheme had been carefully laid out to swindle me. He himself had fixed the books to deceive me.

To make what amends he could he proposed to expose the plan, and he hoped it was not yet too late to save something.

His story was that Mr. B. had drawn for his own use over two thousand dollars which had been charged to stock, repairs and expenses; also that during the month he had arranged a bogus sale of the plant and stock to a friend and favored creditor, but really, through this friend, to himself for a nominal bid of two thousand dollars. He had resorted to the trick of posting notices of the sale at night and tearing them down or covering them up before morning.

I had the sale set aside by order of court on the ground of fraud and insufficient notice, and had a receiver appointed, but he declined to serve. I managed to defeat some legal tricks of the enemy, but legal expenses and attorneys' fees were piling up, and the business was dead. So I explained the situation to the creditors and they had a receiver appointed, and the plant and stock were sold by order of court.

Mr. B. fought hard but was financially ruined. I was left with my home mortgaged for twelve hundred dollars, to obtain "war funds." The last I heard of Mr. X. he was in a penitentiary somewhere out West for fraudulent use of the mails.

If I ever accumulate any more savings I think I will invest in real-estate mortgages.
—*E. D.*

His Own Lawyer

HAVING received quite a nice little sum of money from a railroad company on account of an injury, I invested it in a small farm of forty acres in Mahaska County, Iowa, paying what I had—$1600—and giving a mortgage for the balance due.

Not being ready to move to the farm, I rented it to a friend whom I had known for some time, at a price of ten dollars per month, payable monthly, but the terms were verbal. After he had been on the farm for nearly two years he wanted a lease, as I was moving to Chicago, and he thought I might sell the place and he would have to move. Up to the time he accepted the lease he was indebted on his rent over $130.

In making the lease I procured a blank lease and filled it out myself, intending to make the terms $120 per year, payable monthly and running for two years. But I did not say the rent of $120 was yearly or annually, thus making it read as though it was only $120 for the two years. In making receipts for rent, due before the time the lease was in vogue, but paid after the lease was made, I had failed to state that it was for rent due previous, and, after the lease had run for nearly a year, I found I was not going to be able to meet the mortgage, so arranged with an agent to sell the property, which he did by taking as part-payment a small house and lot, the balance being handed him in cash.

As I had agreed to give possession March 1, I was forced to put up quite a sum in escrow, to guarantee the purchasers that I would give possession. I thought that, as the lease stated that if the rent was not paid sixty days after due I could demand possession, but my friend found an attorney who spotted the faults in the lease, and, upon my bringing suit in court, I was beaten, and again after taking the matter into a higher court. Thus I lost the money I had posted as a forfeit, and also ran up very heavy attorney-fees, together with all the costs of both trials, which took practically all I had. In the court my friend produced his receipts, apparently showing that he had paid up his rent for the full term of the lease, thus holding the place another year without having to pay any more rent. Had I gone to an attorney and had him make my lease, which would have cost me fifty cents, I would have saved my farm.
—*F. J. E.*

A Clergyman and a Silver Mine

I AM a clergyman in the Congregational Church and am at present doing mission work under one of the boards. Previously to my connection with the Congregationalists I was connected with a small Methodist chapel in Chicago. The salary was very small—in fact I have never received over twelve hundred dollars a year and quite frequently less. In order to support my family I did a secretary's work during the week in the office of one of the large railway companies in the city.

At the time of which I speak, a grocer, in the neighborhood of my chapel, came to the altar and confessed his sins. Soon afterward he and his family were taken into the church. At that time I regarded the conversion of this man as the greatest triumph of my otherwise not very conspicuous ministry.

The man became very friendly and was instrumental in getting me a buyer for a small house that I had bought with the savings of several years. This I sold at the time I entered upon my present duties.

My friend had a cousin who it was said owned a silver mine in Arizona. I was introduced to him. He said he had a few shares of promotion stock, valuation one dollar, that had never been put upon the market. He would sell me these at twelve and a half cents. I bought some at twelve and a half cents, and in a few months my friend said he'd give me twenty-five cents for them; upon that I bought more of his cousin for twenty cents, three thousand dollars' worth in all, all the money I'd been able to save in twenty-five years.

Afterward it was reported that there was no water on the place to which the stock related; that heavy machinery was transported to the mine and found to be too large for the engine the company owned. No more promotion stock could be sold.

This is twelve years ago, and the stock has never paid a dividend and is not quoted in the open market. I have never seen the mine nor a photograph of it. I have never seen the charter of the company and could not say that it has one. I do not know what the capitalization of the company is nor who the other stockholders are.

I have often thundered from the pulpit against the buying of lottery tickets, but I am convinced that I bought the stocks in the same spirit in which many persons buy lottery tickets. I am convinced that a well-regulated lottery would be a much more honest enterprise than the average small silver or gold mine. —*C. W. B.*

One Way to Win

ON A TEACHER'S salary of nine hundred dollars a year, in five years I saved $1500. Five hundred was invested in a piano and the remaining amount now brings an interest of $500 per annum.

For the first two years each month I deposited my savings in a National Bank without interest. At the end of that time I placed the six hundred dollars accumulation in a savings-bank, where it drew an interest of four per cent. compounded semi-annually. At the end of three years I had one thousand dollars and a five-hundred-dollar piano.

With five hundred dollars I bought two lots. On one I built a $2700 cottage through a building and loan association, and made a payment into that association of five hundred dollars, placing a debt on the house of twenty-two hundred dollars to be paid off in monthly payments. The house now rents for five hundred dollars a year, and into the building and loan association is paid about three hundred and sixty dollars a year, which leaves more than enough to pay taxes, etc.

In less than ten years it will be a twenty-seven-hundred-dollar investment (not considering that the lots will have doubled in value) made from one thousand dollars.
—*B. R. O.*

THE DISCOVERY OF
COLUMBUS
BY AMERICA

Look up Columbus on the map of Georgia and put a red spot there. A sturdy city—with seven railroad lines—and navigation to the Gulf—with magnificent water power, contented labor, and a fine equable climate. If such a city sounds good to you—just take two minutes to write for our booklet; it may be the best thing you ever did.

To manufacturers who want to increase their profits by cheaper labor and transportation—to men who are interested in agriculture under favoring conditions—to men who long for the mild, gracious weather under our sunny skies—to mechanics and the better sort of laborers we have something to say. Ask us.

We would especially welcome inquiries from parties interested in cotton; iron, brass and wooden ware; machinery and leather; fruit and vegetable canneries; and last but not least we want to tell some capitalists about the great chance here for a condensed milk plant.

Come South, young man, come South. Its future is written in gold. And if you can't come this minute, write us for our booklet (and a personal letter, if your inquiry calls for it).

The Columbus Board of Trade
Columbus, Georgia

Uniform Temperature
It makes no difference whether you have furnace, steam or hot water apparatus; or whether it is new or old. All you need is the
Minneapolis Heat Regulator
Has proven its merit for 26 years
Sent on 60 Days' Free Trial
If not satisfactory in every way, return at our expense. Sold by the leading trade everywhere
WM. R. SWEATT, President
1st Ave. and 1st St. Minneapolis, Minn.
New England Office
P-1578 Cambridge St., Cambridge, Mass.

4% Add 1% to the Dividend Add 25% to the Income 5%
IF your savings now yield 4 per cent., and we pay you 5 per cent., we increase your income 25 per cent. Before you deal with us we shall explain how. Let us place the matter before you properly by correspondence.
INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO. NEW YORK CITY
Assets $1,750,000.
Established 13 Years
Banking Dept. Supervision
Earnings paid from day received to day withdrawn.
Letters of inquiry solicited and promptly answered
Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

5% BY MAIL
Under our plan it is actually easier to deposit your savings by mail than to go to the bank in person. Our depositors are secured by resources of over
ONE MILLION DOLLARS
We court the most rigid investigation and will be pleased to have you send for our free booklet "J"—write for it *today*
OWENSBORO SAVINGS BANK & TRUST COMPANY
OWENSBORO, KY.

100 Visiting Cards Post Paid 50c
Also Business, Wedding, Birth, Invitation, Professional and Fine Stationery. We have over 100 styles in names and one name for all purposes. Correct Styles at lowest prices. Monogram Stationery. Wedding Invitations and Announcements. Samples free.
E. J. Schuster Pig. & Eng. Co., Dept. AE, St. Louis, Mo.

LITERARY FOLK
THEIR WAYS AND THEIR WORK

The Fate of the Realist

GEORGE MOORE, the *doyen* of the Irish realistic novelists, has a rather curious manner of speaking: every now and then his words burst out of him in violent exclamations.

He set out with the young artists Will Rothenstein and Walter Sickert to see the pictures in the Dulwich Gallery. They rode on a street car through dismal mile after dismal mile of London suburb, growing very gloomy.

Then Rothenstein said, "We're going through Peckham now."

"Peckham?" cried George Moore. "We must get down and look at Peckham! I've written a story about Peckham!"

They got down and looked at Peckham; they walked along dismal streets; and the air of George Moore grew more and more harassed. At last he cried, "I do not see that haystack and that field! There was a haystack and a field in my story! Where are they?"

They walked along more dismal streets, and at last they came upon a policeman

George Moore stopped and said to him, "Could you kindly tell me where I can find a haystack and a field?"

"There aren't no 'aystack nor no field in Peckham," said the policeman.

"But there must be a haystack and a field in Peckham!" cried George Moore.

The policeman shook his head stolidly.

George Moore tottered on a few steps with a broken air, then threw up his arms to the skies, and cried in a tone of anguish: "That is the fate of the realist! He writes a story about a haystack and a field in Peckham, and there a'en't any there!"

What is a Good Story?

THE short-story market, if we are to believe what the editors say, is perpetually short in supply. If an author could turn out a pretty fair article once a week, as De Maupassant did in his palmy years, at present prices he could keep an automobile and a hired girl.

What is a good short story? Something that has plot, or adventure, or romantic setting, or a good character, or point—anything but mere style—the editors say. It should have all of this and something more, perhaps—human nature. The fashion of the trimmings may change from the Klondike and the Philippines to Wall Street and country houses, from the jungles of India to factories; but the one unchanging essential is human interest, and the major part of human interest is in the human kind. Stories about people that are people, not dummies, are the safest kind to buy, and the hardest kind to get. It is not necessary for the ambitious young author to go to the last war or scour the south seas "to see life." He can find it on the street or in the back yard if he has the eye to see it and the heart to understand it and the imagination to make others see it.

The Other Half Again

MR. RICHARD WHITEING'S No. 5 John Street, which appeared half a dozen years ago, was pretty nearly the first of the sociological novels to treat "the other half" from the exact knowledge of personal experience. The hero of that interesting book went through the mill, and the story had a reality about it, as well as a delicate irony, that made Mr. Whiteing a considerable reputation. The books that followed were not as lively as No. 5 John Street. Ring in the New (*The Century Company*), the latest one, pictures the struggles of a respectable, half-educated young girl in her efforts to support herself. It is a story of women, of the new woman in her industrial competition with men, and the English new woman as described by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Whiteing is a different product from her culture-seeking American sister. The British new woman is up against it and fighting, not for the ballot, but for bread. There is not much story to this narrative of Prudence, though she is provided with a lover at last, in the person of an ardent young socialist who edits The Branding Iron with one name and

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell
Who is Just Completing a New Novel

writes conventional reviews over another. George Leonard is the only man in Ring in the New worth mentioning, but there are half a dozen vigorous, interesting women engaged in the struggle for existence. Shall we infer that when the New arrives man will have sunk below the horizon?

Mr. Whiteing's stories belong to the same order as The Long Day's Work, that picture of a New York working-girl's experiences from the inside which people were reading last winter. Such books are not so much novels as imaginative biographies. They are better than novels because there is less contrivance to them. They present the real thing, and certain readers are coming more and more to demand the real thing instead of a gingerbread imitation.

Contract by Telegraph

THE window-display of the bookseller—by which "the trade" means a shop-window full of copies of a new novel and the "originals" of its illustrations—sometimes does more than sell the book. Edward Childs Carpenter's Captain Courtesy furnished a case in point. The scene of this story is laid in California in the early days, and a Los Angeles dealer made a more than ordinary "display" of the book, conspicuously placing in his shop-windows several of the excellent drawings which Elenore Plaisted Abbott made for its illustration. These one morning caught the eye of the manager of the Belasco Theatre in Los Angeles, and he bought the book, read it that afternoon, and immediately wired Mr. Carpenter for a play founded on the novel. As good luck decreed, Mr. Carpenter had just completed a dramatic version of his story, and so, within twenty-four hours of the manager's purchase of the volume, a contract had been agreed upon by telegraph and the manuscript was on its way westward, where Captain Courtesy most successfully had its "first presentation on any stage."

Material A-plenty

THESE are days when nearly everybody writes a novel, but so far, for the most part, the business man has escaped. Not so, however, Willis George Emerson, who has just followed his Buell Hampton with The Builders, a far more mature and finished piece of fiction. Mr. Emerson is a real-estate man of Los Angeles, and a very busy real-estate man at that. In fact, his life has been varied enough to furnish him with experiences sufficient for a score of novels. Born in Iowa, he was a lawyer in Illinois; next, a country school-teacher, and then a city banker. In Kansas he was a Presidential elector in 1888; in 1900 one of Wyoming's commissioners to the Paris Exposition and, in the ensuing campaign, vice-chairman of the Speakers' Bureau of the Republican National Committee. Since then he has been all over the West as a mining and real-estate man, very busy getting rich, and yet with time to write The Builders.

Tea-Table Literature

MR. HOPKINSON SMITH is widely known as a builder of lighthouses, a painter of Venetian water-colors, and as a writer of magazine stories that unite agreeably both the lighthouses and the water-colors. In The Tides of Barnegat he has tried his versatile hand at a novel, or rather a long short-story. It is a mild and well-bred tale of familiar material: two sisters of aristocratic lineage—one noble and one ignoble—a chivalrous country doctor for the faithful lover of the noble sister, a devoted Irish nurse, and a chorus of "simple, seafaring folk," with a light-house and a life-saving station. The trouble which spreads itself through four hundred pages is caused by the folly of the pretty, selfish sister, aided and abetted by the family pride and well-meaning idiocy of the noble heroine. The latter martyrizes herself and keeps her doctor-lover a bachelor for twenty years in order to hide her sister's fault. Sacrifice, whether it be silly or intelligent, gives the novelist an opportunity to sentimentalize, and Mr. Smith is a successful sentimentalist. The chivalrous doctor respects the ostrich-like attitude of his Jane, although he could have made her happy and straightened out her tangle any time with a few words. But the bad sister is unmasked in the end in all her selfishness, and the belated lovers are allowed to marry. The most lifelike character in this group of tea-table people is the naughty sister, who is just pretty and selfish and has the human power of getting what she wants.

The Man Out There

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN, the author of The Girl Out There, is another of the younger American novelists who learned their trade in the storm and stress of newspaper reporting. Mr. Harriman is a graduate of the Detroit Journal, on which paper he began as a regulation "district man" immediately after leaving the University of Michigan in 1895. After three years of that sort of work, he joined the editorial staff of the Detroit Free Press and essayed the arduous task of evolving a daily department of humor. What was more, he succeeded—and then, after some years in England for his paper, returned to America and became a magazine editor in Michigan. Only recently, however, he has moved to Chicago, where, it is understood, he is enlivening the leisure of an editor by the occupation of a novelist.

In the Bookshop

¶ GEORGE ADE is making a play of Artie, his first literary work to attract general attention.

¶ THE NEWEST RECRUIT to the ranks of literature is Geronimo, who has dictated his autobiography and who does not waste praise on General Miles.

¶ JOAQUIN MILLER writes a hand that is the despair of compositors. All the letters are made in pretty much the same way, and many are omitted altogether.

¶ A RECENT LITERARY "FIND" discloses the fact that George Eliot received for her first book, a translation from Strauss, one hundred dollars and twenty-five copies of the volume.

¶ WALLACE IRWIN has recently received new honors: he was "lectured on" by Barrett Wendell when that member of the Harvard faculty was giving his course at the Sorbonne in Paris.

¶ ELWYN BARRON, author of the mystery-story, Marcel Levignet, used to be a dramatic critic in Chicago. Since then he has lived for some years in Paris, but is now press-agent for E. S. Willard.

SHIRT-WAISTS
ADVANCE SPRING STYLES 98c to $4.98

[illegible] is the way our Shirt Waist Department [illegible] our favor. It is no easy matter we are offer[illegible]

Our Waists are [illegible] and handsomely trimmed with fine lace [illegible]

Waist No. 513. Waist No. 513 $1.48

[illegible] and embroidery and tucked as pictured Sleeves three-quarter [illegible]

Great Bargain

Price $1.48

Postage 10 cents

[illegible] price from 98 cents to $4.98 [illegible]

When ordering be sure to state [illegible] desired [illegible]

prompt filling of all [illegible]

Send us a trial order. You have [illegible] to lose. Remember, we refund your money if you are not entirely satisfied.

Our New White Goods Catalogue Illustrates.

Corset Covers,	24 cents to $1.25
Drawers,	24 cents to $1.48
Chemise,	39 cents to $1.48
Night Gowns,	49 cents to $1.48
Underskirts,	49 cents to $2.48
Lawn Shirt-Waists,	98 cents to $3.48
Silk Shirt-Waists,	$2.48 to $3.98
Lace and Net Waists,	$3.48 to $4.98

Write today for our new White Goods Catalogue sent free on request. It illustrates [illegible] waists and Muslin Undergarments at most attractive prices.

National Cloak & Suit Co.
214 West 24th Street, New York
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 18 Yrs.

Professional cooks use
Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE
because no other seasoning has the same fine, rich flavor.
John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N.Y.

BEAUTIFUL EMBOSSED STATIONERY From STEEL PLATE ENGRAVINGS
For Society, Professional and Business People
[illegible] tions, announcements, mourning, birth, fraternal, and [illegible] fessional cards, etc. FREE [illegible]
[illegible] Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.
GREELEY PRINTERY, Dept A St Louis, Mo
Capital Stock $150,000

240-EGG Incubator $11.75

1 [illegible] $9.00
[illegible] $7.50
[illegible] Ideal
- guaranteed to be the surest and easiest ever made. Why not save from $5 to $10? Get our big 128 page.
J. W. MILLER CO., Box 64, [illegible]

I-LI-TO SELF LIGHTING GAS MANTLES
[illegible] lation impossible. Convenient as electric light at one-fifth its cost. Sample 25 cents. Agents wanted.
I-LI-TO MFG. CO., 930 Jeff. Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

ODDITIES & NOVELTIES OF EVERY-DAY SCIENCE

PLANTING THE GREEN TURTLE—THE GOVERNMENT'S NURSERY FINDS IT HARD TO KEEP THEM ALIVE.

THE green turtle, in a commercial sense at least, is threatened with extermination, and, in the hope of saving this valuable marine animal, the United States Fisheries Bureau has resorted to the expedient of artificial propagation. A nursery has been established for the purpose in Southern Florida, where all obtainable eggs are being hatched. There is no difficulty about the hatching process, which is accomplished in the simplest imaginable fashion, the eggs being buried at a depth of a few inches in boxes of sand and exposed to the heat of the sun. After a few days the baby turtles make their appearance, and are thereupon confined in suitable pens or "crawls."

The real trouble arrives at this stage of the proceeding; for it has not been ascertained as yet just how the infant reptiles should be treated in order to insure their health and eventual survival. They are vegetable feeders, and the most satisfactory food for them so far tried is the leaves of an aquatic plant known as "sea lettuce." Trial is being made, however, of other articles of diet.

The threatened disappearance of the green turtle from the shores of Florida and the Gulf States is but another chapter in the old, old story of destruction accomplished by human greed and the foolishness of reckless hunting. Naturally, the animals have been sought at their breeding grounds—that is to say, on the beaches where they were accustomed to "haul up" at night and lay their eggs—and, the nests of eggs themselves being commonly dug up by the turtle-catchers, the propagation of the species has been to a great extent cut off. To such a point, indeed, has the war against the green turtles been carried that they are forsaking the shores of Florida for those of Yucatan—transferring their breeding grounds clear across the Gulf of Mexico. Already the Fisheries Bureau has found difficulty in getting eggs.

LIVE BIRDS DYED—BY FEEDING VARIOUS CHEMICALS ANY DESIRED HUE IS READILY PRODUCED.

RATHER novel is the notion of coloring birds artificially by feeding them with aniline dyes. The thing is actually being done nowadays with pigeons, canaries, parrots and even chickens. For this purpose the dyes are either mixed in the dough of ordinary bread before baking, or else disguised in "cottage cheese"—either being a readily-assimilated form of food. Baking takes away the bitter taste of such coal-tar products, and the crumbs are freely eaten.

In this way, by the use of methyl-eosin, fawn-colored pigeons may be turned to a bright red; and the color is guaranteed "fast." Similarly, blue is obtained by feeding the birds with methyl-violet. In the latter case the dye is offered to the young squabs in bread.

That colors acquired by feeding, however, are not necessarily fast is shown by what happens in a state of nature to the tropical birds known as "turacos," or banana-eaters. On their dark-violet wing-feathers are patches of bright crimson, which soaks out in water, so that in the rainy season these patches become pale pink or dirty gray. It is copper, derived from bananas, that produces the tint.

The red portions of the feathers when burned give a green flame, indicating the presence of copper. The red coloring matter easily dissolves in dilute ammonia, and chemical analysis shows it to contain seven per cent. of pure metallic copper.

ALCOHOL THE COMING FUEL—SAFER THAN PETROLEUM PRODUCTS AND LIKELY SOON TO BE CHEAPER, TOO.

FOR ever so many different kinds of uses alcohol is more desirable than kerosene or gasoline. It is much safer, for one thing—though the enterprising agriculturist is cautioned by the Alcohol Book that it would be wise to set up his little motors, for grinding cow-feed or what-not, in a small building erected for the purpose at a short distance from barn and house. In the not-distant future, it is explained, there must arrive a time when petroleum products, owing to the progressive exhaustion of the available supply, will become so much dearer that their purchase will no longer represent an economy. Meanwhile, alcohol will steadily cheapen and, when the prices of the two become nearly equal, the latter will probably drive out gasoline and kerosene.

FEROCIOUS TROPICAL INSECTS—ANTS ARE THE MOST FEARED, AND CERTAIN SPECIES OF THESE ATTACK MAN.

PEOPLE who dwell in temperate latitudes hardly realize how much comfort they owe to freedom from the multitudinous insects of more torrid climes—particularly ants, which, in the tropics are a nuisance, if not actually a menace. It is discouraging, therefore, to learn that several species of tropical ants have obtained a foothold in the United States

For instance, in the Gulf States have appeared certain ants of the well-known "atta" family, which, owing to their predatory habits, are scientifically catalogued under such ominous names as "destructor" and "vastator." They form enormous swarms, and seem to prefer animal to vegetable substances, though they will feed greedily on sugar. One species is a dreaded house ant, and is supposed to have been imported from India. Another, already found in large numbers in New Orleans, is a native of the New World, but has been restricted hitherto to Brazil and Argentina.

The latter species was introduced a few years ago by ships—this being the usual method by which ants are distributed over the world—into the island of Madeira. While obnoxious enough, it has done a good work in ridding the houses on the island of a long-familiar (though originally imported) ant, which had been a fearful pest for at least a century and a half. This old resident was found by millions in every dwelling, climbing to the top stories, issuing forth in swarms from cracks in the walls and floors, and constantly traversing the rooms in all directions in regular files. No matter how many were killed, fresh armies continually arrived.

This exchange of ants in Madeira, considered as a phenomenon of animal distribution, bears a remarkable analogy to the driving out of the old-fashioned black rat, formerly an inmate of most houses in Europe and the United States, by the larger and fiercer brown rat of the present day. Ants, it may be said, are incomparably more objectionable as household parasites than rats, when they are really numerous. And certainly no existing creatures are more ferocious than some of the tropical ants—such, for example, as the so-called "robbers"—which will attack a man on sight, biting pieces out of his flesh while stinging severely with their venom-carrying tails.

ARTIFICIAL EMERALDS—FROM PURE CORUNDUM PRECIOUS STONES CAN BE MADE IN THE LABORATORY.

NOBODY on this side of the water seems to know whether the artificial emeralds recently brought to the United States are synthetic imitations of the true emerald or merely colored corundum.

Confusion on this subject is easy, inasmuch as there are two entirely different kinds of emeralds. The so-called Oriental emerald, like the Oriental amethyst, is of the same substance as the ruby and sapphire—that is to say, corundum, which is crystallized aluminum. True emerald, on the other hand, is a silicate of aluminum and glucinum. It is a kind of beryl, and differs from aquamarine only in color.

If pure corundum can be made artificially—and, as a matter of fact, it has been produced repeatedly in the laboratory—there ought to be no great difficulty in coloring it in any way desired. Thus it seems likely that eventually all of the corundum gems, including rubies and sapphires, will be perfectly imitated. But up to the present time nobody is known to have succeeded in reproducing the true emerald.

Pure corundum is colorless. Indeed, the so-called white sapphires are simply pure corundum. Rubies are corundum containing a mere trace of chromium, which gives them their color. The difference between the extremely precious "pigeon-blood" ruby and one that is off-color is nothing more than a question of trifling impurity—just as the hue which gives to the true emerald its market value is attributable to another kind of impurity. The true amethyst is nothing more nor less than violet-colored quartz crystal with a trace of manganese in it.

A variety of corundum not mentioned above is yellow, and is called Oriental topaz. True topaz is silicate of aluminum, with a trace of fluorine as an impurity.

HINTS FOR THE STORK—A SCIENTIST PUNCTURES SOME MODERN THEORIES OF PREDETERMINATION OF SEX.

CERTAIN delusions in regard to probabilities governing sex in children are punctured by Professor Simon P. Newcomb, who declares, in the first place, that it is a mistake to suppose that any man or woman "possesses the faculty of producing an exceptional percentage of male or female offspring." Large families of girls, or of boys, are merely exceptional accidents, attributable to coincidence. The sex of the unborn child is "influenced by a series of causes, acting first in one direction and then in the other, each of which tends to make one sex or the other more probable, until at length it is definitely determined whether the infant shall be a boy or a girl."

One hundred and five boys are born of white mothers for every one hundred girls. At the first birth, according to Professor Newcomb, the chances that the child will be of male sex are about eight to seven. At the second birth there is still an overchance in favor of a boy. But after that, from the third birth on, the expectation of male or female offspring is about even.

A study of thirty thousand births in Vienna seems to show that very young and rather old parents are more likely to have male children than parents of ages between these extremes, but this matter has not been studied sufficiently to make it possible to draw definite conclusions. As for the old idea that in time of war women give birth to a greater proportion of boys (as if to supply the places of men killed in battle), it is, so Professor Newcomb says, absolutely incorrect. Figures covering one hundred thousand children born in the Southern States about the close of the Civil War show only the normal percentage.

BREAD FROM MALTED WHEAT—THE GRAIN IS MADE TO SPROUT AND IMMEDIATELY CRUSHED.

AN ENTIRELY new kind of bread, made either of wheat or rye, is becoming popular in Germany, and is likely soon to be introduced into this country. It is made of the whole grain—but not according to any method hitherto familiar.

The grain is germinated by alternate steeping in warm water and aëration, this being accomplished by a simple mechanical apparatus. As soon as rootlets appear it is ready for use, and is crushed to fineness between rollers, after which it is dropped through a chute into an iron trough on the floor below, where it is kneaded by a machine.

The preliminary process is one of malting—similar to the malting of barley. All of the water used in the sprouting process, which contains a large part of the mineral salts of the grain, is poured into the iron trough to make the dough. Thus nothing is lost, the entire substance of the grain being included in the dough, which, with the addition of yeast and salt, is finally formed into loaves and baked in the ordinary fashion.

The bread thus made is said to have a delicious flavor. It is claimed for it that the process of germination makes the substance of the grain much more digestible.

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Hats for Men

Knapp-Felt hats not only wear long—they wear *well*. There is a difference. Knapp-Felt DeLuxe hats are six dollars. Knapp-Felt hats are four dollars—everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

Chapped Hands, Chafing

and baby skin troubles. "A little ... in price perhaps than ... of a reason for it." Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original)

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY NEWARK N J

Opportunity Time

is here. Within the next two months more changes will be made by employers and employees than at any ... better time for getting a position

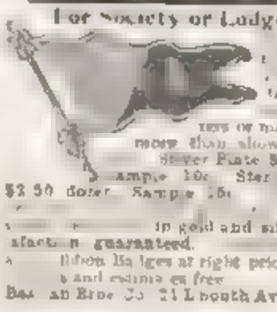
... sample copy of *Opportunities* describing them ... offices in 12 cities.

Hapgoods Suite 142, 305 Broadway, New York

The National Organization of Brain Brokers

CLASS PINS AND BADGES

For Society or Lodge College or School



... more than shown in ... Silver Plate $1.00 dozen ... sample 10c. Sterling Silver $2.50 dozen. Sample 15c ... in gold and silver. Satisfaction guaranteed. ... ribbon badges at right prices ... and estimates free.

... an Bros. Co. 21 Lbouth Av., Rochester N Y

COLLEGE HOCKEY

WINSLOW'S Skates

Ice and Roller—all models at stores. If any ... say there is no skate to compare ... the College Hockey for quality and wear. Sold by ... dealers. Illustrated ... free. The Samuel Winslow Skate Mfg. Co., Worcester, Mass. New York Office 94-96 Chambers St London Office 8 Long Lane, E C

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

GUIDE BOOK "WHAT TO INVENT" ... ONE MILLION DOLLARS ... $1,000

EVANS, WILKINS & CO., Washington, D. C

Have a Look at the World's Best Poultry Journal. Our Beautiful Xmas Number containing 9 color pictures from Burgess' masterpieces in ... costing $1,000, and ... plates for Poultry Houses, all for 10c. We will tell you how to Make Poultry pay. Address Inland Poultry Journal, 16 Cord Building, Indianapolis, Ind

THE GREAT AMERICAN STEER

(Concluded from Page 18)

If you were reading one of the latest novels, and if the lips of hero and heroine did *not* meet, wouldn't it *jar* you? If you were Mr. Henry H. Rogers, or any other innocent man forced by changed industrial conditions to take a red-hot stove now and then; and if the Judge fined you ten dollars and costs, and you replied, "All right, Judge, I've got it right here in my hip pocket"; and if the Judge hurriedly continued in a high, thin voice, "*and* thirty days in jail, have-you-got-*that*-in-your-hip-pocket-*too?*" wouldn't it *jar* you? In other words, wouldn't you have thought that three years of this kind of care and corn would have brought to the owner and feeder of that steer a little more than as much money as would buy a beefsteak supper for you and a few friends?

Verily, it is to rub the eye! Nobody whom we have as yet been able to discover has at any stage of the game been able to make any money out of this great American steer. Now comes farmer John G. Imboden, of Decatur, Illinois, another type, and of the present day, who is still searching for new methods, seeking to squeeze this elusive steer into some sort of an environment where a living can be made out of him. This is what Mr. Imboden says:

"I think it a fair estimate to figure that our calves bred on the high-priced land in the corn belt cost twenty dollars per head at weaning-time. For that reason our farmers and feeders are abandoning the growing of their feeding cattle, and are buying them direct from the range or on the leading markets of the country."

The beef schedule to-day, on the same ground where Gillett's twenty-year-old schedule would fail, is much like this:

100 cows—$50	$5,000 00
3 bulls—$100 ..	300 00
	$5,300 00
200 acres ..	20,000 00
	$25,300 00
Charge six per cent.	06
Interest total ...	$1,518.00
Maintenance of cows for 8 months	500 00
	$2,018 00
Mortality, three per cent.	160 00
	$2,178 00

Figure eighty calves. But at least five per cent. of old cows must go to market every year. Call it, therefore, seventy-five calves; forty steers and thirty-five heifers; cost, $2178. Now, he can lay them down of best Texas breeding, forty steers at $19—$760; thirty-five heifers at $16—$560; or a total cost, freight included, of $1320; a saving of nearly a thousand dollars—quite that if he shaves the Texas prices, which sometimes run $18.50 for steers laid down, and $13.50 for heifers. From this, one tendency is easily deducible. The corn belt is going to mature the beef; and the Southwest is going to breed it and ship it young.

This is the same conclusion at which we arrived by studying the conditions of to-day on the far Western cattle ranges. Since, then, we check up at the same result under a different process of solution, we may, perhaps, safely say Q. E. D. and so dismiss the figures with a sense of having done our duty.

We may forget the figures and commit no sin. But we are very likely to remember that land has been going up very rapidly in Texas, in Montana, in Illinois, all over the corn belt; and we will perhaps remember that corn also has been going up very fast in the Middle West. How about this corn, this main ration of the American steer on the farm of the Middle West? Why should corn be higher in price when it is produced with better machinery, on better land and under more favorable conditions than ever before in the history of the world? Why should this product, annually increasing, go steadily higher in price, while it has been produced by a plant to which we may annually add ten per cent. in value instead of charging off a ten per cent. depreciation, as we are obliged to do for a restaurant plant or a newspaper plant or in any other sort of a business? Uncle Henry answers this about as follows:

"Anything which is in demand goes up in price," he says. "Corn is coming into world-demand. We exported a few million bushels last year, for one thing. The glucose factories are asking for more corn, and the breakfast-food people are taking more corn—just as they are killing off beef-source by buying more cream from the dairy districts for use with their breakfast-foods, and so introducing bad beef-types.

"This denatured alcohol is going to raise the price of corn, too. When you can make eleven gallons of alcohol out of a ton of corn-cobs you aren't going to burn those corn-cobs any more, are you? There are more than fifty by-products which they make out of corn nowadays, not to mention pure maple syrup. A very good article of india-rubber is made of corn, and a great many oils are extracted from it and used for commercial purposes. The glucose factories turn their refuse into a cattle-food which is worth $35 a ton.

"You may expect fifty-cent corn," concludes the corn-grower, sighing, "and that raised on $150 an acre land. Now, if you will tell me where the corn-belt man is going to be able to make a living, either out of breeding cattle and feeding them, or importing and feeding them, you can answer a question which is troubling the soul of many a man in many a State to-day. He can't do it, and that is all there is about it."

"Then beef will go higher?" you ask in consternation.

"I regret to state that it will," says the corn-belt farmer gently, but firmly. "It will go higher, but I won't make any more money out of it then than I do now. Somebody else is to blame for high beef. I'm innocent!"

The one and only thing certain regarding the steer of yesterday and to-day is that in his post-mortem or dissected and edible form he has been costing you and me more and more each and every year; in spite of the fact that in his ante-mortem form, or on the hoof, as the packers vulgarly say, he has commanded the most widely varying prices imaginable. There were the boom prices of 1886 and the depression following that, which nearly put the range men out of business. Years of fluctuation followed, and then came the boom prices of 1902, followed in turn by quite as great a depression, one serving to take all profit out of beef in Texas, Wyoming or Illinois. We continually read of these "depressions," only the depression in prices has never quite got around to you and me

You and I have been paying just about as much one year as we did any year before for that short, thick steak which we have decided is about the right size to go around for one meal in our family. Sometimes we have paid as much as twenty-eight cents a pound, while at the same time our ranching friend in Montana and Wyoming was going out of the business as profitless; while our ranchman in Texas was not making three per cent. on his investment; and while our farmer in Minnesota was threatening to vote the Democratic ticket unless something was done for him.

Who was to blame for this beef which was at the same time too high and too low in price? After all, has not modern science in farming done almost as much as you and I might have done? Can all these farmers have been making the same mistakes? Have all these Northern ranchers of the maturing range been utterly unable to master the details of their own business? Have all these Southern breeders of sterling beef been ignorant of all the rules of beef-making and beef-producing in the modern game? In view of all obtainable facts, is it not inevitable to conclude that what they have done was well done, and that what has happened has happened because it had to be?

Let us say yes, at least for ease in argument. Who then is left upon whom we may visit our wrath?

The packers we have always with us. When in need of a sensation, go to the stockyards.

When in need of anything, from a tortoise-shell comb to a Garfield report or a campaign fund, go and investigate the stockyards. And when in doubt, soak the packer.

M'zoo Hines was once voyaging through western Colorado, and he came upon a valley in the mountains where some freak of Nature had turned everything into stone. "I walked through there," said M'zoo, "and every way I looked things was petrified. The trees was petrified, and the leaves was petrified—so thin you could see through 'em. One tree was busted down, and a lot of splinters was stickin' up in the air, sharp-like, and on top of one of them splinters was a little petrified bird—and, dang me, if it wasn't singin' a little petrified song!"

Let us dare hope that, if but for the sake of variety, the song of the packer shall not be wholly petrified.

Cast Away in a Parlor Car

(Continued from Page 22)

"But there wasn't anybody in her when she was found, mister."

"I know all about that, too. They came and took her, I told you, while we weren't looking."

Brief introductions followed, by which time the town had turned out and Haddon and Miss Haselton in turn were presented to it.

"These here young folks has come up from the Silver Sally on this here hand-car, and they're goin' to Denver on that there parlor-car," was the explanation the agent vouchsafed.

"What about this Silver Sally?" asked Haddon. "Is it a mine?"

"Well, she was—an' is, for that matter," answered part of the town. "A good payer while they worked her. But she flooded up. They busted into a underground river, or somethin' like that, an' she flooded right up to the nozzle. Yes, sir; an' there ain't no way to git the water out, neither. They've pumped an' pumped, an' it ain't no use. It comes in faster'n they can git it out."

"How queer!" exclaimed Miss Haselton. "Why, we ——"

She felt Haddon's hand on her arm, pinching it smartly.

"Yes," continued the town, "they couldn't make no headway an' they sunk all they made tryin' to. an' then they busted. That's three years back now, an' the water is still into her. An' there's one of the best payers ever struck 'round here gone plumb to nothin'."

"How far was it flooded, did you say?" asked Haddon.

"Most up to the nozzle. You see, she runs in straight a-ways, an' then she dips down. Well, she's flooded right up to the top of the dip. She's drownded for good. Engineer fellers had a hack at her an' they give her up. An' a whole bunch of silver layin' down there, too, just waitin' to be took out!"

"H-m," commented Haddon. "That's hard luck for somebody. Who owns her?"

"Some comp'ny up to Denver. Last I heard of 'em they was lookin' fer a sucker to take her off'n their hands."

Haddon turned a warning look upon his companion. Then the night train was heard blowing in the distance and the town moved to greet it.

. . . . . .

Early in the morning, at Denver, the newspapers came aboard and Haddon bought a handful. An inch-high headline caught his eye:

BRIDAL COUPLE LOST IN CYCLONE

DISAPPEARED FROM A PULLMAN CAR ON THE PRAIRIE WHEN THE BIG WIND CAME

CAR FOUND ON A SIDING

He read it twice and broke into a broad grin.

"Wait'll Jake sees that," he commented. It was a story without names, but it was beautifully and inaccurately circumstantial, and after he had read it he was compelled to admire it. The conductor had checked up and found two missing, that was a basis. Thereafter, romance, mystery and tragedy strode hand in hand through the tale. And the finding of the empty Natona had capped it with as baffling a climax as the most fastidious could demand. He liked the story.

They had decided to spend a day in Denver—Miss Haselton to shop, Haddon

Are Your Sox Insured?

That's the second pair of sox I've gone through inside of a week. No matter what I pay for them, they seem to wear out just as quickly. Guess I'll have to start wearing leather stockings."

Small wonder our friend is disgusted. He has a right to expect value and comfort for his money.

And he would get it, too, if he only knew of Holeproof Hosiery.

By a new process of combining certain yarns, we are able to manufacture hose which are not only most comfortable and attractive in appearance, but which we guarantee *to wear six months without holes.*

OUR GUARANTEE:

"We guarantee to any purchaser of Holeproof Sox or Holeproof Stockings that they will need no darning for 6 months. If they should, we agree to replace them with new ones, provided they are returned to us within 6 months from date of sale to wearer."

You pay no more for them than the ordinary kind, but get five to ten times longer service.

Holeproof Hosiery

Guaranteed to Wear for Six Months Without Holes

Men's Holeproof Sox — Four colors—Black, Tan ... $1.50

Women's Holeproof Stockings — ... $2.00

How To Order

Most good dealers sell Holeproof Hosiery. If yours doesn't, we'll supply you direct, ... deceive you with imitations.

Write for Free Booklet

If you want to know how to do away with darning and discomfort, and what delighted wearers say ...

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY COMPANY
302 Fowler Street Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Light Your Automobile with "Prest-O-Lite"

A Month at Our Risk

... will exchange the ... It takes 25 minutes ... system *started*, to say nothing of the p... of the box, for you can't get a ... ked-up carbide box ... strong and sim... ters like the ... But let ... what we say.

Try the Prest-O-Lite system a month, then take it or reject it. Write us to-day

The Prest-O-Lite Company
Dept. 45, 18-24 So. East St. Indianapolis, Ind

BIG MONEY IN POULTRY

Our big Poultry book tells how to make it. How to breed, feed and market for best results. ... Tells how to start small and grow big ...

F. FOY, Box 38, Des Moines, Iowa

on an excuse of business. As he left her he dropped the bundle of newspapers in her lap.

She was waiting for him at midday as he entered the hotel dining-room.

"I've leased the Silver Sally," he said, seating himself and leaning across the table.

Her eyes widened and she looked at him incredulously.

"Really?"

"And you're in on half of it," he continued. "I got it dirt cheap and you won't have to put up a cent."

"But—but," she said falteringly, "I don't know that I want to go in on it. It wouldn't be fair to you if I took half for nothing."

"Too late to protest now," he said. "The lease is made out to both of us, and the man's coming around for your signature. It's this way: the Silver Sally is a rich mine. But it is flooded with water—*maybe*—so it's useless. We get a lease of it for three years and we find a way to get the water out. Understand?"

"But there isn't any water in it," she said, bewildered. "That's what I wanted to tell those men last night and you stopped me."

"Of course I stopped you, Jake, because you're a goose. You know there isn't any water in it, and so do I, but *they don't*. It cost us a lot of trouble to find it out; that's worth something. And if it hadn't been for you we wouldn't have found it out at all. That's why you're a lessee. You see, the company is out of business. I found their representative and he seemed glad to find another easy mark. I'm the third, it seems. The other two took it on lease and went broke trying to pump Sally out. He couldn't make out a lease quick enough when he found I wanted her. I've got her for three years, and dirt cheap. It's none of our business where the water went to."

Miss Haselton sat musing for a moment.

"I haven't got very much money, Sam," she said finally, "but, if I'm to be in this, I insist on taking part of the risk. You must let me put in what I've got. It's only fair."

"All right; we'll shake hands on that," he said with a smile. "And now we are coming to something that, I am afraid, is prosaic."

"Oh, please!"

"Did you read the newspapers this morning?"

"Yes."

"About the Natona?"

"Yes."

"And about the bridal couple?" he pursued.

"Yes; wasn't it absurd?"

"Was it? I thought so at first, but now I'm doubtful."

She made no answer.

"Jake."

"Well?"

"Please don't be one of those persons who are so wise that they know the newspapers are always wrong. That's a commonplace attitude."

"But they were wrong."

"Look here, Jake. Do you know what they do to a reporter who writes a story that's all wrong?"

"What?"

"They fire him."

"My!"

"Now, I'm convinced that you're a kind-hearted young lady. Aren't you?"

"I don't see what that's got to do with it."

"This: you wouldn't want a poor, struggling young reporter to lose his job. Now, would you, Jake?"

"No-o."

"Well, then."

She had been dodging his eye for the last minute, but now she stole a glance.

"Well, what?" she asked artlessly.

"I think perhaps the man with the lease has come, Jake," said Haddon, rising suddenly. "Will you step into the reception-room a moment?"

She followed, almost meekly. There was nobody in the reception-room but themselves.

"I don't see the man," she remarked.

"No," said Haddon shamelessly, "you don't. He won't be here for an hour. But I didn't think you would want to be kissed out there in the dining-room."

Jake sighed helplessly.

"No; not out there—Sam-u-ell," she said.

"PEPPINO"

(Continued from Page 15)

One night I brought my mother here. Never had we felt so close; we just drifted along with the music, up into new, radiant worlds. And her face beside me was breathless, her eyes tight closed, her lips moving a little and smiling.

When we went home the big man was furious. He leaped up. But his first words she cut off sharply. She was deeply excited.

"Peppino must work!" she cried. "Work hard—and work only to sing! He must have a good teacher at once! That is all I want in the world—that Peppino shall sing!"

The big man suddenly stared; his little eyes grew hungry and glittered with pain.

"All you want—in the world?" he said very slowly. "Well—now—what of me? Do you hear? What of me? What of me?" He seized her arm and shook it.

She laughed in his face, stopped short, and turned quickly away. He pushed her from him, and stood all loose and shaken.

"I will give him no money," he said, in harsh whispers. "I—care nothing for his singing. I—work hard. I—do fine. I—make you rich. And what do you do for me? What do I get—for my money?"

He went to his desk and sat down, and began to work over some long sheets of figures which rustled sharply in the silence. At times he stopped and listened, but my mother still stood motionless, watching him in horror. He glanced up sharply, but shrank from that look in her face, and turned slowly back to his work.

Our sharp little clock struck one. But he worked on. And my mother sat very still, gazing straight at him, as though crushed by something so heavy that to try to lift it was useless.

I decided not to live there any more. So I rented an attic room next to the barber. When I told my mother of this she did not try to stop me, and while I packed she sat dull and silent. But the next day she came to my room and spent many hours fixing it up. Now she was trying hard to be gay. I tried, too, we laughed and talked, we put up shelves, nailed down matting and hung a soft, red curtain over the window; she did a hundred little things I never would have thought of. But when she was through suddenly she looked down and was silent.

"The little barber," I said, "has found me a good old man who will give me free lessons."

"Oh—that is good!" she cried. "Good! Good!" Then quickly she went away.

Now, at home the big man's business was flourishing, he had six more machines—so he sang, and she played her guitar, striving to jump from key to key with his voice. This was always cut short when I came in, and eagerly she would ask the news of my lessons. But her husband would sit gloomy and silent. And soon I would go away.

I was absorbed in my music. My teacher was a splendid old Italian; he was eager as I. And the new voice was coming! It was a barytone. Week by week I could feel it grow deeper and richer; little by little we made it more free. And at last he let me begin the old songs. I sang them to my mother. And those were eager hours!

The little barber got me a place to sing every night. It was back of a saloon, a high, narrow hall with a steep little gallery all round the sides. The audience sat at tables, drinking beer and cheap wines. As I sang from the small, low stage I watched the huge, coarse faces. There were five young peasants who came every night and leaned down from the gallery. Two were tall and brawny, two were fat and swarthy, one was small and thin and gay. He kept his big, black slouch hat always tipped over his twinkling eyes; the other four hats were pushed 'way back and showed the black hair, thick and curling. They wore American clothes and shirts without collars; their faces were unshaven. But these faces had all the deep, simple peasant feelings, slow, groping minds, and hearts now light, now very heavy.

To these faces I sang. And I loved to watch their eyes kindle, or soften and shine with the dreams. I sang the splendid old

BOYS

It's easy Money

Thousands of boys all over this country, who never had much money to call their own, are happy now at the merry jingle of cash in their pockets, made by selling

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Friday afternoons and Saturdays. They have no better chances, they are no brighter than you. It's just this—instead of dreaming about the good times to come they got right down to business and hustled for what they wanted. You can do the same. Don't lose any time about it.

Write a letter to-day asking us to send you our handsome booklet about boys who make money, also the complete outfit for starting in business. With this will come ten free copies of The Post, which you can sell at 5c. each. After this you buy as many copies as you need at wholesale prices. As an inducement to do good work we give, among other prizes, watches, sweaters, etc., to boys who sell a certain number of copies. And in addition

$250 in Extra Cash Prizes Each Month

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
1470 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

songs of Garibaldi's time, when men worked night and day for Freedom! I made those peasants feel—just in flashes—the big, radiant dream that all men must love, the dream of some glorious, distant day when men may be brothers all over the world—and free!

Then those five peasants would lean back and laugh into each others' faces and bend forward quickly again and clap and stamp and shout for more. And this they kept up till I sang five or six times. They only bought one glass of beer for each; the waiter came often and angrily lectured them, explaining all our expenses, urging them to drink more; but they shrewdly grinned and pointed to their glasses still half full. Or sometimes, if it was Saturday night, one of them would buy cheap cigars for all, and then they would sit back contentedly puffing—delighted at everything.

The program was all singing. First were some English ballads by poor, painted creatures in low-necked gowns. But then came comic songs by a stout little Italian, who changed his dress, his face, his beard and his soul every five minutes! He strode forth first as a haughty Italian policeman—but—presto!—out he walked again, a growling tax-collector. And later he came sidling forth, a dull peasant, scratching his head, worried and groping for some way out of his troubles.

How my peasants laughed, and how excitedly they talked, describing some peasant they had known at home—just like this one! The place shook with applause!

After that came many one-act sketches, all in singing in grand opera style. Between times the orchestra played fine, old opera music. And I sang last. On Saturday evenings I sang long after the front saloon doors had been locked.

One night I brought my mother. As I sang those Garibaldi songs I watched her face. She sat back in the gallery, watching my five young peasants. And in her face the big dream shone out so deep and impassioned that now I forgot the hall and the peasants, I forgot all people, the world; I saw only her face, I felt only our dream!

I finished and looked quickly up at my peasants. This time they did not shout or laugh, but sat stiff and silent, gazing straight before them. My mother looked from the peasants to me—and nodded, radiantly smiling.

The next day was Sunday. That evening I sang again, and came back to my room at midnight.

I found my mother there, waiting. She was all trembling! Her glorious hair was tumbled, her face was white and weak. She clung to me close.

"Sing to me now!" she whispered. "Just a little—very low!"

And, wondering, I sang two simple, old peasant sleep-songs, until slowly she grew quiet she leaned back in my arms, and her dark eyes closed. At last she spoke—quietly:

"All afternoon he sang. His voice was—even worse. To-night—just now—while he lay asleep—I was afraid I would kill him. The knife was so—easy to reach! . . . So I came here."

All that night I kept her in my room. Each time when that moment of fury came I held her tight and talked and talked, till again her big eyes grew quiet. And at last she fell asleep, just before the day.

I had saved some money now—over a hundred dollars. So I took three rooms for us both and even when all the furnishing was done, we had forty-one dollars left.

The big man became very angry. He even threatened to go to the court. But then I said I would tell all the court how frightfully he sang, and this at once stopped him. He still kept coming and begging her to go back. He even begged her to take some of his money. But this we would not do. So at last he plunged into—his business. He made much money, and when I saw him last he was happy again.

But now how beautiful she grew, and how glad, and what wonderful rooms she had made! One room was hers, one was the kitchen, and in the large room I had a couch that she covered with red pillows by day. She cooked delicious Italian dishes. She laughed and sang to herself and made all my life happy and gay. Here I brought the little barber, my kind old teacher and many other friends. And we were rich those nights!

And so we have lived for the last three years. Now I am twenty-two, I sing in a big café and make eighteen dollars a week. In our rooms we have a piano, and here two evenings a week come our friends, men and women—all young; not only Italians, but German and Jewish and Polish people. They all like my mother, for she is a splendid mother to all!

What tremendous ambitions are squeezed into this little room of ours! We have young singers so sure they will sing in grand opera. We have Polish pianists and violinists who play marvelous music and hope that soon all the world will applaud. We have ambitions—and disappointments, too. For these young people are the ones struggling to speak out from the tenement millions. When one gets starving the others help, and so all move slowly up. New ones are forever coming, and for these my mother is always busy collecting the money.

She has her long thinking times as before. And now her big dream belongs to us all.

The other night I went back to the little narrow concert hall, and again I sang the old songs of Garibaldi days. There, leaning from the dark of the gallery, were my five peasant faces—massive, coarse, simple. As I sang again I could see their eyes kindle! And now I saw over a hundred faces like these! All at once they knew me, and then how they shouted! I sang on and on until midnight.

And suddenly, as I sang, I could feel that soon all over the world some tremendous change is coming. What will it be? Some try to tell us from books and fine theories. But no mortal man can know. For deep, mighty forces are moving. In all nations of Europe the mass of the millions restlessly stirs, and seems about to awaken. And now into American cities and towns rush millions of peasants. The Machine has called them. The Machine has gathered them close. The Machine has set them thinking. What does it mean? What is coming? May it be for the best! But this only the years can show.

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

(Continued from Page 9)

be robbed of its rudeness: "If so, I hope your basket is spacious, sir."

"Not yet," replied Darrell.

"They are overdoing it. They always do. Wall Street is peopled by fools and sheep," said Sam with profound conviction. "The easiest thing in the world is to beat them at their own game. They are so cocksure of their wonderful cleverness that a man with a little modesty and some cash can always extort tribute from the ticker-fiends."

"He thinks so because he hasn't lost yet," said Darrell to the Colonel, with a smile of fatherly tolerance at Sam.

"I'll bet there is a big short interest in Virginia Central and that it would be easy to run up the price. I've a great mind to ——" He checked himself and stared meditatively at the Colonel.

"Sir, I know nothing about the stock-market," said Robinson, not quite veraciously. But, on the other hand, he spoke with an austere dignity that was a rebuke to all disciples of the Devil. He then finished: "But I should think the short interest in it is enormous! The country is prosperous. It is only in Wall Street that there is any depression."

"You are right, Colonel Robinson," said Sam. He arose and began to pace up and down the room, frowning at the floor. Robinson looked at him in mild surprise. Darrell leaned over and whispered: "Colonel, if he plans a stock-market coup, I advise you to come in with us. On my honor, I assure you I'd not only risk every cent I own—and it's more than a dollar and a half—but I'd put my friends in. He'll make enough in a week to pay for the Austin coal lands."

"Who is Mr. Rock? Is he any relative of ——" Robinson had not before connected him with Sampson Rock. They had taken care he should not.

"His mother left him a multi-millionaire several years ago, and since he came back from an extended tour of the world I've taken him under my wing."

"Indeed? Is he so well to do?"

CALIFORNIA

Now is the time to plan your California trip.

We invite your inquiries on the subject, and will lend you our full help to arrange all preliminaries.

If you have never visited California you should write us for our beautifully illustrated book on the Golden State.

It tells what California holds that is of special interest to you, the things you can do and see there, the opportunities for making a living on a small capital and under easy working conditions, and the marvelous variety of means for recreation.

Three fast daily trains to California. The Overland Limited, Electric-Lighted, and the China & Japan Fast Mail via the Chicago, Union Pacific & North-Western Line; the Los Angeles Limited, Electric-Lighted, via the Chicago & North-Western, Union Pacific and Salt Lake Route. Our booklets tell all about them. Write to any representative below.

AGENCIES THE NORTH-WESTERN LINE

BOSTON, Mass., 360 Washington St. CLEVELAND, Ohio, 234 Superior St. DETROIT, Mich., 37 Campus Martius.
NEW YORK CITY, 461 Broadway. PITTSBURGH, Pa., 504 Smithfield St. BUFFALO, N. Y., 301 Main St.
CINCINNATI, Ohio, 436 Walnut St. PHILADELPHIA, Pa., 1629 Chestnut St. TORONTO, Ont., 2 East King St.
CHICAGO, Ill., 212 Clark St., City Ticket Office. MILWAUKEE, Wis., 99 Wisconsin St., City Ticket Office.

W. B. KNISKERN, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.

01.174

The Art of the Dessert

The choosing and planning of the dessert part of a meal is a difficult art which may be greatly simplified by the help of

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

Exquisite confections whose subtle qualities will wonderfully enhance the goodness of the simplest form of dessert. For example: with a dish of vanilla or chocolate cream, a lemon soufflé, an orange ice, a mint sherbet, serve Nabisco in their appropriate flavors.

A hundred delightful combinations will readily suggest themselves to the artist in desserts.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

FESTINO—An unusual confection with an almond shell which melts on the tongue and discloses a creamy kernel of unexpected delight.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Produces a powerful, white, steady light, brighter than electricity or acetylene, cheaper than kerosene and **absolutely safe.** Makes and burns its own gas at a cost of 2c per week.

No Grease, No Smoke, No Dirt, No Odor

Over 100 different styles—every lamp warranted.
Agents Wanted. Write for catalog.
THE BEST LIGHT CO. 5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, Ohio.

"Colonel," said Darrell simply, "I am rated a millionaire and I can draw my check for six figures now without stirring from this chair, or having to sell any of my investments. But alongside of my friend I'm a pauper. Do you know what his money is in, mostly?"

"No, sir."

"Government bonds, which he won't sell because of loyalty to his mother."

Sam paused before Colonel Robinson, still frowning.

"Colonel," he asked abruptly, "how much Virginia Central stock do you control personally?"

"I cannot answer that question." Robinson said it stiffly.

Sam affected to misunderstand the Colonel and he said: "I mean approximately?"

The Colonel hesitated. The recollection of the newly-developed unfriendliness of the bankers made him say, dubiously: "I am the largest individual holder." It was no time to resent such questions.

"All right. Then you'll profit more than anybody else," Sam told him; and the Colonel silently hoped so. "A hundred thousand shares?"

"No. I think—yes, 50,000 shares, or a trifle over." He and his kinspeople controlled about 52,000 shares.

"Very well. Now, I won't ask you to join us in a pool because——" He paused. The Colonel shook his hand in majestic decision and volunteered coldly:

"I do not approve of Wall Street methods. Too many railroads in this country are run by the ticker."

"That's all right. Some of those same roads pay dividends and sell above thirty. Look here. I'll give you fifty dollars a share——"

"My stock is not for sale."

"I haven't asked you to sell it to me, Colonel Robinson. If you will give me a thirty-day option on your 50,000 shares of stock at fifty dollars a share, I will pay you——"

"It is no use to talk about such matters," interrupted the Colonel decisively. But he began to breathe quickly. Succor might come from an unexpected quarter. It was welcome from any quarter, celestial or infernal—anything to make the banks regret their unseemly unfriendliness.

"I want to get your stock where it won't come out," explained Sam. He frowned in his earnestness. Almost he felt that he was grasping that block of stock, the possession of which would start him and Rogers in their work of regeneration. "I'll give you $250,000 cash for the option."

"It's no use. You have my promise that——" A quarter of a million in cold cash would help a great deal. That made the Colonel check his rash speech.

"I'll take your word, Colonel," Sam assured him. "But life is an uncertain thing at best. How do I know what your executors would do if something happened to you? This isn't cold-bloodedness, but I'm risking a heap. The stock is thirty. The option is at fifty——"

"The stock is worth——" began the Colonel.

"What it will fetch," retorted Sam. "Does fifty dollars a share seem too low?"

"It doesn't seem; it *is* too low and, moreover, I don't wish to sell."

"Make the option price sixty," said Sam. The Colonel understood from that that all the young stock-gambler desired was to keep this stock from coming into the market while he was punishing the shorts, a praiseworthy and deserved castigation. But he shook his head. Sam said: "This is my last word on the subject. The cash price for the option I won't raise. It's $250,000 cash. But you can make the price at which you would sell the stock sixty-five dollars a share. That's more than fair. It's thirty-five points more than the market price, and that's over a million and a half more. The 50,000 shares won't give me the control of your road, and if all I wanted was to get that much stock I wouldn't pay sixty-five, would I? Look at the transactions in the stock lately. Of course, it's trading, speculators buying and selling the same stock over and over again. The longer that keeps on the more likely they are to get real stock from holders who are frightened by the drop in the price, and, if such stock comes out in quantity, it would take a million derricks to hoist the price five cents a share. I want your stock fixed so that it won't come out on the market. After I give you the $250,000 cash and you give me the option, I want to fix the rest of the stock held in Virginia by your friends and foes, but at no such fool price as sixty-five. Tie up that stock so it won't come out for a month or six weeks and we'll give the bears the time of their lives."

Sam's face was flushed and his eyes shone eagerly. His hands were clenched—and each clutched the stock certificates that would enable the regeneration of the tin-pot railway to begin apace!

Darrell looked at Sam curiously. But the Colonel shook his head dubiously. At first flush this seemed a plan to oust him from the control. But sixty-five a share meant three and a quarter millions of dollars. That would enable him to do as he pleased. It was too big a price to pay for stock by people like the Darrells if they wanted to secure representation in the directorate of the road for unworthy motives, such, for example, as favoring themselves as shippers of Austin coal and iron. It must be a stock-market plan, as daring as it was simple. He was not pledging himself to anything. Long before the stock could sell in the open market at sixty-five—the bonds were barely above seventy—he could protect himself. The banks were fidgeting; so was the Colonel's honorable soul.

"Look here, Colonel, you must help me to tie up all the stock here. Then you leave the rest of it to us in Wall Street. We'll make them remember Virginia Central as long as they live. After we get them where we want them we'll announce our big coal and iron company, and Darrell and I will try to do what we can in the bond matter. Maybe, we can help if——"

"We will, if you will give us decent rates," said Darrell, harking back to his muttons.

"Good Heavens, Mr. Darrell, is that an obsession?" The Colonel smiled jovially. Sam's heart gave a great bound. He felt that the battle was won.

"Shall Jack give you a check now, Colonel?"

"Not so quick, young man," smiled Robinson. He shook his head; it was the last ditch.

"No time to lose. I want to go back to New York to-morrow night if possible. I'll telegraph my brokers for detailed information as to the technical condition of the stock. But I know I am right and I can put it up—if I am not flooded with long stock from Richmond. In the mean time, don't waste time to deny malicious rumors. They help."

"You won't be flooded," the Colonel assured him amiably.

"I don't intend to be," retorted Sam decisively. "Now, you and Jack get options on all that's floating around here, and——"

"Look here, sir, you understand that I don't wish to sell my stock?" Robinson tried to look adamantine. He did not succeed. The "sequence of inexplicable calamities," as Abercrombie called Sampson Rock's tactics, had unnerved him.

"I understand that, if the option was exercised, you would get $3,250,000 cash in a month, which is a terrible affliction." Sam laughed, a trifle excitedly. He had not told any untruths and he had offered the Colonel a fortune in order to be permitted to do the great work and do it at once. It was as gentlemanly a way of doing business as was possible, in view of the hopelessness of telling the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. He had not taken advantage of his knowledge of Robinson's financial straits. He had not even been tempted to do so. And as his mind, working quickly now, dwelt upon that, he felt a glow of self-congratulation. He did not care what his father would say about the high price. He actually felt glad that he was paying a big price. That was a pleasurable expiation.

"Colonel, suppose we sign papers to-morrow morning?" Sam looked as if it were all settled.

"Sonny, am I in this deal?" Darrell asked this in a remonstrating tone of voice. The Colonel looked at Darrell with a quick uneasiness.

"Sure."

"Stung again!" said Darrell resignedly. The Colonel smiled uncertainly. He had not been anxious to do business in the dark, but the thought of the $250,000 cash—and, if it came to the worst, of the $3,000,000 more in a month—had been assuming a more pleasant aspect.

"You pusillanimous idiot!" laughed Sam. Then Providence pushed him a few hundred miles nearer the goal.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

"DEATH OF THE FIRST BORN" COPY'T 1905, WM. H. DRAKE, A. N. A.
This painting was awarded the $1,000.00 Prize in the Osborne Company's Fourth Annual Artists' Competition.

"ADAM AND EVE"
COPY'T 1905, BY
BESSIE COLLINS PRASE

"THE GIRL IN THE GREEN GOWN"
COPY'T 1905, BY JOHN W. ALEXANDER.
Mr. Alexander's Picture in the National Academy, 1905.

Whoever sends you an Osborne Art Calendar pays a compliment to your good taste, and reflects his own business standards

Osborne Art Calendars are not mere "calendars," but actual works of the fine arts, with pictures that are high-class reproductions of original paintings by representative and distinguished American and European painters.

Not every calendar with a picture on it is an *art calendar*—look for the "Osborne" imprint.

THE OSBORNE COMPANY
Hubert and West Sts., New York

Gold Mining in the West

Are you interested in mining or mining stocks? If so, you can't afford to be without

The Daily Mining Record

An unequaled news service
All mining stock quotations
Free Information Department

Send for *free* sample copies.

The Daily Mining Record
1827 Champa St. Denver, Colo.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERING

can be mastered in your spare moments. Merely clip this advertisement, mail it to us with your name and address and receive **absolutely free** our 200 page hand-book describing our

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERING COURSE

and over 60 others, including **Mechanical, Civil, Electrical** and every other phase of engineering work. This is your opportunity. Write now.

American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill.

Mention SAT. EVE. POST, Dec. 29

YOUNG MAN—The Great RAILROADS WANT YOU

Learn telegraphy here. Situations furnished that lead to highest positions. Good wages. Many of our graduates are now R. R. Supts. Expenses very low. Can earn your board if desired. 40-page book about it Free. Railroad wire in school.

Valentine's School of Telegraphy,
(Est. 34 years.) Janesville, Wis.

FREE ILLUSTRATED ELECTRIC BOOK

We will on request send to you prepaid, this book, also our special plans by which you can secure any article in our catalog given for little work. Write today.

J. Andrae & Sons Co., 115 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

All the Standard Machines SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at Half Manufacturers' Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalogue D.

Typewriter Emporium, 302 LaSalle St., Chicago

Virginia Farms and Homes

FREE CATALOGUE of Splendid Bargains.
R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., INC., RICHMOND, VA.

Commonwealth Casualty Co.
PHILADELPHIA.
Accident and Health Insurance
Send postal for circular.

Orient CLARK'S NINTH ANNUAL CRUISE
February 7, '07. 70 days, by chartered S. S. "Arabic," 16,000 tons.
FRANK C. CLARK, 90 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

TRAVELING MEN, ADVANCE POSTCARDS
Hold buyers' attention by catchy up-to-date postcards. Big help. Suitable any business. Send 25c. Sample lot 15. Prices in quantity.
DURANT BROS., Room 411 B, 396 Broadway, N. Y.

Tax Free Denatured Alcohol. Its bearing on future corn prices. 28 pages, Second Edition. Free. Of vital importance to Manufacturers, Distillers, Inventors, Speculators, Farmers and others. Write for this Booklet. E. W. Wagner, 99 Board of Trade Bldg., Chicago.

A College or Conservatory Education Without Cost

To the young man or young woman who desires an education of any sort

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

offers the opportunity to realize his or her ambition. In return for one or two hours' work each day we will pay your expenses in any college, musical conservatory or business college in the country. More than a thousand of these scholarships have already been awarded.

There is nothing competitive about the plan. In return for a stated amount of work we pay all your expenses in any educational institution which you may prefer. You select the course; we pay the bills. We have arranged to give $5750 in cash to those who do good work next month; just as an incentive. A postal card asking for information will bring full details.

Educational Bureau
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"King Edward Golfing on Baltusrol Links"

El Principe de Gales

AT the club, at the office, on the links, at the fireside—wherever the place and whatever the occasion—there is no cigar smoked by so many fastidious smokers as El Principe de Gales—known, wherever a good smoke is appreciated, as

"The King of Havana Cigars"

It dominates its field by sheer merit, and, in the past sixty years, has never been rivaled in popularity by any production of Cuba or the United States. In no other cigar made in this country is used an equally high grade of Cuban grown leaf. In no Imported Havana cigar is used any better—for no better leaf is grown.

El Principe de Gales is today the best known and most popular of high-class Havana cigars—a significant fact to discriminating smokers.

A mild cigar, with the true, inimitable Havana fragrance. Made in more than 150 sizes, priced from 3-for-25c. to 25c. each. Sold everywhere—no other Havana cigar in the world is so widely distributed.

HAVANA-AMERICAN COMPANY, New York, Tampa and Key West

The Professional Baker

Uses GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

FIRST: Because it has unequalled Quality for making bread, biscuits, rolls, pies and cakes to suit his customers.

SECOND: Because it makes more bread, rolls, pies and cakes than other flour.

For the same good reason every housewife in the United States should use GOLD MEDAL FLOUR.

If you can't dispute this argument, better buy it next baking day.

WASHBURN-CROSBY'S
GOLD MEDAL FLOUR

COPYRIGHT-1906. WASHBURN-CROSBY CO. MINNEAPOLIS MINN.